PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

FITCHBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AND PAPERS RELATING TO THE

HISTORY OF THE TOWN

READ AT MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

VOLUME V

FITCHBURG, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1914

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OFFICERS FOR 1914.

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EZRA S. STEARNS.

Vice-Presidents,
GEORGE A. HITCHCOCK, ATHERTON P. MASON.

Clerk,
EBENEZER BAILEY.

Treasurer,
FREDERICK A. CURRIER.

Trustees,

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MARY L. GARFIELD,
HENRY A. WILLIS,
EBENEZER BAILEY,
GEORGE E. NUTTING,
HENRY A. GOODRICH.

Committee on Nominations,
CHARLES E. WARE, HARRISON BAILEY,
THERESA N. GARFIELD.

Librarian,
THERESA N. GARFIELD.

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PROCEEDINGS

PROCEEDINGS.

JANUARY 21, 1907.—The annual meeting was held in the common council room, President Goodrich presiding.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $299.68. The report of the librarian showed the receipt of 105 bound volumes and 68 pamphlets during the year.

Officers for the current year were elected as follows:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Librarian: James F. D. Garfield.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Goodrich, Henry A. Willis, James F. D. Garfield, Frederick F. Woodward, Charles Fosdick.

Committee on Nominations (for three years): Harrison Bailey.

At a meeting of the executive committee, held February 18, the following officers were chosen:

President: Frederick F. Woodward.

Vice-Presidents: Charles Fosdick, George A. Hitchcock.

FEBRUARY 18, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Voted to make an assessment of one dollar upon each member.

The librarian, Mr. Garfield, read from a diary which was kept by John Dole of Lunenburg, in 1806. John Dole was the grandfather of the late Abram S. Dole of Fitchburg.

MARCH 18, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Mrs. Maria G. Barber was elected a member of the society.

The librarian read a paper on the history of the Simonds

Saw Manufacturing Company, which was followed by interesting discussion.

APRIL 15, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the room of the board of aldermen.

Mr. H. A. Willis read from a pamphlet sent to him by Mr. H. F. Kenney, a former resident of Fitchburg. The pamphlet gave an interesting and authentic account of the memorable journey of Abraham Lincoln to the national capital in February, 1861.

MAY 20, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Mrs. Sumner S. Lawrence, Mrs. Eliza W. Lawrence, and Seth E. Brigham were elected members of the society.

A paper was read by Mr. J. C. Spaulding on "Reminiscences of South Fitchburg in the Early Forties."

OCTOBER 11, 1907.—The October meeting was held in the common council room.

A paper was read by Maj. Henry S. Burrage on Col. Edwin Upton, which was followed by interesting remarks.

NOVEMBER 18, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

A bound volume of photographs of the early homes of Fitchburg was presented to the society by Mr. George A. Hitchcock and a paper was read by him descriptive of the same. This was followed by interesting reminiscences by members present.

DECEMBER 16, 1907.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Charles T. Woodbury was elected a member of the society.

A paper was read by Mr. Henry A. Goodrich, entitled "A Link in the Military History of Fitchburg."

A vote was passed expressing sympathy with the president on the death of a promising son, Calvin E. Woodward.

JANUARY 20, 1908.—The annual meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $359.97. The librarian reported 58 bound volumes, 40 pamphlets and 2 manuscript volumes received during the year.

The following officers were elected:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Librarian: J. F. D. Garfield.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Goodrich, Henry A. Willis, James F. D. Garfield, F. F. Woodward, Charles Fosdick.

Member of Committee on Nominations (three years): Miss Theresa N. Garfield.

Voted that the secretary petition the City Government to publish another volume of the old town records.

Voted to authorize the publication of a volume of the proceedings of the society.

The secretary read an autograph letter and poem written on the death of Hon. Goldsmith F. Bailey, in 1862, by Col. A. H. Duganne of New York City, a former resident of Fitchburg.

The librarian read from a published interview with Mr. John Smith, ninety-six years of age, the son of Reuben Smith, who was born in 1739.

A meeting of the executive committee was held at the close of the annual meeting and the following officers were chosen:

President: Frederick F. Woodward.

Vice-Presidents: Charles Fosdick, George A. Hitchcock.

FEBRUARY 17, 1908.— The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

Voted to make an assessment of one dollar upon each member.

Extracts were read from a pamphlet printed in 1842, entitled "Brief Statement of Facts in Relation to the Proposed Railroad from Boston to Fitchburg."

MARCH 16, 1908.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the common council room, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

Hon. Ezra S. Stearns read a paper entitled "Facts relative to some of the First Families of Fitchburg."

April 20, 1908.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room but the meeting adjourned without the transaction of any business.

May 18, 1908.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

The secretary read extracts from an old volume entitled "The Modern Universal Gazetteer," published in London in 1781. In the year 1788 this book was the property of Josiah Goldsmith of Walpole, N. H. The secretary also read extracts copied from a book entitled "Mills Register," published in Boston in 1774. Mr. Willis read from the *Boston Weekly Journal* of December, 1859, a description of the execution of John Brown, also an account of mass meetings held on the day of the execution in Boston and Worcester. Mr. Willis also read the account given by a Philadelphia newspaper of the battle of Gettysburg, while it was in progress.

October 26, 1908.—The postponed regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

A paper was read by Hon. Ezra S. Stearns on "An Early Hospital in Fitchburg." Mr. F. A. Currier read extracts from the diary of Ebenezer Wild, a soldier in the war of the Revolution.

November 16, 1908.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward, presiding.

Herbert I. Wallace and Benjamin F. Brown were elected to membership.

Mr. F. A. Currier read a description of the town of Lunenburg, written in 1810 by Rev. Thaddeus Harris of Sterling.

December 26, 1908.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

Mr. George A. Hitchcock read a paper entitled "Additional Camera Views of the Early Homes of Fitchburg."

JANUARY 25, 1909.—The annual meeting, adjourned from January 18, was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury of $451.85, and the librarian reported 21 bound volumes, 38 pamphlets, 2 manuscript volumes, and various relics as having been received during the year.

The following officers were elected:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Librarian: James F. D. Garfield.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, James F. D. Garfield, Frederick F. Woodward, and Charles Fosdick.

Charles E. Ware was elected a member of the standing committee on nominations for three years.

Voted to make an assessment of one dollar upon each member of the society.

Mr. B. F. Brown made a very complete and interesting report of the annual convention of the American Historical Association, to which he was a delegate from our society.

At the close of the annual meeting a meeting of the executive committee was held at which the following officers were chosen:

President: Frederick F. Woodward.

Vice-Presidents: Charles Fosdick and George A. Hitchcock.

FEBRUARY 15, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

Charles E. Kirby and John H. Potter were elected to membership.

MARCH 15, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Dr. J. W. Stimson read a paper on the "Old Navy of the United States."

April 19, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

Dr. J. W. Stimson, Charles R. Burleigh, James H. McMahon, and Moses Hoyt were elected members and Franklin B. Rice of Worcester was elected a corresponding member.

A paper was read written by Mr. H. F. Coggshall, on "Gas and Electric Lighting in Fitchburg."

May 17, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

A paper was read by Mr. James F. D. Garfield on "The Origin of the Street Names of Fitchburg."

October 18, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding.

A paper was read by Hon. Ezra S. Stearns on "Lovewell's War."

The subject of the desirability of a building for the use of the society was brought up during the meeting.

November 15, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Woodward presiding. No paper read.

December 20, 1909.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

Dr. Samuel A. Green of Boston was elected a corresponding member.

Dr. J. W. Stimson read a paper on "The United States Navy from the Date of the Civil War."

January 17, 1910.—The annual meeting of the society was held in the common council room.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of 157.61. The librarian's report showed the receipt of 79 bound volumes and numerous pamphlets during the year.

The following officers were elected:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Librarian: James F. D. Garfield.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, James F. D. Garfield, Charles Fosdick, and George A. Hitchcock.

Member of Standing Committee on Nominations (three years): Harrison Bailey.

An assessment of one dollar on each member was made.

Mr. F. A. Currier read a paper on "The Homes of John Adams and John Quincy Adams."

At a meeting of the executive committee, held January 20, Ezra S. Stearns was elected a member of the committee in place of Charles Fosdick, resigned, and was also elected president. At a subsequent meeting Charles Fosdick and George A. Hitchcock were elected vice-presidents.

FEBRUARY 21, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

A paper, prepared by Mr. James F. D. Garfield, was read, entitled "A Walk Down Main Street."

Notice was given of intention to amend the by-laws so as not to confine election of president and vice-president to members of the executive committee.

MARCH 21, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room.

A paper was read which was written by Mr. Henry A. Goodrich, entitled "Personal Recollections of Noted Men."

APRIL 18, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The by-laws were amended so that two vice-presidents might be elected from the corporation by the executive committee, who should be *ex-officio* members of that committee.

A paper on the "Battle and Battle Field of Gettysburg," written by Mr. B. F. Brown, was read.

MAY 16, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

Rev. Dr. James Chalmers, Rev. Edward Butler Saunders, and George E. Nutting were elected to membership.

Rev. George H. Hardy of Ashburnham read a paper on "The Lord's Barn"—the name of a rude church which once stood on Dean Hill.

OCTOBER 17, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the room of the board of aldermen, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

Mr. Charles Fosdick gave an account of a recent visit to England.

NOVEMBER 21, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

Mrs. Maria G. Barber read a paper giving an account of her recent trip around the world, and the secretary read a short paper on the history of the society.

DECEMBER 19, 1910.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

J. Dudley Littlehale was elected to membership.

JANUARY 16, 1911.—The annual meeting was held in the common council room.

The following persons were elected to membership: Mrs. Harriet E. Wetherbee, Miss Helen B. Bangs, Miss Martha D. Tolman, Mrs. Harriet A. Wellington, Mrs. Martha M. F. Litchfield, Edward F. Kimball, Frederic C. Nichols, Edwin C. Stevens, Andrew Whitney, George A. Whitney, Percy H. Safford, Mrs. Percy H. Safford, Warner M. Allen.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $197.95. The librarian's report showed nearly 1300 bound volumes and about 2200 pamphlets in the custody of the society.

The following officers were elected:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Librarian: James F. D. Garfield.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, James F. D. Garfield, Ezra S. Stearns, George A. Hitchcock.

Member of the Committee on Nominations (three years): Miss Theresa N. Garfield.

An assessment was made of one dollar on each member of the society.

A paper was read by Mr. F. A. Currier on "The Quincy Family and the Old Quincy Home."

At a meeting of the trustees Ezra S. Stearns was chosen president, and Charles Fosdick and George A. Hitchcock, vice-presidents.

FEBRUARY 20, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

Mr. Elliot L. Caldwell of Jamaica Plain was elected a corresponding member of the society.

Mr. George A. Hitchcock read a paper entitled "From Hamlet to City."

MARCH 20, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

Mrs. Alenza T. Gifford was elected to membership.

By a unanimous vote, the executive committee was authorized to purchase a lot of land at the corner of Grove and Vine streets and to erect upon the same a suitable building for the uses of the society whenever sufficient funds were secured.

APRIL 17, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Albert B. Haskell, Joseph A. Lowe, Myron B. Damon, Mrs. Ella Wright Damon. Mr. Herbert Ingalls of Boston was elected a corresponding member.

Mr. J. G. Edgerly gave an interesting description of the inception of the Fitchburg State Normal School.

MAY 15, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: C. W. Bennett, Mrs. Elmira H. Bennett, and Mrs. Margaret S. Ray. Mr. Julius K. Gates of Ashby was elected a corresponding member.

The librarian, in his monthly report, gave an interesting account of the early printing of Bibles in Lunenburg and Fitchburg.

AUGUST 5, 1911.—A special meeting of the society was held on the lot of land corner of Grove and Vine streets, at three o'clock p. m., for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the proposed new building of the society.

The exercises were conducted by President Stearns and were preceded by an invocation pronounced by Rev. E. B. Saunders. The corner stone was laid by Mr. Henry A. Willis, the first president of the society. A copper box, presented by the Brownell-Mason Company, was deposited in a cavity of the stone and a list of the articles contained therein was read by Mr. F. A. Currier.

President Stearns delivered an address, after which other short addresses were made by James F. D. Garfield, Henry A. Willis, Dr. A. P. Mason, Wilbur F. Whitney of Ashburnham, and Professor Calvin Woodward of St. Louis, Mo.

OCTOBER 16, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the room of the board of aldermen, President Stearns presiding.

A paper, written by Miss Martha D. Tolman, was read, entitled "A Sketch of the Third Congregational Trinitarian Church of Fitchburg."

NOVEMBER 20, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: William A. Drake, Sidney Sibley, Mrs. Rosella G. Sibley, Miss Cora E. Pierce, Edward A. Bruce, Charles B. Smith, Nathaniel B. Sleeper. Rev. C. W. Loomis of Ashby, Frederick W. Eveleth of Jersey City, and James A. Litchfield of Lunenburg were elected corresponding members.

DECEMBER 18, 1911.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following were elected to membership: George Raymond Peabody, Russell B. Lowe, Katherine Brown Kenfield, Joseph C. Brown, Daniel Simonds, Napoleon N. DesChenes, George H. Hastings, Mrs. Abbie M. J. Damon, Samuel D. Baldwin, Mrs. Lucy A. Putnam.

The following resolution was passed by a unanimous vote:

"Resolved: That in the death of Mr. Garfield, one of the founders and the faithful librarian of our society, we have lost a most worthy friend and the counsel of an able and devoted member.

"Resolved: That at the call of the secretary a special meeting be held for memorial services and that in respect to his memory this meeting be now adjourned."

DECEMBER 28, 1911.—A special meeting was held in the common council room at which memorial services were held in honor of our recently deceased librarian, James Freeman Dana Garfield. Addresses delivered on that occasion will be found in another part of this volume.

JANUARY 15, 1912.—The annual meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Miss Mary L. Garfield, John B. Fellows, Lincoln R. Welch, Percy B. Hitchcock, and F. A. Flather.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $290.85. The report of the librarian showed 1400 bound volumes and 2500 pamphlets in the library of the society.

The following officers were elected:

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Librarian: Theresa N. Garfield.

Executive Committee: Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, Ezra S. Stearns, Charles Fosdick, George A. Hitchcock.

Member of Committee on Nominations (for three years): Charles E. Ware.

The secretary and treasurer were added to the executive committee in all matters pertaining to the new building.

Miss Mary L. Garfield, Mrs. Rosa H. Brown, and Mrs. Joseph A. Tufts were appointed a committee to assist the executive committee in the furnishing and equipment of the new building.

The president, secretary, and treasurer were appointed a committee to consider amendments to the by-laws.

The executive committee met on January 18, and chose the following officers:

President: Ezra S. Stearns.

Vice-Presidents: Charles Fosdick, George A. Hitchcock.

FEBRUARY 19, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

A letter was read from Mrs. Margaret S. Ray of Franklin, also extracts from a gazetteer of the wealthy men of Massachusetts published in 1851, relating to Fitchburg men of that time.

MARCH 18, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Miss Elizabeth A. H. Sleeper, David W. Colburn, Mrs. Mary Fisher Colburn, James Ross, John F. McNamara, David A. Hartwell, Joseph A. Tufts.

An assessment of two dollars to each member was made.

APRIL 15, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the common council room, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Henry D. Clark, Guy H. Chase, Samuel M. Tilton, William B. Hunter, R. Carroll Eaton, Frederick W. Pierce.

Out of respect to the memory of Mrs. Louisa C. (Willis) Upton the meeting was adjourned.

MAY 20, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the new building of the society on Grove street.

The following persons were elected to membership: William T. Hidden, Mrs. Susie S. Blodgett, Walter F. Oxford,

Willard L. Humes, Mrs. Willard L. Humes, Andrew Pratt, Mrs. Andrew Pratt, Miss Marietta Simonds, Frederick W. Burleigh, Miss Adelaide Z. McIntire, George M. Bowker, Mrs. Edwin F. Conant, Albert F. Francis.

A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the City Government for the use of the common council room, for the past eighteen years, for the meetings of the society.

Remarks appropriate to the occasion of the first meeting in the new building of the society were made by various members.

JUNE 4, 1912.—The dedicatory exercises of the new building were held in the hall of the society at two o'clock p. m.

An address was given by Maj. Henry S. Burrage, State Historian of the State of Maine. The building was opened to the public during the afternoon and evening.

OCTOBER 21, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the rooms of the society, Vice-President Fosdick presiding.

A paper was read by Dr. A. P. Mason, entitled "A Missing Link in the History of the Ashburnham Light Infantry."

NOVEMBER 18, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: John E. Dwyer, Rev. Robert F. Leavens, Mrs. Anna Cushing Leavens, Robert N. Wallis, Wilbur F. Whitney, William E. Henry, Mrs. William E. Henry, Lyman H. Cobb, William E. Cunningham, David H. Merriam, Asa E. Stratton, John G. Faxon, George H. Godbeer, Milton S. Rose, Mrs. Milton S. Rose, Miss Elizabeth Gleason, John E. Kellogg, Miss Grace F. Barnes, Mrs. S. Augusta Fairbanks, William H. Downs, Mrs. Caroline L. Coggshall.

A paper on "Shays' Rebellion" was read by Mrs. George B. Woodward.

DECEMBER 16, 1912.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

Alonzo W. Lowe and Andrew J. Litchfield were elected to membership.

Various amendments to the by-laws were adopted by unanimous vote, and the by-laws as amended have since been published in pamphlet form.

Mr. Henry A. Willis read a series of facsimilie letters written by George Washington, during the later years of his life, to Sir John Sinclair of London, England.

JANUARY 20, 1913.—The annual meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Marion Eason, David Moulton, Mrs. Ellen L. B. Woodward, Mrs. Frederick Fosdick, Mrs. Amy L. Ford, Mrs. Clementine Gates, Miss Ida F. Damon.

The annual reports of the secretary, treasurer, and librarian were read and accepted. The report of the secretary showed 156 members on the roll of the society, the report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $144.03, and the report of the librarian showed the receipt of 1286 bound volumes and 498 pamphlets during the year. The report of the treasurer of the building committee was read and accepted. The sum of $25,681.41 had been received, in all, toward the building fund and $25,509.78 had been expended on the erection and furnishing of the building.

The following officers were elected under the new by-laws:

President: Ezra S. Stearns.

Vice-Presidents: George A. Hitchcock, Atherton P. Mason.

Clerk: Ebenezer Bailey.

Treasurer: Frederick A. Currier.

Auditor: Wilbur W. Henry.

Member of Committee on Nominations (for three years): Harrison Bailey.

Trustees: Henry A. Willis and Henry A. Goodrich for one year, Mary L. Garfield and George E. Nutting for two years, Charles Fosdick and Ebenezer Bailey for three years.

A paper was read by President Stearns on "Notown, its Grants and Families."

At a meeting of the board of trustees held on January 23. Miss Theresa N. Garfield was chosen librarian.

FEBRUARY 17, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Mrs. Alice M. Spring, Ralph D. Redfern, Charles F. Cowdrey, Walter A. Hardy, Dr. D. S. Woodworth.

A paper on Rodney Wallace was read by Dr. James Chalmers.

MARCH 17, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Richard Stiles, Frank P. Allen, Frederick L. Francis, Mrs. Harriette M. Johnson, Richard B. Lyon, Mrs. Myra B. Miller, James M. Weed, George P. Crosby, Hugh O. Irving, Margaret W. Fosdick, Emmons Crocker, Mrs. Marion A. Crocker, Anna M. Bailey, Mrs. D. S. Woodworth, George R. Wallace, Mrs. Helen Wallace.

A paper was read by President Stearns on the "Old Clocks of Fitchburg."

APRIL 21, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Mrs. Mary Boutelle Vose, Mrs. Annie C. Shattuck, and Julius K. Gates.

An amendment to the by-laws was adopted so that all money received for life memberships should be invested in a permanent fund, only the interest to be used for current expenses.

President Stearns read a paper on the "Old Brass Clocks of Fitchburg."

Remarks were made in memory of our recently deceased ex-president, Frederick F. Woodward.

MAY 19, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

Mr. George M. Bowker of Concord told of his experiences in the navy with Admiral Farragut, during the Civil war.

OCTOBER 20, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Mrs. Elizabeth P. Mather, Mrs. Eleanor H. Almond, Mrs. Caroline M. Harris.

A paper, written by Mrs. Louise H. Wellman, was read on the work of Miss Mary Catherine Greene among the blind in London, England.

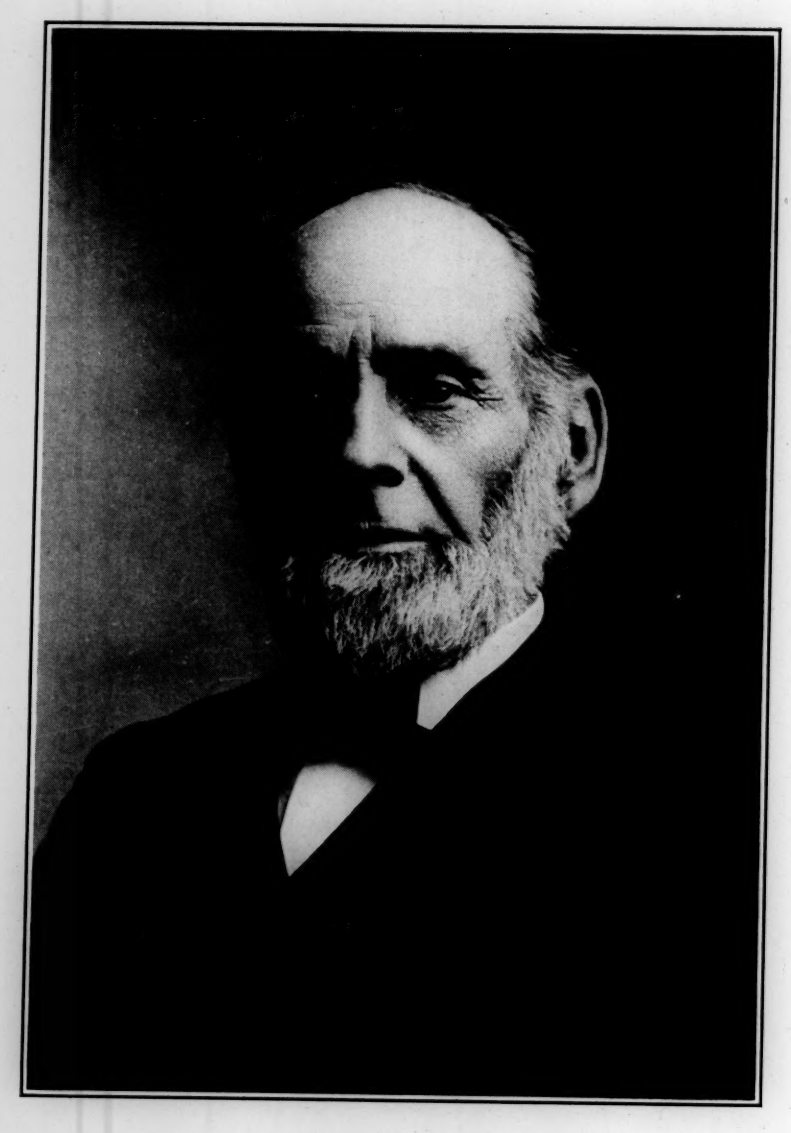
NOVEMBER 17, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

The following persons were elected to membership: Miss Alice S. Stebbins, Rev. George H. Thomas, Mrs. Edna L. Putnam, Mrs. Mary H. Kittredge, Miss Clarissa D. Hosmer, Arthur D. Wellington, Charles T. Grout, Alvah M. Levy, Edward Newitt, Frank H. Sibley, Mrs. Bessie Lawrence Hardy, Miss Mary Cushing Smith, Robert Marcy. To corresponding membership, Mrs. Mary E. Sears, of Worcester.

A paper was read by Mr. George A. Hitchcock on Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, and President Stearns read a short paper on "The Dearborn Steelyards."

DECEMBER 15, 1913.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the rooms of the society, President Stearns presiding.

A paper was read by Miss Alice S. Stebbins on "Church Bells and Belfries."



JAMES FREEMAN DANA GARFIELD

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES TO JAMES FREEMAN DANA GARFIELD.

The following tributes were given to the memory of James Freeman Dana Garfield at a special meeting of the society held December 28, 1911:

PRESIDENT EZRA S. STEARNS.

Our sorrow for the dead is spoken in simple language. The voice of mourning is soft and low. The running brook of disappointment is more turbulent than the swollen river of bereavement. The fitting eulogy of Mr. Garfield is as gentle as his spirit, as affectionate as the smile on his face, as calm and dispassionate as his manner, and as sincere as his purpose in life. It is not our mission on this occasion to rehearse the story of his life, or to recount the substantial achievements of his career. At other times and in other assemblies his associates in many affairs will pay a willing tribute to the integrity of the man and to the value of his service to the city. Here, where we have been accustomed to assemble, where we have felt his presence, and have enjoyed his companionship, let us speak of him as the founder of our society and its most constant and loyal supporter.

At the time the Fitchburg Historical Society was organized a gentleman inquired of Mr. Garfield, "How long will the society live?" His answer was ready. "It will live as long as I live." It falls upon us to renew the prophecy. With one mind we resolve, with one voice we acclaim, our society shall live as long as the memory of Garfield endures. To that milestone the journey is long. The living members will fall on the way, but others will continue the work which we have only begun. His memory will animate our successors as his presence has stimulated us. From father to son, from age to youth his example shall be transmitted and renewed. His name and his memory shall long remain the inspiration of our work and the bond of our fraternity.

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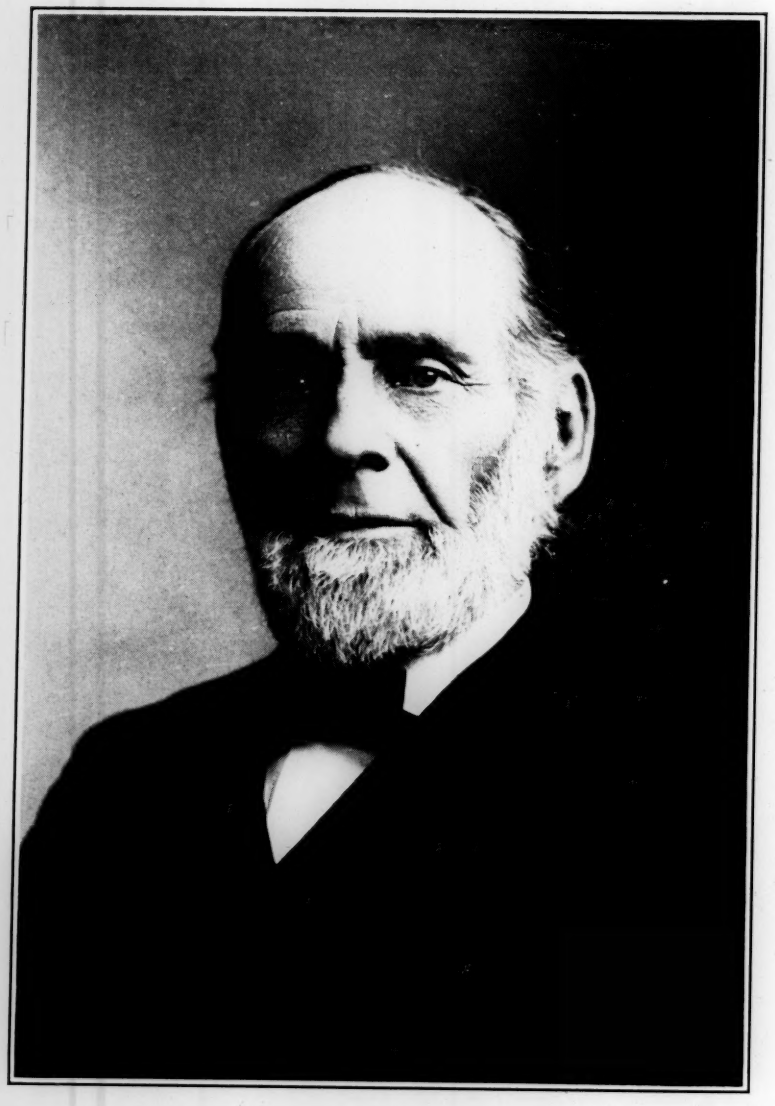

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In the membership of our society are loyal men and women who will fondly cherish the memory of Mr. Garfield. In our social relations we met him face to face. Our love of him unfolded in the charm of his presence and in the glow of his gentle nature. His enthusiasm was our inspiration. In the work of the society he led the advance. While we were listening to the call, he was storming the ramparts and we saw his face only when he turned to beckon us onward. Our leader has fallen. A seat in this assembly is vacant. More than a seat is vacant. The void cannot be filled. He was our brother in friendship, our guide in knowledge and study, our pattern in devotion to the society and our prophet in plans for the future. Our sweetest consolation is inseparable from the sentiment that he still lives and that his example enlivens our inspiration. His mantle, with the draperies of mourning, covers us. As we train the vine his hand hath planted, we honor him and bring the most fitting tribute to his memory. The work of our society has been constructive; from this hour it shall be constructive and commemorative. To a chapter of history we will add a page of memorial. Listening to the echo of his footsteps, our hearts responsive to his friendship, we here dedicate ourselves to the one pursuit which he loved above all others.

In the early discussion and maturing plans for a society building, Mr. Garfield led the advance. We followed him. From the breaking of the turf, on the site he had chosen, to the week before his death, his oversight was continuous. His last visit to the building was on the sixth day of the present month. To your vision and to mine the building, then, was not fully completed. There were unfinished places here and there, inviting the hand of the artisan and the mechanic. But so mature was his study of the design, so accurate was his knowledge of the outline and detail of every part, the belief is more than imagery that, then and there, he saw the building finished and complete, the happy fulfilment of his fondest desire. With a vision that decoys the future, he saw the stacks of volumes in orderly lines, he counted the treasures in the vault, he welcomed incoming guests with the warm grasp of a friendly hand; he heard the voices of readers in the hall, and there, alone, he rejoiced in the full fruition of a

cherished hope. It is well that he was alone. In that hour, the companionship of friends could not add to the fulness of his soul. His cup was full and running over. With that familiar smile on his face, which always awakened a responsive smile in our hearts, his voice attuned to the serenity of his soul, beckoning to the angel of death now drawing near, our friend then and there rendered the fervid service of dedication, and in the spirit of a last farewell, he spoke to us the reverent words of benediction.

HENRY A. WILLIS.

My acquaintance with Mr. Garfield antedates that of any other person present back in the 40's. We were not schoolmates, but our final "school education" was obtained at the same schools, the Fitchburg Academy and the Lawrence Academy at Groton. My intimate acquaintance with him began several years later. He was of a mild temperament, a genial associate, quite literary in his tastes, and had a special liking for history and genealogy. In all respects he was a pleasant companion whether at home, visiting, or traveling.

I recall with unalloyed pleasure that in 1900 we, together with the late lamented E. Adams Hartwell, made a trip to Norfolk, Va., to witness a total eclipse of the sun. We were the only ones from Fitchburg to join the party, which was made up at Hartford, Conn, The trip, which lasted about a week, was a most enjoyable one and Mr. Hartwell later gave an account of it at one of our meetings illustrated with diagrams.

My business associations with Mr. Garfield began in 1888 when he was elected a trustee of the Worcester North Savings Institution and a member of its investment committee, of which he continued to be a member until his death, in the meantime having been elected vice-president of the institution in 1892 and president in 1899, retaining the latter position to the end of his life. He proved a most valuable official of the bank, his sound judgment being particularly valuable in the value of real estate, in which most of its funds are invested. I had also been associated with him on the board of trustees of the public library since 1899, and with the board

of directors of this society since its formation in 1892, in both of which he served with unabated interest.

From an early age he had been much given to historical subjects and the collection of old books and manuscripts and local records valuable for preservation. This society, founded in 1892, had been a dream of his for many years and it was through his efforts that it was started. Truly has he been called the "father of the society."

He was for many years anxious that it should have a building of its own and in his mind that building had long since become a necessity and a reality. He would have such a building that the society might be perpetuated and others might be attracted to it. To-day we see that building nearly completed and hope that it will soon be ready for occupancy. The interest of Mr. Garfield in the building continued unabated until the last. It was so near his home that he could practically oversee the work, and he did oversee it as long as he was able. On December 6, only a few days before his death, he insisted on being taken to the building to examine something which he thought was not quite as it should be, and I think that was the last day he left the house.

It was my fortune to call upon him less than forty-eight hours before his death. I found him dressed. His voice was quite strong and he appeared to enjoy my call. He talked of the new building and its details and had some suggestions to offer as to its completion and furnishings. His whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in the matter.

During the last two years his health had perceptibly failed, but the worst affliction was partial blindness, which for a period of nearly two years had shut off his ability to read a printed page. It would seem that to a man of his studious disposition nothing more unfortunate could have happened, but he had remarkable patience to the end and went to his grave peacefully, but suddenly at the last, and perhaps all the better for that.

It has been a great privilege for us to have known and to have been associated with such a man.

Let us ever cherish his memory.

HENRY A. GOODRICH.

My acquaintance with Mr. Garfield dates back to our schoolboy days. We were at one time pupils together under the tutorship of Stephen Holman, teacher of the Academy from 1843 to 1847.

We were afterward members of the Fitchburg Fusiliers at the time when red coats and bearskin caps were conspicuous.

Through political affiliations, church attendance, and ordinary trade relations our intimate acquaintance continued. In after years we were associated as savings bank officials, as trustees of the public library, as national bank directors, and as active members from the start of the Fitchburg Historical Society.

To know Mr. Garfield as I have known him, and as many of you have known him, recalls many pleasant memories and reveals many fine traits of character long to be remembered.

Mr. Garfield was a good representative of New England birth and culture. Born among the granite hills of New Hampshire, he came to Fitchburg early in life and at once became interested in its growth and development, as well as in everything pertaining to its early history. His enthusiasm in this line led to the formation of this society, and his generosity and self-sacrifice formed the nucleus of the new historical building. Could he have lived to have seen the new edifice dedicated, it would undoubtedly have been one of the happiest moments of his life.

It only remains for all the members of this society, inspired by his enthusiasm and his memory, to see to it that the good work initiated by him shall not falter but continue to be one of Fitchburg's most cherished institutions.

ROBERT F. LEAVENS.

To those of you whose friendship with Mr. Garfield was a matter not merely of two or three years, but of tens and scores of years, even of a lifetime, belongs the privilege of paying tribute to him as a man, of setting forth his personality and the different traits of his character best known by those who were most intimately connected with him.

Who of us has not felt that behind that countenance of his, quiet, unpretending, simple, was an exceptionally strong personality, a wealth of varied interests, a judgment sound and ripe, the reasonableness, the openness to conviction indicating modern breadth of mind, and at the same time the tenacity of purpose, the firmness of will power which marks the New Englander of the old school?

Though his eyesight had failed him, still he probably saw more as he looked out upon the world, far more than many a man whose physical vision is unimpaired. For, in my opinion, Mr. Garfield's mind was in itself an organ of vision, an eye, which had a range wide enough to watch the affairs of this country and of the other countries of the earth, a range that was long also, looking into the past and into the future.

His mind was, moreover, a discerning eye; what he saw was seen more clearly, understood, that is, better, because of his extensive knowledge, and each object, each person, each event upon which he looked was seen with that knowledge of his for a setting and a background. Of these, and of the rest of Mr. Garfield's characteristics, others who knew him longer and more intimately are better fitted to speak than I.

But it is in memory of his public service chiefly, I take it, that this meeting has been arranged, and without attempting to give a full appreciation of all that he did for this city during his very long and very active life, I wish to dwell simply upon one point, that is, the value to a community of a strong historic sense, and of this Mr. Garfield was a conspicuous example.

In these days when people are so largely engrossed in the interests of the passing hour, days of strenuousness and sensationalism, it is particularly encouraging to see any one sufficiently interested in the past to want to preserve its best contributions from the destructive extravagance and vandalism of the changing hour, encouraging to see any one sufficiently acquainted with the history of a city or of a people to be able to foresee, even to guide the future movements of that city or people.

There is such a thing as excessive interest in the dead past, to the neglect of the needs of the present and the future, such a thing as caring so much about deserted scenes that one

becomes lost and out of touch with the progress of civilization. That is the danger of the historic sense. But the life and labors of Mr. Garfield seem to have quite escaped that danger. His was a keen interest in the past, and his was a wide-awake interest, also, in the present and the future.

Of the historic sense as found in Mr. Garfield, sane and well balanced, there cannot be too much in a busy manufacturing city such as ours is. Of men like him, men who can view the present and the future with an eye trained by a knowledge of history, of such men we cannot have too many. To deal with history as he dealt with it does not make one merely an antiquarian, it makes the best kind of leadership, the most trustworthy guides for the vital interests of to-day and to-morrow. Such men are of great value to a city every day and year of its life. None are more deeply interested, as a rule, than they, in the progress of a city. And they are, moreover, conspicuous for their active part in the welfare of their community.

The new building of the Historical Society, whose presence is due largely to the generous interest of Mr. Garfield, that building is a visible proof how valuable it is to a city in its present and future life to have men with the historic sense. They trace out the obliterated footsteps of bygone generations, they tell of buildings long since disappeared from view, and at the same time they adorn the city with a new building close to the beaten pathway of this and coming generations. The men with the true historic sense tell of the moral principles of our predecessors, and they help to safeguard those principles. They draw out from the past its highest ideals and hold those ideals before us for the future's good.

Such a service was that of the life and labor of him in whose memory we meet to-night.

DR. J. W. STIMSON.

It is quite fitting that I should speak of Mr. Garfield in the relation that existed between us as patient and physician. My acquaintance with him began in midwinter of 1889 and

from that time to December 14, 1911, when he left us, there was no break.

I became at once the family physician in the most beautiful acceptation of that term. Such relation is fast passing and I hold it a great honor to have been privileged to know a man of his quality as I knew him through trials of sickness and death; for there were during that period trials of the severest kinds to be met and borne with courage, fortitude to bear whatever came and always protested his belief that he was well advised. His trustfulness often nearly overcame me and many times I wondered was I worthy such a trust?

With his loving and lovable nature it was but natural that from the relation existing primarily as physician and patient there should develop something else which was a real true friendship and I came to count him a friend. You who knew him so well can testify to his sterling integrity, wise business judgment and sagacity; I can testify to his loyalty to his physician and friend. Such loyalty as his would stimulate any man to his best efforts.

Friendship which out of professional acquaintance has a foundation as stable as correct intimacy can make it and as ours developed the real man stood out in bold relief. It has been truly said that "The decorations and deceptions of character must fall away before the great realities of pain and death."

Of deception Mr. Garfield had none. He was always to himself true. Of decoration he had just those which we should all strive for but few attain. Patience, courage, fortitude, and loyalty so adjusted as to show no incompatibility. His patience with his physical sufferings was calm, resigned, and sweet, his courage of a type to make weak men strong. His fortitude was everlasting, for it persisted to the end.

He met the acknowledgement of inevitable blindness almost majestically and he conversed as quietly during his last days of what he fully realized was coming as he might upon any subject, sweetly saying, "Well, doctor, I know it must be so." And conspicuously there stands like a solid rock his loyalty. Loyalty to Fitchburg and her interests. Loyalty to the business trusts which he had assumed, frequently attending meetings when most men in his condition would have re-

mained at home. Loyalty to his citizenship. Loyalty to his friends, of whom he would tolerate no discreditable word. Loyalty to this society, his last out-of-doors visit being to its new building, which visit I verily believe to have been as though to dedicate it and commit it to the organization.

I am glad to pay tribute to Mr. Garfield's memory as I knew him: A sweet, gentle, well-rounded man.

DR. A. P. MASON.

It is fitting that the members of the Fitchburg Historical Society should gather here in special meeting to honor Mr. Garfield's memory, both because of what he did for our society and of what he was as a man and citizen of Fitchburg; and, as one who was closely associated with him for a good number of years past, I am glad to have an opportunity to pay my brief and heartfelt tribute to the sterling qualities of mind and heart that he possessed.

As a boy, growing up here, I knew many of the solid and substantial citizens of the old town of Fitchburg, half a century ago. One of them was James F. D. Garfield. Most of these men have passed on and now one of the last of them has departed to join the vast majority.

My real acquaintance with Mr. Garfield began in 1884, when I returned to Fitchburg to locate permanently. Being naturally interested in historical matters, I utilized the spare time that inevitably occurs in the first few years of medical practice, in doing historical work. I very soon became acquainted with Mr. Garfield and found what a veritable storehouse of facts and data he was. He was always ready and willing to impart information and, having a remarkable memory of men and events, his assistance to me in writing a history of Fitchburg for the "History of Worcester County" published by J. W. Lewis & Co. of Philadelphia, in 1888, was of very great value, and his kindness and willingness to aid I shall always remember with gratitude.

We were frequently together and acquaintance became friendship. One of the things we often talked about was the formation of a local historical club, and I well remember the morning of Feb. 2, 1892, when Mr. Garfield, his countenance

beaming, came into my office and asked if I would meet a few people at his house the next evening and see what could be done about starting the local historical club we had talked so much about. He chose Feb. 3 as the date, as it was the date of the incorporation of the town. I very gladly agreed to be present.

Mr. Garfield was such a lover of original records that it seems to me it would be pleasing to him and appropriate to this occasion, to read from my private journal the brief account I wrote therein, at the time, of this first meeting of the Fitchburg Historical Society and, with your permission, Mr. President, I will do so. Under date of Feb. 3, 1892, I find this: "I went to Mr. Garfield's this evening at 6.30. All were present who were invited, viz.: James F. D. Garfield, Henry A. Willis, Gen. John W. Kimball, Frederick F. Woodward, John H. Daniels, Ebenezer Bailey, Frederick A. Currier and myself. Mr. Garfield read a constitution prepared by himself, which, with a few changes, was adopted and signed by all present. A temporary organization was effected, with Mr. Willis, chairman, and Mr. Garfield, secretary. We adjourned to Feb. 15. The name of our organization is to be the Fitchburg Historical Society." This adjourned meeting was, for some reason, postponed to Feb. 16, and professional business prevented me from attending it. Let me once more quote from my journal under date of Feb. 17, 1892: "Mr. Garfield in this morning. He told me that the Fitchburg Historical Society organized last night, with the choice of the following officers:—President, Henry A. Willis; vice-presidents, Henry A. Goodrich and Frederick F. Woodward; secretary, James F. D. Garfield; treasurer and librarian, Atherton P. Mason."

For the next ten years these officers continued in their respective positions. Mr. Garfield was a most efficient secretary and also was most enthusiastic in promoting the welfare and interests of the society in every way. At the annual meeting in January, 1902, we all resigned, believing it would be for the best interests of the society to have a change of officers. Mr. Garfield was however prevailed upon to continue in office and became the librarian of the society and held that position at the time of his death. How admirably he performed his duties in that capacity need not be dwelt upon, for we all

know the fact. Would that he could have lived to arrange the society's collections in the new and commodious building, the permanent home of the society in the near future, a building which he saw in his imagination years ago, and which has become a reality through his efforts. He knew what was in our collections and could have arranged its contents so that it could have been easily used for reference and investigation. Who, now, even by much study, can fully occupy the position he held?

We have lost the mainstay of the society, the keystone of the arch, and it remains for us who are left to endeavor to carry out his cherished desire and make the society a recognized power in advancing the welfare of the community.

CHARLES FOSDICK.

I had known Mr. Garfield for forty years, but not intimately, until, nearly twenty years ago, it was my good fortune to be with him in the same stateroom aboard ship for three weeks. Then I learned what he was and learned to love and respect him, and I have added to this love and respect every year. A good friend with all that the word covers; thoughtful, generous in his conclusions, always looking for and noting the best in people and things, always the kindly word—never a harsh opinion expressed, or an unkind judgment uttered—and so modest of his estimate of himself. The work he did in his literary and best-loved line so quietly but always so thoroughly and honestly done. An unquestioned authority in his statements as to local history, diligent, always ready to spend himself for a friend or even for a questioner who sought his aid. He was much more than an ordinary man, he was extra-ordinary.

We have lost more than we can realize yet. His interest in our Historical Society was deep, firm, and abiding, and the culmination of that society in his part in the inception and completion of the building was a pleasure and joy to him to the end. We may sorrow that he did not live to see the full completion of the work of occupation, which he was best fitted to carry through, but we must joy in the fact that what he had so long looked forward to, and most generously made

possible, was so nearly completed, and that but a few days before he left us he visited the building and expressed himself well pleased with it.

He will be with us still, in our thought and work, and that work, although with his help could doubtless be better done, will be sweeter and more faithfully completed by us, knowing that it is what he had so greatly at heart and what he would expect us, his friends, to do for him.

His long, useful, and well-rounded life can but be an inspiration to us, and his memory we shall prize as most precious.

EBENEZER BAILEY.

My real acquaintance with Mr. Garfield may be said to have commenced with the formation of this society, for it was from that time that I began more fully to know and appreciate him. His interest in our organization was sincere, strong, and continuous and I do not know that the society was ever long out of his mind. With his strong intellect, his historical and literary taste, and his retentive memory he was an ideal librarian, and with his business judgment and prudence combined with his initiative and perseverance, he was an ideal member of our executive committee. Yet he was a busy man and had many other objects of care and solicitude which he never neglected and in which his ability and success were apparent.

He was modest and unassuming, but he made himself felt and he accomplished things. He said we must not wait for something to turn up if we wished for an historical building, but "must ourselves put shoulder to the wheel," and he set the example. His mind was broad, and took in the historical past with love and appreciation, while it was also alive to the modern aspects of the problems and opportunities of today, and was never closed to the probabilities of the future. He loved justice and integrity and disliked extravagance and ostentation.

But it was not Mr. Garfield's historical knowledge, his literary taste, or his business ability which endeared him to his friends. It was the man himself—the soul of him which made its indelible impress and commanded love and respect. There

was something which words cannot express in the quiet way, the gentlemanly manner, the sympathetic appreciation which drew one to him with stronger and stronger ties. He is gone from us. We miss him now; we shall miss him more. We can honor him best by carrying on the work which was so dear to his heart.

FREDERICK A. CURRIER.

"Mr. Garfield was a man who will be missed," was the remark overheard in a business house which first advised me that our friend had "passed on." Many times since has the remark been repeated in my hearing, showing that he will indeed be missed in the business and social life of our city; but in a very special way the loss is realized by our society.

Those of us who gathered on the evening of February 3, 1892, at the house of Mr. Garfield well remember that the inspiring force in the organization of the Fitchburg Historical Society came from Mr. Garfield, and that for the nearly twenty years which have since elapsed, he has to a very large degree been the one whose untiring, resourceful zeal made the record of the society so creditable, its meetings full of interest, and finally rendered possible a home for the society. His last days were made happy in seeing from day to day the building approaching the realization of hopes and dreams of many years.

His conservative, yet progressive judgment, strict integrity and clear-headed foresight were greatly appreciated and consulted by his associates in the many financial and business managements with which he was connected.

A modest, unassuming man, he sought no publicity for himself in any way, but as a public-spirited citizen was greatly interested in the prosperity of our city, which had been his home for more than sixty years, and which he had seen expand from the small country village to the diversified industries of to-day. He was prompt to do his part in aiding every laudable and beneficent movement for the education or betterment of his fellow man. In responding to many calls to public duty, he served with ability and conscientious fidelity. A man of tender sensibilities, his attachments were strong and convictions firm. His genial, happy disposition, gentle courtesy,

his words of greeting full of evident sincerity, and hearty good will of the grasp of his hand, made him a pleasant man to meet and insured for him a welcome in every assembly. His long life, so full of varied experience and extensive travel, made his conversation a rare enjoyment to his friends. With loving thought and chastened feeling, we call to mind the many pleasant hours passed in his company. His mind seemed a veritable treasure-house of historical, biographical, and chronological information, from which he was ready at all times to supply or supplement desired details of men or events which had ever come to his knowledge or observation. To the fruitful pen of Mr. Garfield the future historian of Fitchburg will be largely indebted for the graceful preservation of so much of the incidental life and traditions of our city in his journalistic and literary contributions.

Every branch of good literature had in him an interested and understanding reader. His connection with historical and genealogical societies was extensive and the patience and thoroughness of his researches and investigations left little overlooked that would add to the completeness or accuracy of the story. His large and valuable library and collections show how well he had practiced himself the motto of our society, "To preserve and transmit."

With a deep appreciation of earth's beauty he loved all growing things. His devout nature saw God in the clouds, the beauty of landscape, and the richness of the foliage. That he delighted in the fragrance of the flowers was very evident to all who journeyed by the luxuriant blossoms which lined the roadsides of his summer home, and were a message of comfort and cheer to many who passed that way.

It has been said, "Old age is not to be measured by years, but by our loss of interest in the passing events of daily life about us." Measured by that standard, our honored friend never grew old. His study of the past in no way impaired his interested attention to the life and thought of to-day. Although more than four score years had been vouchsafed to him, he came to "Life's afternoon" with a cheerful hopefulness and rounded out a long and honorable life, in which it can be truly said, "he had lived well, loved much, and gained the respect and confidence of intelligent men." As the shad-

ows lengthened, he passed to the evening of his day in the loving companionship of his devoted family, and like a calm evening sun, imperceptibly glided peacefully into rest.

He has gone, but his work abides, and while we miss his presence, we cherish the memory of a life of faithful friendships, generous kindliness, and earnestness in good works, always looking for the best in others and giving the best he had—the life of a consistent Christian gentleman and an example to us to go forward and do the best that in us lies.

REV. DR. JAMES CHALMERS.

In every community there are two kinds of personalities: the destructive and the constructive; those who pull down and those who build up. The one is critical and analytic of mind, the other is appreciative and sympathetic. Both classes are needed, but there is always in every community a surplus of the former and a shortage of the latter. We have everywhere an abundance of men who are destructive in their work rather than constructive—tearers down rather than builders up, whose work is one of criticism and negation rather than any original contribution. It does not take a mind of very high order to stand by the greatest work and discover imperfections in it. Such men could stand beneath the sphinx and the pyramids, beneath the cathedral of Cologne and St. Peter's in Rome, squinting at these great structures through their little microscopical eyeglasses and superciliously passing judgment upon them when they themselves could not lay one stone straight above another.

What is needed in every community is men who can lay one stone straight above another, men of constructive genius, men who are builders. It is easy to find fault with any community and pick flaws in its industrial and educational and religious institutions. Anybody can do that. That is cheap, unskilled labor. But the man who can draw the discordant elements of a community together and harmonize them and build up and make stronger and more efficient her institutions, is the man of real service and of high qualities. Such a man was Mr. Garfield.

In his varied and numerous business enterprises in this city during the past sixty years he has shown at all times this con-

structive spirit and has contributed consistently towards the industrial and commercial development of the city by his connection with a half dozen of the important industrial concerns of Fitchburg. And he has also manifested that same constructive genius in financial circles as shown by his active official relations to two of the banks of the city, of one of which he was the president for a dozen years, and up to the time of his death.

There was the same constructive spirit manifested in Mr. Garfield's honorable and valuable public service, on the school committee, as a member of the board of aldermen of the city government, and as a representative of this city in the state legislature. In all of these capacities his was not a work of hindrance and negation, but of a constructive legislative program of efficiency and improved public service.

Nor was he indifferent to the tenderer spiritual and ethical amenities of religion and his church. There, too, he showed forth the sweet and beautiful side of an ideal personality. For his attitude toward his church was one of appreciation and cooperation and he filled at different times with cheerfulness, devotion, and efficiency, the chief offices of his church.

It is fortunate and befitting that such a man, a man of such a temperament and of such a spirit, should have been the founder, and till the day of his death the chief promoter, of the Fitchburg Historical Society.

This society had its birth in his home, it was born as his own child, and he loved his child. It was but natural and human that he should desire, before he himself passed on, to see that his very own child should be cared for and provided with a home of his own, a house in which to live—and there that house stands, the building of the Fitchburg Historical Society, the permanent home of the child that he gave birth to and that he loved. And that building itself is the best monument and the most fitting memorial to the memory of the one we honor tonight.

Our friend and associate, in whose memory these services are held this evening, has gone on to his eternal reward. He is not here with us as was his wont to be. Nor will his presence grace our meetings in the years to come. But he is not forgotten nor will his memory quickly fade away.

GEORGE A. HITCHCOCK.

When our president asked me to give my tribute to the character of Mr. Garfield, one word came at once to mind which expressed my appreciation of one phase of his nature which I am glad to be permitted to voice.

That word is his companionableness; a long word but full of significance.

One's religious life finds greater help as he receives his Lord into the personal relationship of friend and guide rather than as Creator and Sovereign. In a similar sense I discovered in Mr. Garfield a true companion whose interest in me I appreciated quite regardless of the fact that this trait was one of the qualities which made him the useful and prominent citizen that he was. By companionableness I do not mean "a hail fellow well met," one who has the ready word of greeting for anyone he may happen to meet, but the sincere, unaffected interest in those with whom he had dealings.

Coming into this society, perhaps one of the youngest, I became at once acquainted with him who may have been one of the oldest members, yet the difference in years was never thought of. The little coterie of members which gathered so regularly month after month and year after year became a very brotherly group, bound together by congenial interest in delving into the past history of Fitchburg. Without a thought of patronizing, Mr. Garfield would seek from us all any lore which might be added to his well-stocked mind, and in turn we were learners from him; and this personal interest in anything I might have to offer was very gratifying and naturally attracted me to him.

This phase of his character was well illustrated the last time we ever met. It was in this room at the last meeting he attended he came and sat down by my side and with his hand placed in brotherly fashion upon my shoulder we freely talked upon affairs concerning the society which he so much loved.

And now he is dead. Dead? We often speak of the dead languages when referring to the Latin or Greek, the vehicle which has brought into our modern civilization all that is grandest in those bygone civilizations. These dead languages are the life-blood which make those nations and peoples teem

with life and I love to watch that grand, moving procession down through the centuries as it becomes a part of our own; even our language in its best expression is born of those dead languages.

Now I conceive that the great value of this society is the garnering of experience as we bring out from the best history of our own city in which we take pride, the customs and experiences of the fathers in the planting of the young and lusty town.

How much of the success in this work is due to the companionableness of Mr. Garfield which drew us more closely together in the common task so well performed hitherto!

And so I look forward to the near future when we shall gather in the new home of the Fitchburg Historical Society, and with the familiar features of our brother looking down from a framed portrait on its walls we will realize that his is a living presence by the potent influence he has already exerted upon this society.

Joseph G. Edgerly, superintendent of schools, was called upon by President Stearns. He spoke substantially as follows:

"The difficulty comes in selecting topics from the many characteristics of the man, about which to speak, since he possessed so many traits of character which might be mentioned with praise. It has been well said that 'it is the dead who rule, the living who serve.' No higher praise can be given Mr. Garfield than that of his physician when he said that he was true to himself. Shakespeare makes Polonius say, in giving advice to his son: 'This above all, to thine own self he true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'

"It was a privilege to be in this room with Mr. Garfield when he was a member of the school committee and I occupied the desk of the secretary. I had no more loyal supporter. He was a man of discrimination, one who understood human nature and one who helped to uplift the cause of education here and to advance a great principle. I am pleased to have this opportunity to add my testimony to his worth. His influence will last. What higher encomium can any one ask

than that when he shall pass away as much may be said of him as has been said of this man?

"For nine years I felt that I was gazing upon an honest man, upon whose kindness, generosity, and other characteristics I could rely. He is not dead, for his influence still lives and will continue to live. Generations yet to come will feel that what he has done still radiates from this room and will be passed on to future generations."

The following letter from Charles E. Ware, Esq., was read:

"Fitchburg, Mass., December 27, 1911.

"I am very sorry that an important previous engagement will prevent my being present at the meeting of the Fitchburg Historical Society tomorrow evening.

"As a neighbor of Mr. Garfield, and as an early member of the society, I should have been glad to add my word to those which will be spoken in appreciation of its Founder.

"From the modest meetings of a mere handful of those interested in the history of Fitchburg, held in his back parlor, he lived to see the near completion of the impressive building which is to accommodate all who desire to follow in his footsteps.

"I believe that he has long cherished the plan of enabling the society to have a suitable home of its own where it could store its interesting accumulation of historical data, and meet to look over and talk over its affairs. Nor do I believe, had he been spared a few years longer, that he would have limited his activities to a consideration of the past, but would have been one of the first and most enthusiastic to make this body a centre for the general betterment of the city which we all love.

"The memory of his active interest in all that was good will be an inspiration to us, to make the highest use of the home which his efforts have made possible.

"Very truly yours,

CHAS. E. WARE."

RODNEY WALLACE.

A paper read at a meeting of the Society, February 17, 1913.

BY REV. DR. JAMES CHALMERS.

"Rodney Wallace is a name to conjure with in Northampton," was the quick reply of the Rev. Dr. Willis H. Butler, pastor of the Edwards Congregational church at Northampton, when I asked him for his impressions of the standing and influence of Rodney Wallace at Northampton, the home of Smith college, of which Rodney Wallace was a trustee, where Rodney Wallace's favorite pastor of the Calvinistic Congregational church of this city, the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Tyler, became professor and dean, and where Rodney Wallace had erected and presented to Smith college one of the finest buildings on the campus, and where the endowment fund of the free scholarships of the college bears the Wallace name and came from the Wallace private treasury.

"Rodney Wallace is a name to conjure with," replied the divine, who now occupies the pulpit that Jonathan Edwards used to preach from, the pulpit from which Edwards thundered that terrific sermon, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," a sermon that made theological New England tremble as by an earthquake.

Yes, I have gathered the data for this paper from Northampton, from Rindge, from New Ipswich, from any and every source that would give up to me its information or its impressions of one who seems to have been the dominant personality of any place where he was or any company into which he entered.

His was a complex and intricate character, always difficult of analysis, because made up always of many and sometimes conflicting elements; but all of the numerous elements of his character were always subordinated to one dominant personality that stood forth clearly and definitely beyond and above

everything else in him and about him, and had its fixed and eternal basis in his supreme and indomitable will.

That is what makes him such an interesting personality to study, that is what made him in his lifetime the man that stood head and shoulders above every other man in whatever community he was, that is what made him the first citizen of Fitchburg, that is what enabled him to do things that have perpetuated his memory and have made us want to study him now, ten years after his homegoing, and to give the story of his deeds a place of distinguished honor among the valued records of this society in the archives of the city of his earthly habitation.

It does not seem to me unbefitting that one who is now the pastor of the church to which he was so thoroughly devoted should be chosen to prepare this paper on Rodney Wallace, but it must be borne in mind that the writer of this paper never saw Rodney Wallace, never heard his voice and never came within the influence of that strong and vital personality which so impressed itself upon this community, and which so influenced and controlled those who came under its spell.

There is a reason why this particular monthly meeting of the Historical Society is chosen for a paper and a general discussion on Rodney Wallace. Ten years ago this month he waved farewell to the little city nestled down among the hills, the city on which he had written his name all over with a masculine hand, and went his way to the city that hath foundations, whose author and maker is God, and in whose records his name had already been written by the recording angel as one entitled to citizenship therein because of deeds well done and duties well performed.

It is just one even decade this month since Rodney Wallace died, and ten years afterward gives a good perspective for a fair and unbiased estimate of the worth of a human life, especially if that estimate be given by one uninfluenced by personal touch with the life of the one appraised.

There are several, to me, very curious coincidences herewith, strange they seem, and I cannot refrain from mentioning them. This evening is the regular time for the February meeting of the Fitchburg Historical Society—the time has not been changed by the shadow of a second in order that

it might fit into symbolical dates and events bearing some relation to the life of Rodney Wallace or to the life of him who is reading the paper on Rodney Wallace. And yet this date, February 17, is the date that marks the birth of the first-born child of Rodney Wallace, Herbert Ingalls Wallace—to-day is Herbert Wallace's birthday—and it was on this date, February 17th, and just seven years ago this very evening, that the writer of this paper landed in Fitchburg, the city of Rodney Wallace, and saw this city for the first time, preparatory to the preaching of his first sermon the following day in the church of which he has ever since been the pastor—Rodney Wallace's church. These are curious coincidences not at all prearranged and not at all planned for except by the hand of him who plans and arranges all the details of the great network into which the texture of all our lives is so wonderfully wrought together.

It was the scholarly and accomplished president of this society who first called me on the telephone and requested on behalf of the society that I prepare this paper on Rodney Wallace. Later, an official, written request came through the mails from the secretary of the society.

My hesitation at first was due to my strong feeling that there were other members of the society who would be able, because of their close personal touch with Rodney Wallace, to do this thing better than I could do it, I who never came personally into touch with him. But I was easily persuaded to waive that consideration, for I do like to study a strong and commanding personality, and no such other of that type has ever lived in Fitchburg as Rodney Wallace.

Rodney Wallace was born in New Ipswich, N. H., Dec. 21, 1823. He was the second of a family of eight children. The family was limited in means, which meant limited educational opportunities for the children. So that at the age of twelve years Rodney was thrown upon his own resources. Such a situation is not without its advantage to a manly, self-reliant boy, for he goes out and battles with the world and while he is wrestling from the world the successful career that his ambition demands, he is building up for himself a stalwart character and a powerful personality that has in itself an intrinsic value far beyond and above the measure of any mere worldly or outward success.

There is no college or university that can give a boy training equal in value to that which the world gives—provided that he is the right kind of a boy to start with, and provided further, that he is denied the educational training of the schools by actual and unavoidable domestic necessity and not by the parsimony of impecuniously close-fisted parents. If parents are able to educate their children, but too stingy, they do the child irreparable damage, for the meanness of the parent works subtle harm in the personality of the child. But if the parents are doing the best they can, and yet the boy is forced out upon the world to work his way, then he can still respect his parents and therefore respect himself—and for such a boy of right principles, right purposes, and right ambitions, the world is a rich world—rich in opportunities and rich in rewards.

Such a boy was Rodney Wallace as he left the New Ipswich home at the age of twelve years, self-reliant and self-respecting already, to plant his young feet confidently in the way of life, with independence of spirit to march his journey through a world that is beautiful, magnificent, splendid, to any boy in any age of the world, who will open his eyes to the chances and go at his tasks wih a light heart, a worthy purpose, and an unconquerable will.

Such a boy, I say, was young Rodney Wallace. At the age of twelve years he engaged himself to work for a farmer for one year. His salary for the year was to be $40. He was to have eight weeks in the nearby country school in the winter, but during that time he was also to do the work of the farm nights and mornings—the feeding and general care of the farm-stock—the wood for the house, the water, and all those common, interminable farm duties that go under the head of "chores."

Forty dollars for a year's work does not seem large, but it was a beginning, the beginning of a large fortune. Eight weeks of winter school does not seem much—but it was a beginning—it was something—and his education grew throughout all the years into a largeness and a broadness and an efficiency that made him a marked man.

The difference between a small man and a big man is this: The small man won't accept a poor chance, he wants justice or nothing; he cries and bemoans for a fair show and an

equal footing with others; be must be started even in the race or he won't start. The big man will accept whatever chance comes—he will accept any little bit of a footing that gives him a place to start from, no matter how far down below others, and then he will, by his sheer force of purpose and determination, climb up past them to the top.

So it was with Rodney Wallace, and he acquitted himself with such energy and integrity that at the age of sixteen years he was entrusted with large responsibility for those days in that he was placed in charge of the freight teams from Rindge to Boston, carrying the produce of the country to the city and returning with loads of merchandise.

For four years he performed this important function of his time with such a spirit of accommodation toward all the people of Rindge, whom he served with unquestioned integrity and efficiency, that Dr. Stephen Jewett, a successful physician of Rindge whose prepared and well-advertised medicines and remedies had a wide and profitable sale all over the New England states, employed Rodney Wallace to be his selling agent for the whole of New England.

Rodney Wallace was then twenty years old and for ten years he conducted with marked success this business that took him all over the New England states and brought him into every city and town of the East and into personal acquaintance with everyone worth while in the New England of his day.

It was an experience in the study of life itself that gave him a knowledge of human nature that was worth more to him in his life work of dealing with men than he could possibly have gained from the courses of study in the universities of America and Europe.

Then, in the month that Rodney Wallace was thirty years old, December, 1853, the romance of his life culminated in a most happy marriage, and he was wedded to Sophia Ingalls of Rindge, of whom were born his two sons, Herbert Ingalls Wallace and George Rodney Wallace.

In that year 1853, he had moved to Fitchburg, where for the following half-century he was the most prominent personality and the first citizen of the place.

Upon coming to Fitchburg in 1853, he joined Stephen Shepley in business under the firm name of Shepley & Wallace. They were dealers in books, stationery, paper stock and cotton waste. After twelve years in this firm the business of the house was divided, Mr. Shepley taking the bookstore, including stationery, and Mr. Wallace, the paper stock and cotton waste.

Just six months previous to the date of the dissolution of the partnership of Shepley & Wallace, Stephen Shepley, Benjamin Snow, and Rodney Wallace bought the Lyon paper mill and the Kimball scythe shops of West Fitchburg, and with these two plants as a basis they started the Fitchburg Paper Company. Stephen E. Denton was added to the firm. One by one the three partners of Mr. Wallace sold to him their interest in the company and he became sole owner and proprietor and continued so until his death ten years ago this month.

The business of the Fitchburg Paper Company was conducted with rare sagacity and great success and was the foundation of the large private fortune that Mr. Wallace built up. But Mr. Wallace was also a sharer in scores of other business and commercial and financial enterprises and institutions, to the management of all of which he lent wise judgment and good counsel and from the profits of which substantial additions were being constantly made to his growing fortune.

I am not concerned to even name these numerous companies or corporations. Nor do I care to dwell at length upon a successful man's work of accumulation.

The genius of acquisition many men possess. It is a valuable possession and it is indicative of a certain character value that cannot be ignored in striking a just estimate of a man. But it is not of supreme importance as a character test. Money must be had before it can be spent. But the real test of a successful business man's career is not in the acquisition of his accumulations but in how he spends or uses what he has gathered.

That, to my mind, is the real test, after all, as to what a man is worth to the world. If a man has within him the poetic genius, as a Robert Burns, he may die poor himself, but he

has enriched the world by giving to it what he had to give, and the world is made tenderer and more filled with loving sentiment thereby. If a man has within him the political genius, as an Abraham Lincoln, he may die poor himself, but he has enriched the world by giving to it what he had to give, and the world is made a better place to live in because he lived in it. If a man has the patriotic genius, as a Garibaldi, he does not keep it for himself; he gives it to the world. If a man has the spiritual genius, as the Galilean, he does not keep it for his own spiritual delectation; he gives it to the world, that the world may be benefited and blessed thereby.

That is the rule. It is a universal rule. There are not two rules in the case. And if a man's genius be a financial one, the genius of acquisition, the true test of his character is whether he uses selfishly what he gets or consciously and purposely directs and controls his accumulations for the good of his community and of the world.

In applying this supreme test to Rodney Wallace it will be found that he withstands the test far better than most men whose genius has been that of acquisition. As his fortune increased he gradually became more and more a generous contributor, not only to the private needs of the sick and the unfortunate, but also to those public benefactions that form the very crown of our modern civilization, namely, education, art, and religion. There was his bounty to Smith college, here is the Wallace library with its art halls, and there is the approach to the high school, combining the beauty of a work of art with the usefulness of an approach to a seat of learning. His support of his own church was unhesitating and royal. He was always ready to do his share and more. His church was given first place in his list of benefactions, according to the testimony of some of its present officers, and he never allowed his church to suffer for want of funds. Nor were his religious benefactions confined to his own church. I think I have inquired of every church in the city only to find the universal answer, that in some measure at least, he had made contributions of substantial funds to every one of them.

Rodney Wallace was a successful money-maker, but it seems that he did not lose sight of the higher values. He had his faults, but they were the faults that are forced upon every

strong, ambitious man who is compelled to struggle with hardships and contend with difficulties, as he fights his way from a lowly boyhood to manhood's lofty success—namely, the faults of a dominating will, rendered inelastic and unyielding from the very habit of success.

But after making full allowance for every fault Rodney Wallace still looms up as the biggest man that has lived and wrought in Fitchburg. As such it is proper that the Fitchburg Historical Society should honor his memory tonight—just a decade this month since his earthly activities ceased.

And there are scores of those activities that are not even hinted at in this paper: His public life on the Governor's Council and as a member of Congress; even his second marriage, which was also a most happy one, is passed over with this mere reference. My purpose has not been to write the life of Rodney Wallace, but to seize upon and hold forth to view the great outstanding, all-absorbing characteristics of that life—namely, the dominant will and powerful personality of the man.

It seems more fitting, and so I have suggested to our president, that you who are here, his old friends and neighbors, should now, at the close of this paper, unite your common testimonies in a conversation together in remembrance of your friend. In that way the many deficiencies of this paper will be more than compensated by your completer knowledge and a well-rounded appreciation of a great man will be assured.

And now I want to close this character-sketch by reciting an interesting experience that came to me as I was digging out material from which to build up my own estimate of the worth of the man. As I was ransacking among files of the old *Sentinel* of ten years ago I ran across a bit of writing that startled me by its chaste beauty of expression and its consummate literary excellence. It is a perfect gem. I have never read anything better of its kind. It made me feel as I felt the first time I read the Gettysburg address. Here it is:

"For fifty years Rodney Wallace has faithfully and honorably served the town and the city of Fitchburg. With faculties unimpaired, with the obligations to his fellowmen discharged, with the minor and the graver trusts of life fulfilled, with every duty done, he has met the angel of Death and has solved

the mysteries of life. The weary body is at rest and the activities of a vigorous mind are transferred to another and a broader sphere.

"Those who were associated with him in business or were co-laborers with him in the duties of humanity will acknowledge the sense of justice and the unsullied honor with which every duty was performed.

"The life, character, and fortunate career of Rodney Wallace merit the affectionate terms of approbation and the most engaging words of eulogy. Today we grieve. Tomorrow we shall feel a chastened delight that we have known and have loved him. The public, in the enjoyment of the fruits of his liberality, the many whose lives have been cheered by his friendship, will pronounce the verdict 'Well done.'

"It is the privilege of the trustees of the Wallace library before the grave has shut him from our sight to recognize his princely benefactions to our city, and with a melancholy gratification to recall the donor, whose life and character command our love and incite our admiration. He was a man of faultless honor, kindness of heart, and liberality of spirit. The fountain of his sympathy was exhaustless. Gentle and kindly in his judgments, he made no enemies and lost no friends. His convictions of duty were fixed and unchangeable, his aims were lofty, and his methods were honorable. For his friends he had an irresistible charm and he met the world with a gentle and benignant courtesy. So knowing him we have loved him. The lesson of his life repeats the message of the holy evangel, 'On earth peace, good will toward men.'"

That, I learn was written by him who is now president of this society. It was adopted by the trustees of the Wallace Library. When a thing has been once done perfectly it can never be done again. Therefore, that tribute must ever stand as the final word on Rodney Wallace.

And I want to close this paper as I began it, in the words of Rev. Dr. Butler of Northampton: "Rodney Wallace is a name to conjure with."

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL TRINITARIAN CHURCH OF FITCHBURG.

Read at a meeting of the Society October 16, 1911.

BY MISS MARTHA D. TOLMAN.

History is coeval with time. "In the beginning God created" marks the beginning of Hebrew history, and from that writing we, to-day, reckon time. And this long period of time to the present day is inclusive of many widely diverging histories.

"Each little life thinks the great axle of the universe turns on its fate," as Bayard Taylor has written; and truly, each little life has its importance as a unit in the vast whole. And so it is that histories are written: histories of towns and cities, of states and nations, histories of rivers and mountains, of persons and things. History walks with the days, leaving its "footprints on the sands of time." And all these histories have their importance to the mind of the time, from the special individual history to the world-wide interests such as are now moving the mind and heart of the nations on the best methods for the promotion of righteousness and peace throughout the world. A crisis in the history of a nation, state, or town leaves many places historic for future generations, as Faneuil Hall, Old North Church, and King's Chapel in Boston, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, etc., places which speak where they stand as no printed page can speak.

And so we come to the history of a little church which came to be through the exigency of the times—times which demanded strong, decisive opinions forged into actions no less strong and decisive. For years, such opinions had been seething in the hearts of the people, the people who loved the cause of Humanity—people who counted Humanity one of the foundation stones of all true religions, and who counted,

moreover, human slavery a blot, a sad blot, on the escutcheon of any state, until at length the states, called the United States, found themselves militant over this paramount question of state rights regarding slavery.

We know the history of those days, we know the battle of words at Faneuil Hall, which surged into the battle of guns at Fort Sumter, but perhaps we do not know so well the part played by a few men and women who bravely stood for the cause of Humanity, and built for the cause a church which should be true to the divine principles of Christianity—principles which were agitating society in all its departments—principles which had grown to be questions of great moment, in regard to which intelligent minds were called to take sides. An ethical line was to be drawn, no less pronounced than the geographical Mason and Dixon's line. The North and South although friends were antagonistic, although brothers were hostile.

A crisis was at hand where the great questions of right and wrong were involved. Much was at stake for the North and the South; and the churches were expected to show their colors. This meant dissensions in churches; not always so pronounced as in the case of this church of Fitchburg. For here were men who had the courage of their convictions and were ready to suffer, if necessary, for a righteous cause. It was no light question that was at the root of this dissension; it was a question that reached to the foundations of society. It was a question of human rights, of human liberties, in brief, a question of Humanity.

It has been said that the true basis of patriotism is love of humanity. No one loves his country fully until he loves all countries. Acting upon this principle which was applied to the enslaved people of the South, these men and women could not give allegiance to a church which hampered all efforts to give liberty to a wrongfully enslaved race.

In October of the year 1839, steps were taken towards a movement for the abolition of slavery in the United States of America, by members of the Second Congregational church of Fitchburg.

A letter addressed to this church by a committee of its members reads as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—You are fully aware that an attempt has been made within a few months past to bring the subject of slavery before our church for discussion; and for an expression of our views respecting it, if, after discussion, it would be thought best. In connection with our brethern of the Baptist Church we have been accustomed to meet, on the last Monday of each month, for three years past, to offer to the Mercy Seat our united prayers for the deliverance of the oppressed; and for the union of all whose hearts are filled with humane, patriotic and Christian emotions, in efforts for the removal of the sin and crime of slavery from our land.

At the concert in October, 1839, the members of the church present remained after the usual exercises; when, after consultation, a committee consisting of Deacons Abel Thurston and Timothy Fitch Downe and Brethren Amos Durant, Alpheus Kimball, Abel Fox Adams, Benjamin Snow, Jr., and Nathan Tolman were chosen to prepare such resolutions as they desired to present to the church; and to obtain the call of a church meeting to act upon the subject. A sub-committee, consisting of Capt. Durant and Brother Benjamin Snow, Jr., called upon the pastor and requested him to notify a church meeting, to consider and act upon the subject of slavery.

He preferred a written and signed request. Accordingly, after some delay, the following request was drawn up and presented:

We, the undersigned, members of this church, feeling American slavery to be a sin against God and a grievous wrong towards nearly three millions of our fellow men; and believing it to be the duty of the Christian Church to come out from it and testify against it, request a meeting of the members of this church on Monday next, at one o'clock, in the chapel, to express their sentiments upon the subject, or act thereon as they shall see fit.

[Signed]

Timothy Fitch Downe,
Amos Durant,
Jonathan Burrage,
Phineas B. Spaulding,
Jacob H. Merriam,
Stephen Dole,
Nathan Tolman,
S Melville Caswell,
John Dole,
Joseph Pitts,
Abel F. Adams,
Benj. Snow, Jr.,
Alpheus Kimball,
Samuel M. Dole,
Samuel Smith.

This request was read by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Bullard, at a meeting on Jan. 20, 1840. Mr. Bullard prefaced the reading with some remarks of his own, deprecating, in advance, the discussion of the subject in the church, and offering a resolution as follows:

Whereas, upon the subject of American Slavery and especially in regard to our individual duties in respect to it, there exists substantial and conscientious differences of opinion among the members of this church; and whereas, we do all cheerfully accord to each other the right of private opinion, private action and associated action upon this subject, independent of the church, and whereas we deem it incompatible with the peace and prosperity of this church to force, even upon a minority of our brethren, principles, resolutions or discussions to which they are openly, honestly and conscientiously adverse, in the capacity of a church; therefore, Resolved, that we will take no church action upon this subject.

The resolutions presented by the committee were also read, as follows:

Whereas, slavery, as it exists in this land is acknowledged to be a sin against God and an immorality; and whereas this sin and immorality are tolerated within the borders of many of our churches, and whereas Christ has declared his church to be "the Light of the World," and the Bible, experience and commonsense unite to declare that the morals of the world will never rise above the morals of the church; and that it cannot be expected that slavery will be abolished so long as the church sanctions it, or refuses to bear an open and fearless testimony against it, therefore:

Resolved, 1—That as Slavery does exist to that extent in the American Church that it is known and read of all men, that this church can no longer remain silent on this subject, and to contend that it is expedient to continue in sin is to make void the law of God and to provoke his righteous displeasure.

Resolved, 2—That Slavery under all circumstances is sin, and that God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent of all sin:—and whereas, repentance for sin implies its abandonment, therefore to repent of the sin of Slavery implies immediate and unconditional emancipation.

Resolved, 3—That as we unite in efforts and prayers for the heathen in foreign lands, we ought also to unite in our efforts and prayers especially for the millions of oppressed heathen in this Christian land, inasmuch as God has declared that he "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth."

Resolved, 4—That we ought, as Christians, to cultivate a spirit of self-sacrifice that we may show by our actions as well as by our professions that we are opposed to Slavery.

Resolved, 5—That anti-slavery principles are fully supported by the Bible and therefore ought to be sustained by every Christian Church.

Resolved, 6—That prejudice against color is unchristian, as well as unwise, and shows that the influence of slavery is still felt among us.

Resolved, 7—That we cannot hereafter countenance the sin of slavery in the Church by admitting a slaveholder to our communion or pulpit.

No action was taken on these resolutions, a motion being made to adopt the former resolution, which precluded every debate on the subject of slavery. It was declared that the whole cause was purely a political matter, as improper to be introduced into a church meeting as would be resolutions favoring either of the political parties of the day; and the division of the church and the dismission of the pastor were set forth as the inevitable results of taking any action on the subject in the church.

The pastor's preamble and resolution were then adopted by a vote of 36 to 22; after which the meeting was closed in the usual way.

The minority as well as some of the majority, feeling dissatisfied with the result, and desiring another meeting on the subject, at a subsequent day, united in the following call, viz.:

We, the undersigned, members of this church, after mature reflection upon the principles involved in a preamble and resolution adopted by this church Jan. 20th, and upon the manner in which it was passed, do sincerely feel the same, not only adverse to the interests of the slave, but also to the prosperity of this church; therefore, in a spirit of brotherly love, do request our pastor to notify a meeting of the church, further to consider said preamble and resolution and to rescind the vote passed relating to the same.

This was signed by 22 members. In notifying the meeting, the pastor gave a history of the whole matter, deprecated a repetition of the efforts of the petitioners—he said that Christ had not intended to have the subject brought into the church—and hoped every member would be present and agree on something that would put the subject forever at rest. The excitement of feeling occasioned by his course was very great.

The day of the meeting came; the attendance was full. After an effort to prevent all action, on the ground that it was not competent to act again after passing the resolve and

dissolving the meeting, and after some explanation of the effect of the petition for the second time, a motion was made to rescind. Brother Snow read an argument in favor of rescinding. The pastor replied and endeavored to justify his own course. Some further debate was had, and the vote taken; the vote stood 22 for rescinding and 40 against.

During the debate a motion was made by someone who had voted for the resolution of Jan. 20, to rescind the same, provided the petitioners would withdraw the petition. They, deeming such a withdrawal a virtual acknowledgment of regret at their course, (in the propriety of which they were confirmed,) were decided in preferring that Mr. Bullard's resolution should remain on the records of the church, than to have it rescinded at such a sacrifice of feeling and principle. The cause which they had espoused they deemed a matter not only for church action, but also a cause of national interest and importance, which should find in right legislation its remedy.

In the early days of national life, the development of the national needs of the country occupied the minds of the people to such an extent that the question of slavery was given little thought; meanwhile it had grown, unchecked, until it threatened to overspread the land; and warning voices began to arise. William Penn once said, "Men are valued precisely as they exert onward or meliorating force." Such onward, meliorating force was now needed and these men with this need urging them deemed it a solemn duty to free themselves from the restraint of a church which hampered them in a work which they felt called to perform.

Finding that all efforts to free the church from the stigma of a pro-slavery church, as a body, failed, these men of positive opinions, once believing they were right, according to their code of right, and the principles of the constitution of the United States, in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," while higher and diviner came to them the command to "undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free," determined on definite action.

It is not important to go into details of the discussion which agitated this society. Suffice it to say, the opposing factions were irreconcilable on the subject and the result was a division of the church. For the question arose, should they hold allegiance to a church remaining silent on one of the most vital reforms of the time, a church which deprecated all discussion of the subject of slavery, and, by vote, refused to take any action thereon?

The next step to be taken was to form a new organization in which the members should be free to express opinions and work conjointly against oppression and for the emancipation of the slaves. This meant much; it meant the expenditure of time, strength, and money. But it meant also moral freedom and the approval of their own hearts in a work of righteousness. It marked an era in the history of the church.

These men were not of "the stuff that dreams are made of." Yet they deemed it far better to build castles in the air than to dig dungeons for themselves and others. Their hope was a free Republic. As their fathers had freed themselves from tyranny, so they in their turn would free their fellowmen from a far more deplorable tyranny. Neither did they begin at the line of least resistance; they began at the stronghold of opposition, at the church which they loved and fain would honor by their loyalty if they could at the same time be loyal to the God whose command was preeminent.

It has been said that some who remained in the old church were in sympathy with the views of the anti-slavery contingent, but felt that the financial burden of building a new church would be too great, and so preferred to "remain at ease in Zion."

And, indeed, the burden was great, but these zealous disciples "gave willingly after their ability," as in building the "Temple" of old and no doubt

> The joy was in the doing,
> In the hope that urged them on,
> No less than in the gladness,
> When the longed-for goal was won.

The new organization began to take shape on Dec. 31, 1842, when an application was made for incorporation by ten or more qualified voters according to law. The justice of peace,

Charles Mason, issued a warrant for the call of a meeting of the qualified voters of the Third Congregational society of Fitchburg. The first meeting was held on Jan. 9, 1843, at the town hall.

Fitchburg, Dec. 31st, 1842.

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, believing the interests of piety, religion and morality will be promoted by the establishment of a new religious society in the town of Fitchburg, do hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose, under the name of the Third Congregational Society in Fitchburg, and acknowledge ourselves to be members of such society.

Samuel Smith,
Amos Durant,
Farwell Nichols,
S. Melville Caswell,
Levi Farnsworth,
Timothy F. Downe,
Dixon L. Gill,
Luther L. Holbrook,
Jonathan Farnsworth, Jr.,
Thos. S. Eaton,
Geo. Haywood,
John E. Phelps,
Roby K. Safford,
Nathan Tolman,
Abel F. Adams,
Cahill Tolman,
Benj. Snow, Jr.,
Timothy W. Kinsman,
Abel Eaton,
Samuel H. Evans,
Jeremiah Kinsman, Jr.,
Alpheus P. Kimball,
Geo. W. Hager,
S. M. Browning,
Wm. M. Leathe,
Ira G. Childs.

Fitchburg, Jan. 9, 1843.

A meeting of the qualified voters of the Third Congregational Society in Fitchburg was this day held in pursuance of the foregoing warrant at the time and place therein appointed, and in the absence of the Justice who issued the warrant, Ebenezer Torrey, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for the County of Worcester, presided at the said meeting for the choice and qualification of a Clerk of the said Society. The Society chose by written ballot Alpheus P. Kimball for Clerk who was duly qualified and then presided at the meeting in the choice of a moderator and thereupon the Society made choice of Samuel Smith as Moderator of said meeting. The Society then voted to choose three assessors by written ballot on one ticket. S. Melville Caswell, Levi Farnsworth and Jeremiah Kinsman, Jr., were chosen and sworn by the Clerk. Abel F. Adams was chosen Treasurer and sworn by the Clerk. Benjamin Snow, Jr., was chosen Collector of Taxes and sworn by the Clerk. It was voted to hold the annual meeting on the second Monday of March and the assessors were directed to give notice of the same. It was voted to choose a Committee of three for the purpose of providing a pastor and a place for meeting, soliciting subscriptions to defray the expenses of the Society until the annual meeting. Benjamin Snow, Jr., Alpheus Kimball and Cahill Tolman were chosen as that committee. Afterwards Luther L. Holbrook was added to that committee.

At the meeting of March 11, it was voted to procure the town hall for a place of worship until their meeting-house be completed. At this meeting Capt. Alpheus Kimball was chosen moderator and Jeremiah Kinsman, Jr., clerk. Mr. Kinsman officiated as clerk until 1852, a period of eight years.

The church was organized by an ecclesiastical council on April 26, 1843, with the name The Trinitarian Church. It consisted at this date of 47 members.

The first deacons appointed by the church were Timothy Fitch Downe and Nathan Tolman. They served during their lifetime.

Deacon Tolman passed away on April 13th, 1850, at the age of 53 years. He was at that time superintendent of the school. On the Sunday following, Captain Alpheus Kimball addressed the Sunday school beginning with the words, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Thomas S. Eaton was appointed his successor as deacon. Ten years later, on Nov. 29, 1860, Deacon Timothy Fitch Downe passed away at the age of 84 years, "full of years and of faith and of good works." He was succeeded as deacon by Levi Farnsworth.

It is not the purpose of this writing to consider the theology or creed of this new organization. It was not established to controvert any religious faith held by the old church. There appears to be no change in the Articles of Faith, or the Covenant, in the Manual of the Church, but the Principles and Rules provide as follows:

> Members of this Church shall totally abstain from the manufacture, sale and use of all intoxicating liquors, except for mechanical, chemical, or medicinal purposes; and in all their relations, ecclesiastical and social, they shall exert themselves to put an end to the manufacture, sale and use of such liquors, unless for the above excepted purposes.
>
> The members of this church shall not engage in slave-holding, or in apologizing for slavery.
>
> This Church, in all its transactions, shall make no distinction, whatever, on account of nation or color, but shall regard all persons according to their moral and religious worth.

Ruskin has said that architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatever

uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure. By this token, a building is given a personality, an influence; it is not a mere block of wood and stone; but a power of itself, to give the place where it stands a tone, a value, for right or wrong, felt by the community of which it is a part.

Looking back more than half a century, one might have seen standing midway on Main street a little church of brick and stone, simple yet dignified in appearance, somewhat back from the street, flanked on either side by green fields, as if it had risen by Nature's call, as some sturdy plant, for a beneficent purpose—and so it had.

When we say a building is historic we mean that it has been the scene of some important event, or has marked an era in the history of the town or city of its location. It stands a landmark of time. It marks an epoch in the progress or evolution of civic or natural conditions. The little building we are now considering marks such an epoch.

In the troublous days preceding the war of 1862, when the question of the right or wrong of human slavery was agitating the states, this little church was built. It was established for the enunciation of principles. It was built to show forth Humanity—a word which Rev. Dr. Huntington, in his book "Credo," has said is a greater word even than religion. It was built to show forth principles which are the very foundations of all true religions, or to use a better word, true Christianity.

The new church, standing near the heart of the city, on "The Green," or "Fox Flats," as the open land around was sometimes called, between the present Oliver and Grove streets, was surmounted by a belfry, not too lofty to be approachable; the belfry which should in due time ring out freedom to the enslaved from its historic bell. Hewn stone abutments inclosed the broad platform fronting the two entrances to the wide vestibule, from either end of which curved flights of stairs led to the church auditorium above. This was ample and well lighted by large windows on either side. The large vestry was devoted to the use of the Sunday school and various church uses, such as week-day meetings, sewing societies, fairs, etc. The smaller vestry was used as a private

or select schoolroom, patronized by some of the town's people who sent their children there, by reason of their tender age or for other reasons, rather than to the public schools, which were not so numerous as at present. Miss Harris, who taught there a long time, was one of the favorite teachers.

The approach to the pulpit was by steps, tall-posted globe lamps standing on either side. The church was further lighted by a central chandelier and side-lights from the walls. The pulpit and its furnishings were of mahogany and crimson plush, the communion table being placed on the floor fronting the pulpit. The choir was placed at the opposite end of the church.

Fronting the church a little plaza of well-kept turf with stone curbing keeping it somewhat aloof from the street and with brick entrance walks, gave a pleasing finish to the whole.

In those days of 1843, Fitchburg was a small town, in fact, little more than a village. A few well-built residences skirted the Main street. The sidewalks were of earth with grass for curbing, and wooden rail fences forming the dividing line between them and the open green which occupied most of the area outside. What houses were there seemed to have dropped down haphazard, regardless of any lines of symmetry with a view to streets. The sunlight had full play and sparkled on the merry brook that idled through "The Green" and grew great crimson-leaved roses and lovely violets on its brink.

The choir was composed of men and women of the parish; Roby Safford being the first chorister, a man of splendid voice, who sang "with the spirit and with the understanding." The choir was a notable one in the town. It was generally conceded that it comprised the best voices. Any one who had seen and heard its leader, Roby Safford, with head thrown back and face aglow, sing that grand old hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," and others of those inspired and inspiring words and tunes, could not soon forget them. There were the Durants and the Kimballs, the Kinsmans and the Eatons and Dr. Robinson, afterwards governor of Kansas, Mr. Winslow, who was one of the Kansas party; also the Farnsworths, the Sawyers, the Sabins, the Clarks, the Wallaces, the Holts, the Earls, Mrs. Grew, Miss Crehore, Mrs. Fitz, the Misses Susan and Mary Smith, Miss Carrie

Durant, the Misses Susan and Sabra Tolman, Mrs. Edwin Holmes, Mrs. Cahill Tolman, Mr. and Mrs. Luther G. Holbrook, the Misses Clara and Sarah Whitney, and many others who from time to time joined the choir.

The church was dedicated on Oct. 16, 1844. The sermon was preached by Rev. Philo Columbus Pettibone from the text "Thy kingdom come," Matthew vi, 10.

This sermon, by the efforts of our president and librarian, has been secured and is here presented. It was published in 1845, by request of twenty-one members of the church.

The church having been dedicated and named on the 16th, on the 25th of October, 1844, the Society met at the vestry of the Trinitarian Church. Abel F. Adams was chosen moderator and it was voted to adjourn to the "room above." It was then voted to choose a committee of three to furnish "The House." Jeremiah Kinsman, Jr., Nathan Tolman, and Amos Durant were chosen. It was voted to add S. Melville Caswell to this committee.

It was voted that the society assume this house and become responsible for all the debts relating to the same and that the stockholders take the amount of their shares in pews. Voted, that Abel F. Adams act as agent to deed the pews to purchasers.

The meeting was adjourned to half-past one o'clock P. M., when they met for the purpose of selling pews. Voted, that the moderator sell the pews at auction.

At an adjourned meeting of Oct. 29th, it was voted to sell the unoccupied land belonging to the society for not less than $200.00, if an opportunity presents.

At the next meeting it was voted to place an insurance of $3,600.00 on the meeting-house.

At the next meeting, March 10, 1845, Benjamin Snow, Jr., was chosen treasurer, and acting upon the principle "Swear not at all," he was qualified by the clerk as follows: "You, Benjamin Snow, Jr., being chosen Treasurer of the Third Congregational Society in Fitchburg for the year ensuing, do solemnly affirm that you will faithfully perform the duties of said office." Thereafter, this method of inducting to office was adhered to in this society.

Rev. George Clark was the first pastor of the church. His pastorate in Fitchburg must have been brief, as a letter dated from Oberlin, Nov. 22, 1847, to Deacon Nathan Tolman, indicates that place as his then residence. Other than this there has been no record or remembrance of the Clark ministry. The letter is in possession of the Fitchburg Historical Society.

Rev. Mr. Pettibone became the second pastor of the church, following Rev. George Clark.

Rev. Philo Columbus Pettibone was born in Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, New York, March 7, 1815. He was a son of Deacon Luman and Sarah (Bingham) Pettibone. His ancestors were residents of Connecticut. The father, Deacon Luman, died when the son, Philo, was eight years of age. He graduated at Oneida Institute in 1837 and pursued a three years' course at Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained and installed over the Presbyterian church of Mercer, Pennsylvania, January 8, 1841. While in the seminary at Andover he gave expression to an anti-slavery sentiment which in some manner led to a call from the new church in Fitchburg.

From Fitchburg he was called to the church in Stockholm, his native town, where he preached from 1845 to 1856. From 1856 until the autumn of 1863 he was pastor of the Congregational church of Burlington, Wisconsin, with the exception of one year at Kenosha.

From 1863 to 1870 he was the financial agent of Beloit College, in which time he added $60,000 to the resources of that institution.

In 1870 he began a similar work for the Chicago Theological Seminary but was soon seized with sickness which ended his earthly career. He died in 1870 and was buried at Beloit.

He married, April 8, 1840, Lydia Louisa Foster, born in Andover, Mass., November 11, 1818, a daughter of Timothy and Lydia Abbott (Mooar) Foster. They had five sons and one daughter.

At this time neighborhood prayer meetings were one of the church's institutions and were largely attended. The houses selected for these occasions were those sufficiently commodious and not too far from the centers of habitation. In these rooms the chairs were placed in orderly rows, some

low seats being placed in convenient corners for the little folks, who were allowed to sit up beyond their usual time for these special occasions. A table was piled with hymnbooks, while the Bible held a prominent place and seemed to shed around it a halo of sacredness.

Once upon a time some one present at one of these meetings, on opening a hymnbook, found a card between its leaves and held it up with a reproving look. Now this was a perfectly innocent card, one of a pack named "The Picture Password Cards," each card bearing a Bible text illustrated by an appropriate Bible picture—a very instructive lesson in Bible literature. Nevertheless, it was a card that was found in the hymnbook, and as cards, as well as the theater and dancing, were tabooed by church people in those days, the finding of a card in the home of one of the deacons was all the more surprising. This was one of the pack of cards that was sometimes borrowed by the minister's children of the deacon's children on Sundays after sundown, when holy time ended, as it began on Saturday after sundown. When we consider the strictness of those times, we cannot but wonder how our worthy ancestors would regard the methods of the churches in these "degenerate days."

Mrs. S. C. Rockwell, who with her husband came to Fitchburg during Rev. Philo Pettibone's pastorate, lived in the house joining Mr. Samuel Smith's and well remembers those large and interesting meetings conducted by the pastor, Mr. Pettibone.

His stay must have been short, as in the period between the organization of the church in 1843 and the calling of Rev. Elnathan Davis in 1850, four ministers had been settled.

It is a matter for regret that the Historical society did not earlier secure a complete history of the church, while the actual participants in the work could have contributed to its accomplishment and thereby added greatly to its interest and value.

Few are now left to tell us of those days of self-sacrificing toil for the building of that little Temple of Freedom. But we know it was a labor of love. Each stone and brick and board built therein has its silent inscription, did we but know it.

We are told in the records of the society of a few of the acts of kindness of the members for the common good. At one time John P. Sabin volunteered to give one cord hard wood and Jeremiah Kinsman to cut it free of charge. Amos Durant promised to keep the sidewalks free from snow; Edward Atkinson and George Bailey to seat strangers; S. W. Browning, C. R. Sawyer, George Bailey, and F. F. Ruggles to take care of the church by turns. Mrs. Mary Tolman, wife of Deacon Nathan Tolman, furnished and gave the bread and wine for the communion service and provided for the care of the service during ten years.

Several years ago I received from Miss L. M. Tolman of Dorchester, a former Trinitarian, a copy of the Chicago *Advance* of Sept. 18, 1902, containing the following marked article entitled "A Famous Pioneer Preacher." (This pioneer preacher was Rev. Sherlock Bristol, third pastor of the Trinitarian church.)

Sherlock Bristol of Montalbro, California. He is living yet, hale and hearty; fourscore and five years old. A hero of the early Oberlin type. A follower of Finney, Mahan and Morgan. A classmate of the revered Fairchild.

Then follows an extract from a letter just received from Mr. Bristol:

"So our dear beloved J. H. Fairchild we shall see no more on earth! How well I knew him! On a summer evening in 1835 he and I met in the dark, stumbled, you may say, against each other, apologized, formed an acquaintance, locked arms, and for an hour walked back and forth, each telling the other the story of his life thus far and plans for the future. Thence, onward, through college and seminary we were as two brothers, walking hand in hand. Through much of that period we were both active members of a debating club of seven or eight persons drawn from nearly as many classes in the college and seminary. It was organized to debate abstruse and difficult problems which interested us and which from time to time were lifting up their heads in the college, the seminary or outside world. During these years of sometimes hot discussions, no word ever fell from that dear brother's lips which seemed to me in any degree wrong."

This hint of the old time discussion at Oberlin explains the intelligence which her veterans have shown in their various battles for reform. Class distinctions and rivalries did not keep apart men who were bent on making this a better world for both white and black men to dwell in.

Mr. Bristol's letter also shows that James Fairchild's gravity and good sense were an early endowment. Friends have remarked that no fit characterization of Oberlin's hero of sixty-eight years' service has

yet appeared. Dr. Barrows has well said that his biography will be in letters coming from all over the world. From now on, until we all graduate into the great commencement of the skies, the story of Fairchild's faithfulness and success will be told to the praise of Him who taught men to live and die for others.

This veteran missionary, Bristol, is yet alive (1902) and I would rather put a few golden poppies on his devoted head than rob an orange orchard for blossoms for his grave. Fortunately, I can commend to all who love goodness, courage, patriotism, to buy his book "The Pioneer Preacher," of the Fleming H. Revell Co., and read a story of heroic missionary service at home, which worthily mates John Paton's Gospel Victories in the New Hebrides. Every Sunday school library ought to have it, and if our loyal and helpful *Advance* only admits kind notices of veterans when they have reached eighty-five, the columns will not be overburdened. A hero, who as a beardless boy faced, timorous, academy faculties, who fought alligators and pumas in South America, infidels and rebels in the North, who single-handed choked the terror of New York, the ruffian Isaiah Rhynders, into quiet, is worthy of the widest appreciation of the sons of the heroic Pilgrims.

And now, instead of application to a "Ministerial Relief Society," which his services, his great age, his large generosity, and his peculiar misfortune of a wash-out of the largest and richest portion of his ranch, would fairly justify, the hardy veteran swings his axe and scythe, by day, and wields his trenchant pen by night. He is ready to break a lance with any who deny the substantial inspiration of the Holy Book. My pencil is partial to this lucky old parson, for I sat on his knee in my boyhood and heard him tell stories of the Western border until my heart beat high. Your hearts will beat fast if you come in touch with his breezy book. The saint and sage whose grave is green at Oberlin writes its introduction. All these worthies are dearer to a great *Advance* host because they were Fairchild's friends.

This article was written by Rev. Edwin Sidney Williams of Saratoga, California, under the caption "Memories of Oberlin." The *Advance* contains on the first page a fine portrait of Rev. Sherlock Bristol.

Some time, I should say in the seventies, Mrs. Bristol visited Mrs. Sabra Burdett of Brookline, daughter of Deacon Nathan Tolman, and the old days in Fitchburg were pleasantly recalled. She was at that time on her way to some western city, Mr. Bristol being on a missionary tour.

Rev. Sherlock Bristol was succeeded by Rev. George Trask, who came to Fitchburg in 1847.

Rev. George Trask was the fourth pastor of the church. He was born in Beverly, "a town," as Mr. Trask declared,

"blessed with as many clever people as any on the map. Old Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts." He could not have foreseen that it was to be the future summer home of President Taft, thus adding another to its "clever people."

He was the son of Jeremiah Trask and Hannah Wallis. Mr. Trask in his characteristic way thus described his parents: "They were both of a godly type—Israelites indeed—Calvinistic to the hub and as true to the venerable catechism as the needle to the pole."

Mr. Trask was a man of pleasing address, forceful and original in the pulpit, giving forth his words with no uncertain sound. The brusqueness of his manner and the cordiality of his smile were both winning and both he and Mrs. Trask made a pronounced impression in the town. In 1849 Mr. Trask requested a dismissal, which was granted. When he retired from the ministry, he did not leave Fitchburg, but he made it his residence to the end of his days, devoting his time and energies to the anti-tobacco cause. He has been called "The apostle of anti-tobacco."

Rev. Elnathan Davis succeeded Rev. George Trask in the year 1850 as pastor of the Trinitarian church. He was born in Holden, Aug. 19, 1807, son of Ethan and Sarah (Hubbard) Davis. He was a graduate of Williams college in 1834 and of East Windsor Theological seminary in 1836. He was a missionary in the West during several years and delegate to the World's Peace Congress in Paris in 1849. He came to Fitchburg the following year. As Mr. Trask was known as an apostle of anti-tobacco, Mr. Davis was known as the Apostle of Peace.

The Trinitarian ministers seemed all to be of a moral calibre which readily espoused reforms. The atmosphere of this church was congenial to such men.

Mr. Davis's pastorate continued fourteen years and he became endeared to the whole town. A man of liberal faith, love to God and man comprehending his creed, he rarely preached a doctrinal sermon, "peace and good will" being the burden of his message. He was a friend to all; in the home, on the street, in the church, he sought to give a kindly hand, a friendly word, a helpful thought. Like the Master he "went about doing good." With the children smiles met smiles, with

the aged reverence met reverence. To-day, if one chances in reminiscent talk with old friends to speak of Elnathan Davis, how the eyes light up at mention of that name! Truly he was a beloved disciple!

After resigning his pastorate, in 1869, he was elected to the legislature.

While in Boston he used occasionally to visit relatives or friends in Brookline, happening in sometimes like "an angel unawares." On one such evening it chanced that one of the dishes served at supper was a cream toast. As the toast was somewhat scorched an apology was due. "Oh," said Mr. Davis, "this is the way I like it, it suits me *exactly*." Months afterwards he happened out again; and cream toast again was on the table. Upon being tasted, there was general merriment, as the hostess declared that the cook must have anticipated Mr. Davis's arrival, as they hadn't had a burnt cream toast since he was here the last time.

Appropos of toast, it is reported that Mr. Davis's youngest son one day expressed a wish for a toast for supper. "But we haven't any milk," he was told. "Never mind," said the little lad, "cream will do just as well."

Among the ministers who officiated during brief periods after Rev. Elnathan Davis resigned are Rev. Moses M. Longley, Rev. Henry T. Cheever, Rev. Robert G. Hutchins, and Rev. George F. Stanton.

It is almost impossible to obtain complete lists of Sunday school classes or choirs. Among the teachers may be mentioned Mrs. Alpheus Kimball, Mrs. Benjamin Snow, Miss Susan Smith, Mrs. Charles Robinson, Mrs. Mary Grew, Miss Josephine Eaton, Miss Ellen Eaton, Mrs. Martin, Miss Whitney, Miss Clara Whitney, Miss Harriet Tolman, Miss Holt, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled.

The following are names representing various families attending the church, some of them holding office in the society or Sunday school or members of the choir. Doubtless the list is very incomplete; it has been gathered from many sources. Indeed, the whole record is very incomplete.

James L. Russell,
Waldo Wallace,
J. H. Lamson,
Lorenzo D. Wheeler,
George H. Bailey,
Edwin A. Atkinson,
J. M. Graham,
Andrew Whitney,
Edson Beaman,
J. D. Tolman,
Eben Harris,
Samuel C. Tolman,
Ira Holt,
G. D. Whitney,
S. C. Smith,
Ethan Davis,
I. N. Williams,
E. F. Sawyer,
H. W. Shackley,
L. Barker,
E. W. Ackley,
George Lawrence,
Lovell Williams,
Walter Whitney,
Dr. D. B. Whittier,
Mrs. Whittier,
Charles W. Wilder,
L. E. Osborn,
J. A. Cutting,
F. L. Ruggles,
C. K. Sawyer,
M. N. Davidson,
William Sawtell,
R R. Conn,
C. J. Freeland,
Isaac H. Davenport,
Cahill Tolman,
Dr. and Mrs. Freeland,
Miss Freeland,
Isaac L. Woolson,
Alexander Storar,
Waldo E. Clapp,
W. M. Leathe,
Henry Thrasher,
Fred F. Sabin,
S. H. Benjamin,
Orlando S. Varney,
C. D. Wheeler,
J. A. Ferson,
William W. Hubbard,
Henry J. Colburn,
Levi L. Lamb,
George B. Knowlton,
Edwin Atkinson,
Franklin Kimball,
George Kimball,
Edwin Gates,
L. G. Howard,
William L. Bullock,
L. B. Farnsworth,
Thomas W. Davis.

The introduction of an organ in the church was an occasion of some cavil, as an innovation, among the more staid of these New Englanders; but the objections were overruled and the organ won its way. At a meeting on March 10, 1856, it was voted to make the necessary alteration in the gallery for the organ.

The organ installed in the church was built in Fitchburg by Josiah Whitney, and the organist was Andrew Whitney, a younger brother of the builder. It was made entirely by hand, no machinery being used in its construction. The expense of the organ was met by members of the parish who purchased shares, thus rendering it a community affair in which many held an interest.

At a meeting of the society held on March 9, 1863, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Benjamin Snow, Jr., for the bell placed upon the church.

This bell was purchased by Mr. Snow at an auction in Boston. The bell was of 800 pounds' weight, cast at the Buckeye foundry in Cincinnati in 1856. It had been used on the Plains plantation of B. D. Beaven of Mississippi to call his 125 slaves to labor. On the death of Mr. Beaven, it was sent to New Orleans to be cast into Confederate cannon, where it was captured by General Butler, confiscated and sent North. Mr. Snow, with an eye to the fitness of things, saw that the belfry of the Trinitarian church was the place for that bell; and accordingly presented it to the society and placed it in the belfry, stipulating that it should remain silent until it could peal forth freedom for the slaves. The bell was of bronze, beautifully engraved with cupids and harps. Accordingly, when Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was announced, the long silent bell pealed forth the glad tidings by Mr. Snow's own hands.

The occasion called forth the following lines:

THE TRINITARIAN BELL.

O Bell, engraved with curious art,
Emblem of love and peace thou art:
The love that flies to speed the right
Shall ring thy tones with music's might.

Ring Freedom's chimes, O rescued bell!
Thy minor tones be slavery's knell;
Oh, ring the costly sacrifice,
By which a nation free doth rise!

Ring out all baneful Slavery,
Ring in, ring in, glad Liberty!
The liberty of soul and mind,
God's freehold gift to human kind.

Ring, ring, O bell of varied chimes,
Ring, sad no more! Ring gladsome times.
Ring, ring, the proclamation clear,
Of Freedom for the world to hear!

As the years went on, the opposing opinions without the church, as within it, naturally worked into politics and the

two parties became known as Whigs and Freesoilers. Perhaps no two political parties were ever divided on stronger lines. Yet there were those called apologists for slavery, who were willing to let conditions in the slave states remain as they were, by ignorance, or policy, willingly blind to the real state of affairs.

Such men as William Lloyd Garrison, who were by some churches regarded infidel and excluded from their pulpits, were welcomed to this church on the broad platform of Humanity, it deeming the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have befriended one of the least of these, ye have befriended me," of more worth to the world than any man-made dogma. Therefore, men of all shades of color and belief, had they a righteous word to say, were free here to say it.

This church was ready for action. Here were men who could endure—men who stood for the everlasting Right, at the cost of life, friends, and fortune—men who dared and followed the way they deemed right despite unrighteous laws and acrimonious judgments. The inhumanity of the fugitive slave law was sufficient for its ignoring. It was said that there were men is this church who willingly and gladly aided the slaves, who by hairbreadth escapes sought to reach a haven at the North.

And when the cry came from Kansas for anti-slavery settlers in that new territory, a delegation of forty heroic men and women of Fitchburg, chiefly from this church, under the guidance of Dr. Charles Robinson, who was appointed by Hon. Eli Thayer of Worcester, founder of the Emigrant Aid Society, to champion the cause of anti-slavery in Kansas, were ready to go. In Dr. Robinson they had found the man of the right mettle. Both he and his wife were born leaders and their spirit inspired others.

On the 13th of March, 1855, the Fitchburg party joined a party of 200 from Boston and started for Kansas. At the Fitchburg depot they were met by a large number of friends with their pastor, Rev. Elnathan Davis, who had written a parting song for the occasion which was sung by the choir of the Trinitarian church. Some one in writing of it has thus described the voices of the leaders of the choir: "Roby R. Safford, the leader, with his clear, ringing voice, Mrs. Cahill

Tolman, a lovely soprano, Mrs. Fitz, a fine alto, and Dr. Robinson on the bass with his mellow voice." They sang the words to the tune, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

FITCHBURG KANSAS SONG.

Press on, the flowery Kansas
Is chiding your delay;
Her streams shall bid you welcome
As they ripple on their way;
A boundless wealth lies hidden
Within her virgin soil,
To gladden with its springing
The reaper's manly toil.

Go plant the tree of Freedom
In the valley of the West;
And bid the poor and needy
Beneath its shadows rest.
God's blessing on your journey,
On the homes where ye may dwell,
And on your great endeavor,
Brave pilgrims, fare ye well!

Strong in the love of Freedom,
A brave, true-hearted band,
Far from the hearts and altars
Of dear old Yankee land;
Go forth with prayers and blessings,
'Mid affection's gushing tears,
And God's right arm defend you,
Ye sturdy Pioneers.

At this time Dr. Robinson was editor of the *Fitchburg News,* and as a physician had a large and successful practice. He was urged to remain and continue these good works; but the call of Kansas compelled him. What he endured in Kansas has been told in part in his "Kansas Conflict," and in the "Life of Charles Robinson" by Blackman. Dr. Robinson bore all the indignities thrust upon him, as well as the honors accorded him, with that calm demeanor and fortitude so characteristic of him. Whether governor or prisoner, he was Robinson, the Valiant.

In a "Biographical Sketch of Charles Robinson" taken from the National Cyclopedia of American Biography, sent me by

Mrs. Robinson, it is stated that John C. Fremont shortly before his death declared that Charles Robinson, more than any other man, kept California from being a slave state.

Mrs. Robinson, while in prison camp with her husband, wrote that notable book entitled "Kansas—Its Interior and Exterior Life," which reached its tenth edition, being published in Cincinnati, Boston, and London at the same time. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for a wider sphere, this book did for Kansas, and, indeed, for the United States. For in Kansas the cause of Freedom was to be lost or won.

Written on reading Gov. Robinson's "Kansas Conflict:"

On to the plains of Kansas
See the brave-hearted go!
There to establish Freedom,
There to oppose its foe.
From homes of peace and plenty,
From homes of cultured ease,
Never a valianter crusade
Marched to the fray than these!

The fairest of our women,
The bravest of our men,—
That Macedonian cry of old
Rang to brave hearts again:—
Save the fair land of Kansas
From Slavery's cruel blight!
Bring hearts of dauntless courage!
Plant powers with Freedom's light!
Let ballot-boxes be your arms
And righteous laws your aims;
Save the fair land of Kansas
From Slavery's direful chains.

They go from dear New England,
They go from far and near,
They go with loved ones' benisons
A freeman's state to rear.
They go for love of liberty
That wrong may vanquished be,
For love of country, love of God
And of Humanity.

They won a glorious victory,
Those heroes of that strife;
And Kansas lives a free-born state!
And they live in her life!

In letters received occasionally from Mrs. Robinson, she speaks of her pleasant, quiet, yet busy life at Oakridge, her home in the city of Lawrence, Kansas, where is located the Kansas University, founded by Gov. and Mrs. Robinson; and of which Frank Huntington Snow, son of Benjamin Snow of the Trinitarian church, was professor and afterwards chancellor, during his life.

The names of the members of this church and society who settled in Lawrence may be found in Emerson's "Fireside Legends."

Three brave young men of Fitchburg, members of that Kansas company—Joseph Lowe, Frederick Kimball, and Josiah Trask—fell victims to the fury of that infamous Quantrell raid which devastated the city of Lawrence and left upon the page of history one of the most cruel massacres that occurred during the American war. The funeral service for Josiah Trask was conducted in the Trinitarian church on Sept. 3, 1863, by Rev. Elnathan Davis. Mr. Davis took for the text to his remarks Josiah Trask's own words, "I'll die for Kansas," and wrote the following lines:

> "I'll die for Kansas!"
> Ay, and he has died;
> Died in the freshness of his young renown.
> Oh, reverently, my country, yet with pride,
> Give him his well-earned due,
> A martyr's crown.

When the news of President Lincoln's proclamation reached Fitchburg, the bell, which had been long silent in the Trinitarian church belfry, rang out the glad tidings of "Liberty to the Captives"—Justice long delayed to an oppressed people.

The last sermon was preached from that pulpit in 1872. The mission of that brave little church was accomplished. The society disbanded, the property was sold.

Rev. Elnathan Davis, the beloved pastor of fourteen years, was remembered substantially and "The Freedman's Aid Society" was a beneficiary of the residue, some $12,000.00. Thus the good work was continued through that society.

July 21, 1914.

Miss Tolman wishes to acknowledge with thanks the kind assistance of President Ezra S. Stearns and Secretary J. F. D. Garfield in the preparation of this paper.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NOTED MEN.

A paper read at a meeting of the Society, March 21, 1910.

BY HENRY A. GOODRICH.

In front of the state house at Concord, N. H., are statues representing two great men: Daniel Webster and John P. Hale. On Commonwealth avenue in Boston, in front of the Hotel Vendome, is the figure in bronze of William Lloyd Garrison.

These three, representing three distinct ideas, were among my earliest recollections of distinguished men. Daniel Webster represented the conservative sentiment of his time, John P. Hale the progressive democracy, and William Lloyd Garrison the radical, uncompromising anti-slavery element.

I first saw and heard Daniel Webster at a great gathering at Barre, Mass., on the Fourth of July, 1840. My father, my uncle Alonzo, and myself left Fitchburg at four o'clock in the morning.

It was a notable occasion, when two great parties gathered in the same town on the same day to discuss the issues of a hot presidential campaign.

One party was addressed by Daniel Webster and the other by George Bancroft, the historian.

On the platform from which Mr. Webster spoke was a chair made of wood from the farm of Gen. Harrison, the Whig candidate for president.

Mr. Webster was then in his prime, and to my boyish imagination he appeared a giant in intellect, and almost a giant in stature—a veritable "walking cathedral" as he has been called.

When Mr. Webster spoke in Fitchburg, he did not impress me as he had done eight years before. He was evidently

disappointed in the nomination for presidency, and had previously declared the nomination of General Taylor was one not fit to be made. While the delegations from the different towns, with their bands of music, were gathering about the upper common, Mr. Webster, standing on the platform in front of the Unitarian church, turned to Hon. Ebenezer Torrey and said, "Of what efficacy is that noise?"

I do not recollect the first date of meeting John P. Hale, but I well remember his manly form, his rotund figure and genial face. He was my ideal of a great man—great because of his bold denunciation of slavery and his fearless defense of the slave; great because as a pioneer he stood for two years solitary and alone in the United States senate battling for freedom, amid the scoffs and jeers of the representatives of the two old parties.

In 1852 my first vote was cast for John P. Hale for president, my father at the same time voting for General Scott. But four years later we voted together for John C. Fremont.

In 1845 there was a notable debate in Concord, N. H., between John P. Hale and Franklin Pierce. It was afterward referred to as a "hailstorm." Mr. Hale electrified his audience by his eloquence and power in opposing the extension of slavery, while Mr. Pierce contended for the continuance of existing conditions. It is said that this debate sent Mr. Hale to the United States senate and subsequently made Mr. Pierce president of the United States.

I first heard William Lloyd Garrison at a meeting in Princeton, and afterwards at a great open air meeting in a grove of oak trees located on what is now Grove street. The late Rev. John Wood of this city bore a striking resemblance to him.

When we look upon the statue of Garrison on the most fashionable thoroughfare of Boston, it is hard to realize that he was once led by a halter through the streets of that city, followed by a hooting mob of so-called respectable citizens, rescued by the police and lodged for safety in the Leverett street jail.

George Bancroft, the eminent historian, who spoke at Barre on the same day that I first saw Daniel Webster, was at that

time collector of the port of Boston, appointed by Martin Van Buren. He was afterward secretary of the navy under President James K. Polk, and was subsequently made minister plenipotentiary to England. Altogether he was one of the most noted men ever born in Worcester county.

Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy Adams and grandson of John Adams, spoke in Fitchburg during the early years of the anti-slavery agitation. I remember hearing him say in a clear, deliberate voice, "The annexation of Texas will lead to a dissolution of the Union."

Mr. Adams was once a candidate for vice-president and was afterward minister to England. His son, the second John Quincy Adams, was a member of the Massachusetts legislature at the time I was there in 1870-1871.

Hon. Charles Hudson of Westminster was one of the last representatives in congress of the old Whig party in Massachusetts.

I heard him speak at the old town hall in Fitchburg, and at the town hall in Westminster on the eve of the election when he was defeated by Charles Allen of Worcester. Mr. Hudson was an able man and a forcible speaker, but conservative to the last degree.

The breaking up of political parties about the year 1850 brought to the front many men who afterward achieved distinction in various ways. Among those I chanced to hear at different times were George S. Boutwell, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, N. P. Banks, Anson Burlingame, B. F. Butler, Horace Mann, John G. Palfrey, and Horace Greeley.

By a coalition of the Democrats and Free-Soilers, George S. Boutwell was elected governor, and Charles Sumner, United States senator to succeed Daniel Webster. Neither of these men was a stranger to Fitchburg audiences.

Mr. Boutwell had a long and eventful career in the public service. He was governor two years, afterward member of congress, collector of internal revenue, secretary of the treasury under President Grant, and was elected United States senator to fill out the unexpired term of Henry Wilson, who resigned to accept the vice-presidency in 1872.

One of the last of Mr. Boutwell's public speeches was delivered in the high school assembly hall in his city, under

the auspices of the Reform club and the Grand Army, at a nineteenth of April celebration.

Charles Sumner, in his early manhood, was widely known as an accomplished scholar and orator, but had never sought or held public office until he was elected United States senator.

His first election was not secured without a long struggle. It required twenty-five ballots to effect a bare majority. Nathaniel Wood was at that time one of the representatives from this town, and although an ardent Democrat, he claimed that his vote elected Sumner. On account of the brutal attack on Mr. Sumner by Preston Brooks, his election for a second term was unanimous.

Henry Wilson had been known as the Natick Cobbler and N. P. Banks as the Bobbin Boy of Waltham, yet one became United States senator and afterward vice-president of the United States, and the other speaker of the national house of representatives, governor of the state and general in the army.

Burlingame was sent to congress, where he made a notable record for gallantry, and subsequently was made minister to China.

Butler, as general in the army, congressman, and governor, was a conspicuous figure in every position he occupied.

Horace Mann, the well-known scholar and educator, was elected to congress to succeed John Quincy Adams. He was a brilliant orator and constantly in demand on the lecture platform.

John G. Palfrey was an eloquent speaker and accomplished writer, and one of the early leaders of the Free-Soil party in congress, to which he was sent as representative from the Cambridge district in 1847.

Palfrey and Mann were born in the same year and month, within two days of each other, and served their day and generation in much the same manner.

When Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited this country in 1851, he received, on landing in New York, an ovation second only to that given Lafayette in 1825.

I had the pleasure of hearing him speak from a platform on the common at Worcester. He had acquired a very good use of the English language, but it sometimes troubled him to find just the expression which he wanted. For instance, when

he wished to say, "Take time by the forelock," he took hold of his forelock and turning to the chairman said, "What do you call this?" The chairman innocently replied, "Hair." "O, yes!" said Kossuth, "take time by the hair."

The Kossuth hat as worn by him on this visit afterwards became very popular in this country.

I once heard Rufus Choate, that rapid and impetuous orator, deliver a patriotic address at a nineteenth of April celebration at old Concord. After he had finished his speech, which was one of great earnestness and power, he put on two overcoats, presumably to avoid taking cold.

In the spring of 1854, while the repeal of the Missouri compromise was before congress, I attended a meeting in Worcester in the interest of the New England Emigrant Aid society.

Among the speakers were Edward Everett Hale, Eli Thayer, and Charles Robinson.

Edward Everett Hale, after a life of great usefulness in many and various fields, was, at the time of his death, chaplain of the United States senate.

Eli Thayer was one of the chief promoters of the free settlement of Kansas and Nebraska, and was afterward member of congress.

Charles Robinson, at that time a resident of Fitchburg, was as you all know, the first governor of Kansas. He had previously been in California, and while advocating the claims of actual settlers, was shot through the body.

He was afterward elected to the legislature of that state, and we have the testimony of John C. Fremont that he did more than any one man to make California a free state. He certainly did more than any one man to make Kansas a free state.

Undoubtedly the largest gathering of young men and the greatest array of speaking talent ever brought together on one occasion in Fitchburg was on August 7, 1856, during the Fremont campaign.

The occasion was a state convention of Young Men's Fremont clubs, but there were delegations from all over the North, as far west as Chicago. It was estimated that fully fifteen thousand persons were present.

The principal meeting was held under a monster tent, covering at least ten thousand people. Prominent among the speakers were Judge Thomas Russell of Boston, Horace Greeley, and George William Curtis of New York city. Not less memorable than the great enthusiasm which marked this event, was the good order which prevailed throughout.

In former years it was customary in Fitchburg to have a course of lectures during the winter season by eminent men on different subjects; such men as Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Bayard Taylor; the Concord Philosophers—Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and Sanborn—John B. Gough and others, including some whose names I have already mentioned. It was my privilege to attend most of these lectures.

Of all the speakers mentioned, I think Wendell Phillips was at once the most charming and inspiring. He was indeed "The silver-tongued orator." His lectures on "The Lost Arts" and "The Scholar in a Republic" were masterpieces.

Henry Ward Beecher was always in demand as a lecturer, and it was considered quite a feat to secure him at this distance. The first time I heard him was in his own church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Beecher, in his time, was perhaps the most popular preacher in the United States.

When Bayard Taylor lectured here, he had just returned from one of his extensive tours. He had traveled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, had been in Egypt, India, China, and Japan. Mr. Taylor was a large, fine-looking man, and had a happy faculty of describing men, manners, and customs as he had found them in different parts of the world.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was the most noted of the group of Concord philosophers. On the lecture platform he had always something original to say, and his writings, both in prose and poetry, take first rank in American literature.

Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and Frank Sanborn were contemporaries of Emerson, and as I remember, were all interesting speakers. I recently heard Mr. Sanborn before the Woman's club here on "The Life and Writings of Thoreau."

Before the advent of Booker T. Washington, who has often been heard by Fitchburg audiences, Frederick Douglas was an eloquent champion of his race on the lecture platform.

James T. Fields once delivered a course of lectures in what was then Board of Trade hall, now the rooms of the Fitchburg *Park club. His subjects for the most part were the eminent men and women whom he had known. Mr. Fields' publishing house in Boston was at that time headquarters for literary people.

These lectures were delightful and instructive, and one who listened to them could not fail to recall Whittier's lines in "The Tent on the Beach," in reference to Fields:

> Pleasant it was to roam about
> The lettered world as he has done,
> And see the lords of song without
> Their singing robes and garlands on.

John A. Andrew was one of the great men of the country, who came to the front after the nomination of General Fremont in 1856. As I remember him, he was short and stout, with tightly curling hair, an eloquent and forcible speaker.

He was afterwards elected governor of Massachusetts and was known as "The Great War Governor." To him, more than to any other man, was due the fact that Massachusetts was ready to respond to the call of President Lincoln for troops at the earliest possible moment.

I have in my home a marble bust of Governor Andrew, which I treasure not only as a faithful likeness, but also for the strong words taken from one of his speeches which are inscribed on the pedestal: "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, because he was poor, or because he was black."

I once heard William H. Seward speak from the platform of a car while waiting at the railroad station here. Somehow Mr. Seward did not impress me as being a great man, although many people thought it a mistake at the time that he was not nominated for president instead of Mr. Lincoln. Subsequent events proved that Lincoln was the right man in the right place.

In the month of October, 1860, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of England, paid a visit to this country. During

* Now Pythian hall.

his stay in Boston a great ovation was given him, including a military parade. The Fitchburg Fusiliers, of which I was then a member, was one of the companies detailed to do escort duty on that occasion. While the line was being formed on the common we had a good view of the prince and his party.

The Fusiliers with their red coats and bearskin caps made a decidedly English appearance, and were much applauded on the route of the parade.

The prince was accompanied by a retinue of dukes, earls and generals, and among the noted Americans taking part on that occasion were N. P. Banks, governor of the state, F. W. Lincoln, mayor of Boston, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, Alexander H. Rice, Josiah Quincy, Henry Wilson, John P. Hale, Henry W. Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It has happened during the last sixty years that I have heard or seen nearly all of the governors of the commonwealth, from Boutwell to Draper.

I think we can all truly say that Massachusetts has reason to be proud of her magistrates. I have already mentioned three—Boutwell, Banks, and Andrew—and these, together with such men as Claflin, Robinson, Washburn, Long, Greenhalge, Russell, Wolcott, Crane, and Guild, have achieved a national reputation.

William Claflin was governor while I was in the legislature, and I had occasion to meet him several times. He was a gentleman of rare culture and refinement and a very popular governor.

I first met Mr. Washburn in Washington while he was a member of congress in 1866, and afterward several times while he was governor of the state.

Governor Long's brilliant record is a matter of both state and national pride. He has visited Fitchburg many times, and was one of the speakers at the dedication of the Wallace library. His last visit was in February of the present year, when he addressed a meeting of the men's club of the First Parish.

The state of Maine, as well as the states of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, has been prolific in distinguished men. Since 1860 her leading statesmen have had great influence in the councils of the nation.

My memory goes back to Hannibal Hamlin, vice-president during Lincoln's first term. I remember William P. Frye as an eloquent orator, Thomas B. Reed, the robust speaker of the house of representatives, Congressman Littlefield and James G. Blaine, who was the most widely known of all the men from the Pine Tree State.

In the Massachusetts legislature of 1870 and 1871 there were a number of noted men with whom I became personally associated—Oliver Warner was the secretary of state; Harvey Jewell speaker of the house; his brother, Marshall Jewell, was at that time governor of Connecticut; William S. Robinson, clerk of the house, was for many years the vigorous correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* under the cognomen of Warrington.

Prominent members of the house were Charles R. Train, ex-member of congress, afterward attorney-general of the commonwealth; Timothy Davis, ex-member of congress; Theodore H. Sweetser, one of the ablest lawyers in the state; Judge Charles Levi Woodbury; Henry S. Washburn, who wrote "The Vacant Chair" and other poems; Rev. Dr. Putnam; Moses Kimball; Charles P. Thompson, afterward a member of congress, and later judge of the superior court; General William Cogswell and S. Z. Bowman, both afterward members of congress. Mr. Bowman is today the only survivor of this group.

I once saw John G. Whittier at the state house during a session of the legislature. He was welcomed as an ex-member, and occupied a chair in the speaker's desk.

As I looked into his benignant face, I thought of him as "The great poet of humanity," and fancied I could almost hear him repeat:

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

Going with a legislative party, I saw and heard Louis Agassiz at his museum in Cambridge. In personal appearance he reminded me of Henry Wilson, although perhaps not quite

as tall. He was evidently a man of unusual ability, and an ardent enthusiast in his line.

At Saratoga, on different occasions, I have met distinguished men from different parts of the country, prominent among them Judge E. R. Hoar of Concord; his brother, Senator Hoar; ex-Governor David B. Hill of New York; Dr. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco; Robert Collyer, then of Chicago; Minot J. Savage; George William Curtis, and Carroll D. Wright.

At one time, when a Democratic state convention and a national Unitarian conference were being held at the same time, there was but one hall in the city large enough to accommodate either body, so it was agreed that the two bodies should use the hall alternately.

Senator Hill presided over the Democratic convention, and Senator Hoar over the conference. Senator Hill was evidently very popular with Tammany Hall at that time, for there was present a large delegation representing that body, all wearing Prince Albert coats and silk hats.

A few years ago, at a meeting of the state board of trade, I met Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous English yachtsman. He was in company with ex-Mayor Collins of Boston. Collins was a tall man, but Sir Thomas loomed up several inches above him, was a fine specimen of physical development, and to all appearance a gentleman in every sense of the word.

In the spring of 1892, with a party from New England, I visited Washington, and while there we called at the White House and were cordially received by President Harrison. We were invited by Secretary Blaine to visit the state department, and all were glad of the opportunity to meet this magnetic man. One of the party, a rotund gentleman with a decidedly German accent, said in reference to Mr. Blaine, "Mine Gott! I believe that iss de greatest man in dis country."

The last time I was in Washington, about a year ago, I was admitted, through the courtesy of Senator Lodge, to a seat in the senate gallery where I could look down upon that august body. With the exception of Senators Lodge, Crane, and Dolliver, there were no familiar faces.

Senator Bailey of Texas, the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the senate, had the floor, and was making

a vigorous speech on the tariff bill, then under consideration. Great interest was manifested in this discussion, the galleries were crowded and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

During the half century from 1840 to 1890 Fitchburg had a goodly number of men who were called to high places of honor and trust in the councils of the state or nation—Nathaniel Wood, Ebenezer Torrey, Goldsmith F. Bailey, Alvah Crocker, Amasa Norcross, and Rodney Wallace were of this class—since passed away, but their memory yet remains and their reputations extend far beyond the limits of this city.

In the seventy years between 1840 and 1910, many great questions have come up for solution in America, and great developments have taken place.

The anti-slavery agitation, extending over a whole generation, followed by four years of civil war, the development of the great West, the gigantic strides in commerce, invention, and scientific research have brought out the men which the occasion demanded. Live issues are still before us, and it will be a fate that has never yet befallen us, if America should not continue to furnish in generous numbers the men for the hour.

DEACON EPHRAIM KIMBALL.

A Paper read at a meeting of the Society May 15, 1899.

BY EBENEZER BAILEY.

The world is made up of persons, and personal history makes the history of the world. To give a sketch of the personal history of one or two individuals who lived in the early times of Fitchburg will, I hope, fill a few lines in the picture of this town in its early days, which picture may, in future sketches of the same kind, be brought more nearly to completion. The materials are meagre, but by weaving in some apparently unimportant facts, I may be able to make these men stand out a little more clearly in your minds as men who helped to lay the foundations of this city and the privileges which we enjoy.

In about the centre of the county of Suffolk, England, is the little village of Rattlesden—a straggling hamlet in a pleasant valley. From this place to New England, came Richard Kimball with his wife and four children, in the year 1634. He was about forty years old. He left England in the ship Elizabeth, and settled in Watertown, where he was proclaimed a freeman in 1635, and was a proprietor in 1636-1637. Near what is now the corner of Huron avenue and Appleton street, in Cambridge, was his house lot of six acres—a lot described as being near springs of water. (The locality was then a part of Watertown.) He seems to have been a mechanic, for about 1637 he removed to Ipswich, "where they were in need of a good wheelwright," and later, we find that he was granted the right "to fell 20 white oak trees to make weels for the townsmen, their use."

Here, in Ipswich, the town granted him a home lot at the west end of the town, and about forty acres near the North river. He is mentioned as one of the "commoners" of

Ipswich, and was chosen one of the "seven men" in March, 1645.

His first wife was Ursula Scott, whom he married in England, and his second wife, whom he married in 1661, was Margaret Dow, widow of Henry Dow, of Hampton, N. H. Richard Kimball lived in Ipswich till his death in June, 1675. He left quite an amount of property for that time, inventoried at £737, 3s., 6d.

Thomas Kimball, the fourth son of Richard, was one year of age when his father came to this country, but at the age of twenty we find him living at Hampton, N. H. He was an owner of mill property there, on Oyster river. A little later than 1660, he moved to that part of Rowley then known as Merrimack, but now as Bradford. He was elected constable in 1669, and his house was one of the legal places for posting and "publishing any orders or other business of public concernment to the town." Here, on the Boxford road, he lived for ten years, most of the time holding some town office. He prospered, and was the owner of four hundred acres of land and a large amount of personal property, and was living comfortably with his wife and five children when his life came to a tragic end at the hands of treacherous savages.

On the night of May 2, 1676, three so-called converted Indians, known as Peter, Andrew, and Simon, were intending to take vengeance on some parties in Rowley, but being unable to carry out their first intention, they attacked Mr. Kimball's house, killing him and carrying his wife and five children into captivity. The family were held as prisoners for forty-one days, when they were released without ransom, through the influence of Wanalancet, chief of the Penacook Indians. Mrs. Kimball was Mary, daughter of Thomas and Johanna Smith of Ipswich.

Thomas Kimball's third son, Thomas, was born in 1665, and lived in that part of Rowley now known as Groveland. His first wife was Deborah Pemberton, daughter of John Pemberton of Malden, and his second wife was Grace Currier, widow of John Currier of Haverhill. The house in which he lived was standing in 1893.

Thomas Kimball 2d had for his third son Ephraim, who was born in Bradford April 29, 1699, and whose mother was his father's first wife, Deborah Pemberton. His first wife

was Anna Tenney, his second wife Mary Whittier, and his third wife Sarah Mulliken. He died December 23, 1743, and in his will he orders his negro girl sold to pay his debts. He owned land in Rowley, in Chester, N. H., also in Lunenburg, Mass. His brother Thomas also bought land in Lunenburg, and removed there about 1730. His brother Thomas had two sons who were prominent in local history—George Kimball, who resided in Lunenburg, and Amos, who was one of the principal citizens of Fitchburg. Amos lived on what is now the estate of Henry Hale, on South street. Ephraim Kimball always resided in Bradford.

Ephraim Kimball's eldest son was also named Ephraim, and he about two years after the death of his father (that is, about 1745) removed to that part of Lunenburg which is now Fitchburg and settled on the farm adjoining that of his cousin Amos on the south. His house occupied nearly the site of the residence of Isaac O. Monroe, Jr., No. 210 South street. The deed of this farm was made May 3, 1745, to Ephraim Kimball of Bradford, by John Heywood, for the sum of £300, old tenor. It gives him ninety-two acres of land, more or less, described as bounded northeast by land of Thomas Kimball (the father of Amos), west by Col. Fitch, south by Jonas Clark, east on the river.

This Ephraim was born August 16, 1722, and his mother was Anna Tenney, his father's first wife. He was a young man about twenty-three years of age when he came to this place and settled on his new farm. On the eighteenth day of July, 1746, he married Mary Wetherbee, the daughter of Ephraim and Elizabeth Wetherbee of Lunenburg. There was probably, at this time, some kind of a bridge over the river, and perhaps a cart-path or bridle-road toward the south, but it was not till March, 1748, that any town road was laid out, as will be seen by the following recorded vote at that time:

voted and excepted of a town way. Laid out by order of the Selectmen. Beginning at the south end of Appletree Hill, at the old way running through a piece of Common Land, and over the bridge and through Amos Kimball's Land and Ephraim Kimball's Land said way was laid out by

David Page,
Amos Kimball,
Ephraim Kimball.

The cousins, Amos Kimball and Ephraim, soon went into business together; they concluded that the narrow place in the river just above the bridge was a good site for a dam and water power, and so they built a dam near the site of the present one at Cushing's mill on Laurel street. It was built of logs with spiling driven inside. The present stone dam was built to follow the ledge, but is not far from the location of the first primitive one, which was usually carried away every spring by the annual freshet, which would wash away the bank on the south side, and then carry away or seriously damage the bridge below.

Here the Kimballs built a saw and grist mill, and hired a man named Hodgkins to tend it, who built himself a little hut close by in which to live. This was the beginning of business within the limits of Fitchburg, and the nucleus around which the village was to grow in days to come.

Ephraim Kimball was a thriving, industrious farmer and mill owner, with good prospects in life. In 1764 he was one of the five highest tax payers in town. Before the setting off of Fitchburg, he held some minor town offices in Lunenburg, and in 1753 was surveyor of highways. When Fitchburg was incorporated, he was the first town treasurer. On the 12th of September, 1764, he was chosen, with his cousin Amos and Thomas Dutton, to "provide a Buerring yard," and in November he was chosen a member of a committee "to provide preaching for the present." At this same town meeting, November 26, 1764, Ephraim Whitney, Amos Kimball, and Ephraim Kimball were made a committee "to select the most convenient spot in Capt. Cowdin's wheat yard for a meeting house, and to take security for the land in behalf of the town." September 22, 1766, he was made a member of the school committee, also a member of the committee "to lay out and dignify the pews."

It is a little singular, when we come to think about it, that the meeting house should have been located so near the Lunenburg line, and so far from the geographical centre of the new town. One of the principal reasons, if not the most important one, which had been urged by the petitioners for being set off as a separate town, was that the meeting-house was so far away from John Fitch and others

within the town limits. Moreover, the town of Lunenburg had in 1761 so far granted their request as to vote that a separate parish be set off for them provided they should set their meeting-house "as near the Centure of said Parish as may be to accomodate the whole." Now that they had a new town of their own, they proceeded to set the meeting house very far indeed from the centre. That this caused dissatisfaction is certain, as is shown by an article in the warrant for town meeting, March, 1765, to see if the town would reconsider their vote and place the meeting-house nearer the centre, but the article was passed over at the town meeting. The gift of the land by Thomas Cowdin and the fact of its vicinity to the tavern and the saw and grist mill of the Kimballs very likely had great weight in fixing the location.

In the autumn of 1765, preparations were made by the town for the raising of their new house of worship, and in anticipation of that important event, it was voted "that Dn. Amos Kimball, Capt. Thos. Cowdin, Ephm. Kimball and Isaac Gibson & Isiah Witt be a Committee for to provide such things for the Raising of the meeting house in sd town as they shall think proper." One of these things was, undoubtedly, good New England rum.

In 1767, the town voted to call the Rev. John Payson to the work of the gospel ministry, and it was voted December 16, 1767, "that Deacon Kimball and Ephraim Kimball provide for and entertain the Counsel at the ordination of Mr. John Payson & that the town pay five Dolers to Deacon Kimball and five Dolers to Ephraim Kimball for their services." (By Deacon Kimball was meant Amos Kimball.)

From this time until his death, Ephraim Kimball is hardly mentioned in the town records. He was in poor health for a considerable time previous to his death, and perhaps took little interest in town affairs. He died February 14, 1782, and was buried in the cemetery on South street, where his grave, with its two stones, is to be seen; the larger one at the head, with the record: "In memory of Ephraim Kimball, who deceased February 14, 1782, in the 60th year of his age," and a smaller one at the foot, bearing the simple inscription, "Ensign Ephm. Kimball." Though Ephraim Kimball was prominent in church affairs, we find no record that he was ever a deacon. He had eleven children, as follows:

1. Mary, born January 14, 1747, married September 30, 1766, John Dunsmore, and had ten children. She married 2d, a Mr. Lowell of Charlestown, N. H.

2. Anne, born December 24, 1749, married October 20, 1767, Jonathan Dix of New Ipswich, N. H.

3. Ephraim, born February 15, 1752.

4. Rachel, born September 5, 1754, married December 3, 1772, Benjamin Frost.

5. Levi, born October 23, 1756, married October 23, 1776, Jemima Walker. He was a drummer for thirteen days from April 19, 1775, in Capt. Ebenezer Wood's company, of Fitchburg.

6. Hannah, born December, 1758, married Joseph Farrer; resided at Pepperell.

7. Elizabeth, born March 31, 1761; died young.

8. Abigail, born April 23, 1763, married October 28, 1782, John Polly.

9. Eliphalet, born July 22, 1765.

10. Elizabeth, born July 17, 1767.

11. Sarah, born August 6, 1770.

As the above record shows, Ephraim Kimball, the third child, was born February 15, 1752, and lacked one day of being thirty years old on the day of his father's death. He was born and grew up on the old homestead, and received his religious training from his parents and from the Rev. John Payson in the little church on the hill overlooking his father's mills. Yet, in spite of all this orthodox training, he became a Universalist, and so would have probably remained, had he not at a certain time taken part in a discussion in which he advocated, for the sake of argument, the anti-Universalist side. His own arguments he found so convincing that he became a strong upholder of the faith of his fathers, in which he never wavered. He became a very religious man, and was a deacon, and one of the most prominent men in the church, under Rev. Mr. Worcester. We will designate him in this paper as Deacon Ephraim Kimball. He was an active, enterprising young man, and had a pronounced inclination for trading. He had a store near the mills, on Laurel street, in 1772; Torrey says, in his dwelling-house. Here he traded for five years, and here the arms of the minute men were

stored, and from this place they started on their march to Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775.

His first appearance in the town records is as one of the wardens; in 1776 and the next year, he was chosen one of the deer reeves. In town meeting, August 20, 1779, he was chosen with Thomas Stearns and the assessors "to examine the Credit of the inhabitants of the Town of Fitchburg respecting the present War, and to see what men are behind in respect to their Proportion, and where they appear not to have done their Proportion, to make it up in money without delay." In 1779 he was a member of a committee "to repair the bridge by the Mills."

About 1780, the finances of the whole country were in a terrible condition, owing to the depreciated paper currency, and here is an instance of the state of affairs in this regard in Fitchburg, as shown by the town records:

> May 23, 1780, voted and Chose Mr. Kendall Boutell, Phineas Sawyer, Jr. and Ephraim Kimball, Jr. to be a committee to bring in to said Town what the money Depresheated sins mr. Payson's Salery was granted last fall.
>
> Voted and ajurned the Town meeting one hower, to wait to here the report of the Committee.
>
> The Town meet at the time the meeting stood ajurned to and the report of the Committee is that the Town pay mr. Payson three thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, foure shillings (£3320 - 4 *s.*), to make his salery good sins said Salery was granted.

It was also voted "to asses the sum without delay." Mr. Payson's salary was about £70. in hard money.

In town meeting October 23, 1780, Ephraim Kimball, Jr., was chosen, with John Thurston and Asa Perry, a committee to purchase "Beefe for the Army, a Greable to the Coarts resolve." September 4, 1781, he was made a member of the school committee, and in 1782 he was chosen one of the selectmen, with Capt. Thomas Cowdin and Oliver Stickney; he was also one of the assessors. He was sexton of the meeting house for a long time, and was also chosen for many years to "dig the graves." In 1787, he was made a member of a committee to petition the Governor and Council in behalf of the "Insurgents or Regulators, as they call themselves," and to "Liberate Capt. Shattick and others that are apprehended by

Government, on there promising to behave peacible and faithful subjects to this Commonwealth."

Deacon Kimball was keeping store, and probably residing near what is now the corner of Laurel and Mill streets, from 1772 to 1777, and from Torrey's description in his history of the village in 1786, he must have owned the dwelling-house and the mills there at that time. He traded considerably in real estate, and lived on several different farms. In 1784 he gives a mortgage to his mother of about 80 acres of land, being described in the deed as "part of the farm I now live on, and all the land on the west side of the road that leads from Fitchburg Meeting house to Leominster." This might have been part of the home place of his father, where he was living about 1794.

In the year 1788, he purchased the land on which he subsequently built a house, and where he spent the remainder of his life. This property is described in the deed as containing 150 acres, and included all the land on the side of Rollstone hill toward the village, and all the land between it and the river, from a little below Rollstone street to a point between the Iver Johnson shops and the Nockege mill. This property was part of the 188 acres of land sold by the Proprietors of Lunenburg to David Pratt, October 18, 1780. (David Pratt was great-grandfather of Alderman Andrew Pratt.) In June, 1782, David Pratt deeded 103 acres of land "known by the name of Rollstone Hill," to Thomas Kimball (a son of Amos Kimball), and Thomas Kimball deeded this and forty-five acres more which he owned, to Deacon Ephraim Kimball, March 3, 1788. The price paid was $2.33 an acre. This estate afterwards came into the possession of the Deacon's son, Ephraim, Jr., by deed dated February 25, 1812, the consideration being $2,000.00. He sold an undivided half to his brother Alpheus, who after a time sold to Daniel Tuttle. Kimball and Tuttle afterwards divided the farm, Mr. Tuttle taking the lower half. Ivers Phillips, Walter Heywood, and David H. Merriam bought in 1852, of Mr. Tuttle, the land on both sides of Circle street, between the river and the railroad. They succeeded, after a contest, in getting Circle street laid out by the town, and gave a lot of land for the Alonzo Davis chair shop, now one of the mills of the Parkhill Manufacturing Co.

Thus Deacon Ephraim Kimball, in 1788, owned this farm of one hundred and fifty acres in the vicinity of River street, and in 1794, in company with Jonas Marshall, he built a dam across the river near Pitts' mill on West Main street, where they erected a sawmill. This was the second dam built across the stream, the father with his cousin, Amos Kimball, building the first dam at Laurel street, and the son the second one at River street. A year or two later Mr. Marshall sold his half of the property to Mr. Kimball.

It was not till 1797 that Deacon Kimball built a house on his River street farm. He built a low house after the fashion of many of those days, which is still standing and very little changed, at the head of Kimball lane, near the railroad. In 1799, having a house, a mill and a dam, with the mill on the opposite side of the river from his house, he naturally desired a bridge, and accordingly he asked the town to build one. The town appointed a committee to examine the proposed place, and that committee reported as follows:

> That is appears to your committee that Mr. Kimball's request should be granted, so far as to lend him one hundred dollars, to build himself a good bridge. He paying interest annually and binding himself and his Heirs to keep the bridge in good repair, till the Town sees fit to make a public bridge of the same. N. B. The place for building the bridge must be between Kimball's saw mill and the Smith Shop.

This was at least fifty feet above the present River street bridge.

This was not a very good bargain for Deacon Ephraim Kimball, and so his fellow townsmen seemed to think, for on March 2, 1807, they voted to relinquish to him one-half of the principal of the note for building the bridge near Farwell's shop, (which bridge was carried away by the freshet,) on condition that he put it in repair. Not even Horatius had a harder task to keep the bridge.

In the year 1812 occured an episode in the life of Deacon Ephraim Kimball, and the incidents connected created much interest and excitement in the town. There was a close contest in that year in this state, between the Federalists and the Republicans. Here in Fitchburg the Republicans, in order to win, put forward and elected the Rev. Titus T. Barton, the

pastor of the church which had left the first parish and worshipped on the site of the present C. C. church, corner of Main and Rollstone streets. Now it happened that the members of Mr. Barton's church were mostly Federalists, and a majority of the other society were Republicans, and not only was Rev. Mr. Barton a Republican, but he took pains to let his people know it, and had preached a sermon on Fast Day so strongly Republican that one member of his church arose from his pew and walked down the aisle and out the door during the sermon.

That their pastor should go to the General Court under these conditions was exasperating. Moreover, a revival of religion had just begun, and it was apprehended that Mr. Barton, by assuming his new duties, must necessarily neglect his important responsibilities to the souls under his charge. The members of his church regarded his conduct with great disapprobation, and they determined, if possible, to prevent him from taking his seat; but Mr. Barton undoubtedly had some political aspirations and was decidedly reluctant to resign his office. It must be said that Mr. Barton was absent on a visit at the time of his election. Deacon Kimball thus records the outbreak of the war:

> The next day after he (Mr. Barton) was chosen, I saw a few of the bretheren and Conversed with them about Mr. Barton's being elected. the inquiry was will he go? Sum said he will Not. Considering the grate work of the holy Spirit going on with the people of his Charge and he being their Leader and so many apparently harkening to his voice. Others said he is so engaged in his political Sentiments I am fearful he will go. I told them I had thought what was best for us to do all things considered. I told them we would do all we Could before to assure him that another would be chosen in his Room, and one of his Sentiment hoping he would be content to give his answer to the town in the Negative.

The Deacon goes on to say that on the day of his pastor's return from his visit, he was going over his bridge about sunset when he met his son James, who told him that Mr. Barton had returned and that he believed he was going to accept and take his seat in the General Court. The Deacon now thought the time for action had come, so he called at once on Mr. John Farwell, Mr. Joseph Farwell, and Mr. Benjamin Perkins, and they all proceeded to Mr. Barton's house, where

they spent the evening with him in a vain endeavor to induce him to resign. Out of that evening's conversation grew trouble which culminated in charges preferred to the church by Deacon Kimball. Mr. Barton made a long written reply to these charges, which was answered by the Deacon in another long document. Both of these documents were presented to the church, and are very interesting reading, illuminating as they do the views of some of our ancestors on politics and religion, and also the character of the two participants. Deacon Kimball was evidently in a congenial field, and it will be admitted by the readers of both these documents that he does not get the worst of the argument with his pastor.

Mr. Barton says in his answer to the charge that Deacon Kimball came to him, and in "his positive manner" told him that if he would not resign, he would not collect another dollar of his salary, and the result would be that he would have to pay every debt he owed as soon as it could be collected by law. This Mr. Kimball denied, but admitted that he told him it would be harder to collect his salary than it had been. However, Mr. Barton thereupon handed in his resignation to the selectmen, for which wicked act he tells his church he shall repent to the last day of his life, in that he "feared these men more than the God of heaven, who might consistently for that destroy soul and body in hell forever."

Mr. Barton had also stated that in case he should resign and throw the town out of representation and the state, perhaps, out of a majority on the Republican side, he would become "the object of newspaper scurrility." This gave occasion for some most cutting remarks by Deacon Kimball, for his pastor evidently had a belief that he would shine in the field of politics. The Deacon says:

> Poor man! afraid of newspaper scurrility! pity him most heartily. Really, Mr. Moderator, until now, I never knew that the honorable minister of Christ was in danger of abuse from this quarter. If he attends to the duties of his pastoral office like a faithful shepherd and does not wander from the sphere in which God and his duty have placed him, he will be a mark too humble to be shot at for this. If ministers of religion will mind their own business, politicians and statesmen will mind theirs, and they will be in no danger of newspaper abuse.

Many other points were taken up by both gentlemen, but we have not space to go into the matter further. Rev. Mr.

Barton was dismissed in February, 1813, and his church reunited with that of the Rev. Mr. Bascom, under a new minister, the Rev. William Eaton.

Deacon Ephraim Kimball was now over sixty years of age. He had been ill for years with what he called consumption. His hair was white and his physical vigor was declining. Yet his mind was active and strong, and his religious faith burned brighter than ever. He spent much of his time in the study of the holy scriptures.

His son James, who was born November 21, 1789, went to Yale college with the intention of becoming a minister and was a student there in 1816. In that year, Deacon Kimball wrote a letter to this son which has been preserved. It reads as follows:

Dear Son. These lines will inform you that through the goodness of God we enjoy a comfortable measure of health of body and I think, if I mistake not some helth of Soul. At same time I have one peace of News to inform you of which is solemn and awful, that is Landlord David Boutwell Lays now a Ded Corps. he put an end to his own Existence on Saturday and is to be buried this afternoon. he hung himself in his garret. O how teachable this is to us. O what wretched what miserable Creatures we are when Left to Ourselves. Let us keep near to God. Let us fly to him. Let us throw ourselves into the arms of his mercy and take shelter under the wings of his protection praying for restraining grace that we may be kept from Laying violent hands upon ourselves and that we may be kept through faith unto salvation I have no more remarkable news to write.

There is a coldness and deadness in the Church, our Conferences and prayer meetings are Decaying Excepting the female prayer meetings are increasing in number and Spirit not one privet room in town big enuf to hold them.

Rev. Mr. Eaton shines briter and briter. Mr. Marshall says he will not hear him no more.

One peace of good news this minute comes into my mind that is I think you may depend on your Brother Porter's having become a Christian. I have not seen him, but I have heard from him so many times and so many ways and by his letter sent to me I think there is no doubt.

You may expect two horses and a wagon sent to you the secon tuesday in September.

This is from your Loving father

Ephm. Kimball.

Fitchburg, August 5th, 1816.

This son James died only a few years later, January, 1821, to the great grief of his father, who did not long survive him but departed this life May 6, 1825, at the age of seventy-three years.

Deacon Ephraim Kimball married April 14, 1774, Betsey, daughter of John White, a prominent citizen of this town, who lived on the Fisher road, on what was formerly the Winchester Wyman farm. She was a woman of excellent disposition, bright intellect, and a good friend and companion to the young people, especially her grandchildren, who were always fond of visiting her. She survived her husband, and died July 26, 1844, at the age of eighty-seven years. They had fourteen children, as follows:

John, the eldest, married Beulah Sawyer, and resided in the town of Bloomfield, Me.

Ephraim, married Dorothy Sawyer, daughter of Phineas Sawyer, who lived on what is now the Burnap farm, Williams road. He retained the homestead, and lived in a house which he built, a little nearer to River street than that of his father. The house is still standing, but is greatly changed. He was a man of excellent mind and good character. He was the inventor of a machine for shearing cloth, and also the originator of an invention for making scythes. He is said to have propelled a boat across one of the ponds in Fitchburg with a screw—a wonderful thing at that time. He built the dam across the river at Rollstone street. His children who resided in Fitchburg were Phineas Sawyer, Mary Prescott, and Dorothy Sawyer, who married E. F. Bailey, and is the only surviving child. Jane, his second daughter, married Franklin S. Francis of Lunenburg. He endeavored to perpetuate the name of Ephraim in the family, but the three children who received that name died young—the eldest being under seven years of age at his death.

Polly, the third child of Deacon Ephraim, married Joseph Farwell of Fitchburg. Her eldest daughter, Mary, married Dr. Abel Fox, father of Abel Fox of this city. Elvira, the third child, married Phineas A. Crocker, brother of the late Hon. Alvah Crocker.

Betsey, the fourth child of Deacon Ephraim, married and lived in Bloomfield, Me.

William, the fifth child, married and lived in Petersburg, Ohio.

Samuel married Sally Farwell.

Porter married Betsey Marshall, daughter of Jonas Marshall. Their second daughter was Frances, who married for her first husband William B. Towne, and for her second husband the late George T. Daniels.

Hannah, Deacon Kimball's eighth child, married Samuel Putnam. Among their children were Hannah, who married Emmons Crocker, father of the late Samuel Emmons Crocker, Martha, who married Samuel S. Crocker of Leominster, and Sarah, who married Charles H. Benton of Fitchburg.

Alpheus, the eleventh child of Deacon Kimball, married Harriet F. Stone, who lived for almost a century. He was a prominent citizen of Fitchburg, and carried on the scythe business in West Fitchburg. Among his children are Alpheus P., William, and Gen. John W. Kimball of this city. Eliza, his second daughter, married Hobart Torrey of Fitchburg.

Nancy, Deacon Kimball's thirteenth child, married Jonas Holden. Among their children, was the late Henry J. Holden, of Fitchburg.

Elvira, the youngest child of Deacon Ephraim, married Ephraim Crocker. They had no children.

We have before mentioned James, who died in 1821, at his father's house.

Two of the children of Deacon Kimball, Joseph and Abel, died at an early age.

We have this evening traced one New England family from the immigrant ancestor of 1634 to our own generation. We began at Watertown and Ipswich, near the coast; we have followed them westward to Fitchburg, and finally, some of them to Northern Maine, and others to the State of Ohio. This is only typical of other New England families, which spread westward and northward, and were pioneers of civilization throughout the country. They laid the foundations; the superstructure is vastly different. Could Ensign Ephraim Kimball visit his old home on South street to-day, he would find on his farm, not far from his old dooryard, the foundations of a building to be erected for a Catholic home for orphans, and within a radius of one-half mile two Catholic churches

and other Catholic buildings. With what amazement would he and his son Deacon Ephraim look upon Fitchburg today. Yet, if they saw it to-day in the light of many years of experience and added wisdom, there would probably be no wonder, but only recognition of progress in civilization and religious freedom.

NOTOWN, ITS GRANTS AND FAMILIES.

Read at a meeting of the Society January 20, 1913.

BY EZRA S. STEARNS.

At the time Fitchburg, Leominster, Princeton, and Westminster were incorporated and their boundaries defined, there remained a tract of unincorporated land enclosed and bounded by the four towns. For many years in the record of the time is was designated as unincorporated land, or a gore of land lying adjacent to any one or between any two of the four surrounding towns. In the progress of years it received the name of Notown and by that name the locality is still designated.

Notown was bounded on the north 736 rods by Fitchburg, on the east by Leominster, on the south 830 rods by Princeton, and on the west 824 rods by Westminster. The east line of Notown adjoining Leominster was irregular and broken by several angles. The distance in a straight line was about 900 rods. The northwest corner of Notown and the southwest corner of Fitchburg met at a point in the line of Westminster; the northeast corner of Notown was at a point in the south line of Fitchburg near where Mt. Elam road enters Leominster; the southeast corner of Notown, the southwest corner of Leominster, the northwest corner of Sterling and the northeast corner of Princeton met at a common point; the southwest corner of Notown, now in Princeton, was at a point in the line of Westminster near Redemption Rock and not far from Wachusett lake. The area of Notown was 4882 acres. The average length from north to south was about three miles and about two and one-half miles from east to west. In 1763 the farm of Thomas Stearns and a small area of province land were severed from Notown and annexed to Leominster. This accounts for the angles in the northern part of the line between Notown and Leominster, as the line existed from 1763 to 1838.

The surface of Notown is uneven and the soil is poor. Bald hill, now in Westminster, is the highest elevation, and Rocky pond, now in Leominster, is the only natural body of water. Originally the territory was covered with a heavy growth of hard wood with a smaller quantity of pine and hemlock.

The population of Notown by the first federal census in 1790 was 84. The head of each family and the number of persons in the family are found in connection with the census of Fitchburg, Leominster, and Princeton.

"In the gore adjoining Leominster" were four families: Robert Legate 8; Jabez Fairbanks 7; Levi Maynard 10; Eli Maynard 2.

"In the gore adjoining Princeton" were four families: Elisha Rice 5; Elijah Rice 3; Abel Houghton 7; Daniel Allen 10.

"In the gore adjoining Fitchburg" were two families: Thomas Palmer 6; Jeremiah Youlen 8.

Two other families certainly lived in Notown in 1790; Noah Wiswell, 12 persons, were included for convenience in the census of Fitchburg, and Silas Parmenter, 6 persons, in the census of Leominster.

Beginning about 1800 the population of Notown was decreased from year to year by removal and from a political standpoint the place became a vacuum. The farms are now abandoned. An area of good pasture is covered with a second growth of hard and soft wood. A few cellar-holes, a surviving lilac, and a decaying apple tree are the silent oracles of former habitation.

In 1838, Notown was dismembered. Only the name now remains. Like ancient Gaul it was divided into three parts; 2100 acres were annexed to Leominster, 1307 acres to Westminster, and 1475 acres to Princeton. The date of the act is April 4, 1838.

There is an incident in the history of Notown which demands notice. "The District of Princeton with all the lands adjoining to said district not included in any other town," was incorporated April 24, 1771, and named Princeton. Thus Notown dignified with town privileges became a part of Princeton, and Princeton for a time adjoined Fitchburg. The

arrangement was not satisfactory to the people of Princeton and Notown. Princeton objected to building roads or maintaining schools in a remote and thinly populated part of the town, and the people of Notown, far from the church and schools of Princeton, realized that distance did not lend enchantment to the view. In less than two years the union was dissolved. By an act approved March 6, 1773, the whole of Notown was severed from Princeton and again became unincorporated land. In a geographical sense it was a known locality with metes and bounds, but otherwise it was no town in the state of no where.

During the ensuing 65 years the people of Notown were dependent, in a measure, upon the surrounding towns. They attended the churches and were accommodated in the schools of Fitchburg, Leominster, and Princeton. The records of births, marriages, and deaths, if recorded, are found in the records of nearby towns. The brush of the artist or the chisel of the sculptor may perpetuate the features and form of the individual, but it is the public records which preserve the story of a people. The records of a town, like a mirror, reflect the aim and the achievements of a community and permit us to discover the will and the purpose, the thought and the work of a town or a state. Notown in name and fact was no town. It has left no record, but the story of the people who have lived there is more than "the simple annals of the poor." It is a story of substantial men and heroic women who lived in an isolated community and were denied the conveniences and dignity of a town organization. They had no town government, no churches, no schools. They were united only by the ties of humanity and a common interest.

In the history of a town or in the life of an individual there is a fascinating interest in a study of remote but connected events. There are seven towns in Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire, including Westminster and Templeton in this vicinity, which were granted to the soldiers of King Philip's war. If King Philip, in 1675, had not declared war against the colonists these towns would have been granted to other men and other names would have filled their annals. If there had been no expedition to Canada in 1690, Ashburn-

ham and Winchendon and several other towns could not have been granted to the soldiers of that ill-fated exploit. This class of towns would have been granted to other men and their history would have been formulated by other minds.

In a study of the grants of land in Notown one listens to the echo of events which happened many years before there was any settlement north of Lancaster and Groton.

The Willard grant, or Gardner's farm.—Rev. Joseph Willard, a son of Samuel and Sarah (Clark) Willard, was born at Saybrook, Connecticut, about 1692. He graduated at Yale, 1714. While preaching at Rutland he was slain by the Indians, August 14, 1723. He married Susannah Lynde. They had two children, William and Joseph.

Rev. Andrew Gardner, the first minister of Worcester and the first minister of Lunenburg, married Susannah, the widow of Rev. Joseph Willard, and thus became the stepfather and guardian of the two boys, William and Joseph. In their behalf he petitioned for a grant of land, and was given 300 acres in a vote dated September 23, 1729. The grant was confirmed December 19, 1730. This was the first survey made in Notown. It was laid in the form of a rectangle 150 by 320 rods. A small part of the grant was located in Princeton as that town was bounded in 1773, but nearly all of the grant was in Notown until 1838, when it became a part of Princeton. In the records this land was called the Willard grant and also Gardner's farm.

The Perkins grant.—In 1679 the general court made a grant of 100 acres to Rev. William Perkins of Topsfield, who died May 21, 1682. His son, John Perkins, in 1702 sold the title to the grant to James Kibbey of Reading, who subsequently became insane. His guardian, Zachariah Fitch of Boston, represented to the general court that the grant had not been located and petitioned for a new grant of the same area. The petition was assented to and a grant of 100 acres was located in the northeast part of Notown. The title was confirmed March 5, 1731. It was laid in the form of a rectangle, 160 rods from north to south and 100 rods from east to west. The north line was supposed to bound on Fitchburg. Later it was discovered that this line, parallel to the south

line of Fitchburg, was 18 rods too far south, thus leaving a ribbon of land between Fitchburg and the grant. The east line was about 120 rods west of the old west line of Leominster. James Kibbey, son of James Kibbey of Charlestown and grandson of Edward Kibbey of Dorchester, was born about 1666. He lived in Reading and became the owner of many parcels of land, including two tracts in Lunenburg. His interests many years were represented by Zachariah Fitch, who subsequently owned the grant in Notown. James Kibbey died in Reading February 17, 1731-2.

The White grant.—In January, 1739, Thomas White represented that he was severely wounded in the service in the year 1712. In response to his request the general court granted him 150 acres. The bounds were established by Samuel Willard, Jr., and the title was confirmed January 1, 1740. For a reason unknown there was a second survey of this grant by Joseph Wilder, Jr., of Lancaster. The title was again confirmed January 7, 1749. A considerable part or all of this grant was owned and occupied by Thomas Stearns. In 1763 his homestead was severed from Notown and annexed to Leominster. This grant was situated in the northeast corner of Notown. It was bounded on the north by Fitchburg, on the east by Leominster, on the west in part by the Perkins grant. It also included the ribbon of land between Fitchburg and the Perkins grant, and also a wedge-shaped addition south of the Perkins grant. This grant was owned and occupied by Thomas Stearns, who will be named in a later paragraph.

Thomas White, a son of Daniel and Hannah (Hunt) White and grandson of Peregrine and Sarah (Bassett) White, was born in Marshfield May 8, 1680. He lived in Marshfield.

The Wiswall grant.—This is the largest of the grants and covers nearly one-third of the area of Notown. The grant was made to the children of the dead and to four living soldiers of the Indian wars. In 1690 a company of 27 white men and 25 Indians from Canada fell upon the settlements in New Hampshire, where they killed or captured many men, women, and children. Several small companies from Massachusetts marched to the relief of their unfortunate neighbors. One company, of which Noah Wiswall of Newton was captain,

Gershom Flagg of Woburn lieutenant, and Edward Walker of Woburn ensign, met a detachment of the enemy at Wheelwright's pond, in Lee, N. H. In the battle which ensued Capt. Wiswall, Lieut. Flagg, and Ensign Walker were killed, July 6, 1690. After the lapse of more than forty years, Ebenezer Flagg, in behalf of the heirs of the three officers who were killed and in behalf of four surviving soldiers, petitioned for a grant of land. The general court granted 1500 acres December 17, 1734, giving to the heirs of Capt. Noah Wiswall 400 acres, to the heirs of Lieut. Gershom Flagg 300 acres, to the heirs of Ensign Edward Walker 200 acres, and to Samuel Locke, William Bruce, Samuel Baker, and Benjamin Baldwin each 150 acres.

This grant in one tract was located in Notown, the survey was submitted and the title confirmed April 15, 1735. It bounded 400 rods on Lunenburg, now Fitchburg. The northeast corner was in the south line of Fitchburg at the reservoir, the northwest corner was a point in the south line of Fitchburg about 200 rods easterly from the southwest corner of Fitchburg. The west line, 532 rods in length, was a straight line and made nearly a right angle with the line of Fitchburg. The east line, at a right angle with the line of Fitchburg, extended southerly 400 rods and at this point the line was diverted at nearly a right angle to the east and to the old west line of Leominster, thence southerly by the Leominster line 240 rods to the southeast corner, which in a straight line was 592 rods from the southwest corner, but near the center of the south line 128 acres, for an unknown reason, were cut out of the grant. The grant was divided by the parties in interest, June 6, 1736. The portion which was given to each will be described in connection with a brief notice of persons to whom the grant was made.

Capt. Noah Wiswall was born in Newton September 7, 1699. He was a son of Lieut. Thomas Wiswall and a grandson of Capt. Noah Wiswall, who was killed in battle with the Indians July 6, 1690. He married March 15, 1720, Thankful Fuller, daughter of Jeremiah Fuller of Newton. She died April 19, 1745. He married second, April 22, 1752, Mrs. Deliverance (Kendrick) Brown, who died September 30, 1788. He died June 13, 1786. In the partition of the 1500 acres he

was, by terms of the grant, entitled to 400 acres. The grant was found to contain about 1800 acres and his portion by more accurate measurement was nearly 500 acres. It was laid off at the north end of the grant 400 rods from east to west and 166 rods from north to south. It was bounded on the north 400 rods by Fitchburg. He did not remove to the grant. He deeded by deeds of gift the east half of his share to Thomas Palmer, who married his daughter Margaret August 16, 1766, and the west half to his son, Noah Wiswall, February 4, 1768.

Ebenezer Flagg, by the terms of the grant, was entitled to 300 acres. He was a son of Lieut. Gershom Flagg, who was slain in battle July 6, 1690, and was born in Woburn December 21, 1678. He died July 10, 1746. He sold one-fourth of his share to his brother, Thomas Flagg. The Flagg farm was bounded 400 rods on the north by the Wiswall farm. The south line was parallel with the north line and with the south line of Fitchburg. The distance from north to south was 137 rods. In the partition of the whole grant an allowance of 30 acres was made to the Flagg farm for a road which was proposed to pass through it from east to west. Thus the farm was laid out for 330 acres. The east end or one-fourth was given to Thomas Flagg and the west part, three-fourths, to Ebenezer. A few years later Samuel Gates owned the east end, and January 20, 1777, Rev. Ebenezer Flagg of Chester, N. H., a son of Ebenezer Flagg, sold the west part, then estimated as 272 acres, to Ephraim Fairbanks of Bolton, whose son, Jabez Fairbanks, subsequently lived here.

Ensign Edward Walker, who was killed in battle with the Indians July 6, 1690, was a son of Samuel and Sarah (Read) Walker. He was born in Woburn October 12, 1663. In the partition of the grant, 1736, the 200 acres granted to his heirs was owned by Noah Richardson of Woburn, and was allotted in connection with other interests of Noah Richardson.

Samuel Baker, a soldier of Capt. Wiswall's company, 1690, was a son of John and Susannah (Martin) Baker. He was born in Woburn April 21, 1665. He married November 26, 1691, Hannah Winn, a daughter of Increase and Hannah (Sawtell) Winn. He was living when the grant was made. January 5, 1735, he sold his interest in the grant to Noah and David Richardson. In the partition of the grant, 1736,

Noah Richardson owning 200 acres awarded to Edward Walker, and 75 acres, or one-half of Samuel Baker's right, was given 100 acres next south of the Flagg farm. The south line, 440 rods, was parallel with the south line of Fitchburg, and 344 rods south of it. One hundred and seventy-five acres across the south end of the grant were also awarded to him.

William Bruce, a soldier of Capt. Wiswall's company, 1690, was a son of George and Elizabeth (Clark) Bruce. He was born in Woburn April 28, 1667. He married March 15, 1693, Elizabeth Gould. He was living when the grant was made and December 23, 1734, he sold his interest to Jabez Richardson and William Patten. In the partition of the grant, 1736, three farms 30 rods from north to south and 400 rods from east to west were laid south of the 100-acre farm of Noah Richardson. Each farm was supposed to contain 75 acres. The northern farm was assigned to William Patten, the central one next south was given to David Richardson, and the south farm next north of Noah Richardson's south lot was awarded to Jabez Richardson. David Richardson acquired one of the adjoining farms and after his death his son, David, sold 150 acres to Robert Legate, March 15, 1770. The west part of this farm was near Bald hill. It was later owned by Thomas Legate and by him sold in 1797 to Phineas Butler.

The surviving children of Noah Richardson in 1775 were Bartholomew, Jude, and Phebe. They sold the south farm of 175 acres to Eliakim Morrill of Natick.

Samuel Locke, a soldier of Capt. Wiswall's company, 1690, was a son of Deacon William and Mary (Clark) Locke. He was born in Woburn October 14, 1669. He lived in Lexington, where he died about 1750. By the terms of the grant he was entitled to 150 acres, which was laid out in connection with the farm of Benjamin Baldwin.

Benjamin Baldwin, a soldier of Capt. Wiswall's company, 1690, was a son of Henry and Phebe (Richardson) Baldwin. He was born in Woburn January 20, 1672-3. He died in Woburn April 28, 1736. His widow, Hannah, died September 28, 1736. His son, Benjamin Baldwin, received 150 acres. In the original survey of the grant of 1500 acres there was an added area near the southeast corner bounded on the south by projecting the south line of the main part easterly to the

old west line of Leominster and beginning at a point in the east line of the grant 400 rods southerly from the line of Fitchburg, thence easterly to the old west line of Leominster. This addition contained 300 acres. It was divided in the middle by a north and south line. The western half was given to Benjamin Baldwin. The eastern half adjoining the old west line of Leominster was given to Samuel Locke, who sold it July 26, 1769, to James Boutell of Leominster.

The Stearns grant.—Timothy Stearns, representing that his grandfather, Shubael Stearns of Lynn, was a soldier in King Philip's war, and that the descendants of the soldier were not included in the grant of the seven Narragansett towns, petitioned for a grant of land to which the general court assented. His title to 125 acres was confirmed March 27, 1750. The land was surveyed by Joseph Wilder, Jr., of Lancaster, and was located in Notown. It was a figure with six sides and was bounded on the east by the old west line of Leominster. In the west line of Leominster about 400 rods south of Fitchburg there was an angle. This grant bounded on Leominster 172 rods north and 80 rods south of the angle. It was bounded on the north by the White grant.

The Stone grant.—This grant is another incident in the history of the attack upon New Hampshire in 1690. Lieutenant Bancroft, commanding a company recruited from Reading, Andover, and vicinity, met the enemy at Exeter, N. H., July 5, 1690. In this engagement Simon Stone of Andover was severely wounded. In a petition for a grant of land in 1738, he says:

> That during the fight your petitioner had the misfortune to receive nine of the enemy's shot in several parts of the body and was given up for dead for a considerable time.
>
> That after the fight was over a party of Indians making a discovery of what persons were slain happened upon your petitioner and perceiving life in him, as he has been informed, gave him two very greivous wounds in his head with a hatchet, but the English being near, had not time to scalp your petitioner.
>
> That notwithstanding all his wounds, through the good providence of God, your petitioner after great smart and pain was cured of his wounds to the admiration of all the beholders, for the truth of which your petitioner would refer himself to the history of those times wrote by the Rev. Mr. Cotton Mather.

Mather's story of this event is found in Magnalia, edition of 1820, Vol. II, page 525, as follows:

> At this time there happened a remarkable thing. Simon Stone being wounded with shot in nine several places lay for dead among the dead. The Indians coming to strip him attempted with two several blows of an hatchet at his neck to cut off his head, which blows added, you may be sure, more enormous wounds unto those port holes of death at which the life of the poor man was already running out as fast as it could. Being charged hard, they left without scalping him. And the English now coming to bury the dead, one of the soldiers perceived this poor man to fetch a gasp, whereupon a fellow then present advised them to give him another dab with an hatchet and so bury him with the rest. The English, detesting this barbarous advice, lifted up the wounded man and poured a little fair water into his mouth at which he coughed, then they poured a little strong water after it, at which he opened his eyes.
>
> But Simon Stone was thoroughly cured and is at this day a very lusty man.

Having read the petition of Simon Stone and being familiar with the story of Cotton Mather, the general court could not refuse to grant his petition. A grant of 200 acres was made December 9, 1738. Subsequently it was discovered that the grant had been located in Leominster and the title was void. Simon Stone died in 1747. A new grant of 200 acres was made to his widow, Esther Stone, January 27, 1751. This was located in Notown and the title was confirmed by the general court May 30, 1752. It was bounded on the north by the farm of Samuel Locke, on the east by the old west line of Leominster, and south and west by province land. In 1774 it was sold by the children of the grantee to Robert Baker of Marlborough.

Simon Stone, a son of Hugh and Hannah (Foster) Stone, was born in Andover October 8, 1671. In youth he was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. His father murdered his mother April 20, 1689, and was executed. His maternal grandmother, Ann, wife of Andrew Foster, was accused of witchcraft and committed to the jail. She escaped execution by dying of disease. His wounds and sufferings in 1690 were cumulative tribulation.

Before 1730 he purchased and removed to a homestead in Shrewsbury. Later his farm was found to be partly in Lancaster as town lines then existed. He was called sometimes of Shrewsbury and sometimes of Lancaster.

The Drury Purchase.—Daniel Drury, a son of Caleb and Elizabeth (Eames) Drury, was born in Framingham April 25, 1709. He married July 14, 1729, Sarah Flagg of Sudbury, and settled in Shrewsbury, where he died June 5, 1786. March 30, 1750, he represented to the general court that he had purchased a part of the Willard grant or Gardner's farm and that he desired to purchase a lot of 76 acres which adjoined. The land was sold to Mr. Drury for fourteen pounds and five shillings. This lot was near the southeast corner of Notown, and since 1838 has been a part of Princeton.

The Public Sale of Land in Notown.—The General Court, June 4, 1752, ordered the sale at auction of three lots of land in Notown, but the following day the order was amended including a fourth tract in Notown. One lot sold at this time contained 927 acres and is situated on or near the line of Westminster and was north of the Plaisted or Potash farm in Princeton. This lot is now in Princeton and Westminster. The second lot was west of the Wiswall grant and is now in Westminster. Then there was sold a lot of 200 acres and a lot of 177 which joined Fitchburg. A part or all of the last two lots are probably in Westminster.

In the journals of the general court reference is made to the land which "Hon. James Allen bought of the Province." This land was in Notown and is now in Leominster. James Allen was a son of Hon. Jeremiah Allen, the treasurer many years of the Province.

Daniel Allen of Sterling in 1789 bought of William Rice a part of the Willard grant or Gardner farm with a dwelling house and barn thereon. In census of 1790, Daniel Allen with ten persons in his family was living in Notown. He was probably the Daniel Allen who married in Sterling, 1772, Rebecca Houghton, daughter of Abijah and Alice (Joslin) Houghton. Their children baptized in Sterling, 1773-1783, were Daniel, Molly, Alice, Joseph House, Rebecca, Cynthia, Elijah.

Jabez Fairbanks, son of Ephraim and Achsah Fairbanks, was born in Bolton, now Berlin, November 22, 1755. He married January 23, 1778, Lucy Bailey, born January 6, 1759, daughter of Col. Silas and Lucy (Brigham) Bailey of Berlin.

He married second, July 19, 1786, Betsey Baker, born in Bolton, now Berlin, March 1, 1763, daughter of Hon. Samuel and Susannah (Tainter) Baker. He was a soldier in the Revolution. About 1779 he settled in Notown, where he died about 1796. His widow, Betsey, married second, November 16, 1802, Deacon John Thurston, son of Deacon John and Hepsebah (Burpee) Thurston of Fitchburg. He died April 28, 1814; she married third, October 23, 1816, Deacon Isaac Davis of Northboro. He died April 27, 1826. She died 1850. There is no record of the birth of the children of Jabez Fairbanks, but there were at least three by the first and four by the second marriage.

I. Silas, born 1780, lived in Berlin. He married Martha Jones, daughter of Samuel and Martha (Fay) Jones; he married second, Mary Ann Houghton, daughter of Jonah Houghton. Several children and of these was Col. Silas B. Fairbanks, born October 9, 1808, a prominent citizen of Berlin and Hudson.

II. Lucy, probably married Deacon Oliver Sawyer of Berlin.

III. Jabez, born about 1785, married in Fitchburg February 11, 1813, Salome Wetherbee, born in Fitchburg December 7, 1788, daughter of Paul and Dorcas (Hovey) Wetherbee. He lived in Fitchburg, where he died 1841.

IV. Samuel, born 1788, lived in Florida.

V. Eli, born March 19, 1790; married April 22, 1824, Abigail Dix Young, born in Hancock, Me., 1793, daughter of Stephen Young. He lived in Worcester, where he died May 13, 1849. She died 1881. Three children.

VI. Betsey, born January 22, 1792; married in Westboro October 4, 1821, Abel Wood, born February 25, 1784, son of John and Lydia (Hosmer) Wood. He was a manufacturer of musical instruments in Leominster. He died June 1, 1845.

VII. Polly, born December 17, 1795; married June 4, 1822, Nahum Forbes, born in Westboro April 23, 1785, son of Phineas and Ruth (Adams) Forbes. His second marriage. They lived in Westboro. He died 1842; she died May 13, 1860.

Joseph Fuller, son of Nehemiah and Mary (Conant) Fuller, was born in the part of Lunenburg now Fitchburg July 22,

1759. He married, 1781, Eunice Dodge, born in Lunenburg September 11, 1767, daughter of Seth and Sarah (Smith) Dodge. They lived in Fitchburg until 1796, when he removed to Notown, returning to Fitchburg in 1800. He was a soldier in the Revolution. He died in Bolton October 20, 1837. Record is found of five children: Bette, born in Fitchburg April 15, 1782; Reuben, born in Fitchburg, August 3, 1795; Austin born in Notown November 9, 1798; Augustus, born in Fitchburg April 24, 1801; Daniel, born in Fitchburg July 26, 1803.

Gibbs. Not many of this name have resided in Notown. Jesse Gibbs and Lucy Rice, both of Notown, were married in Leominster September 26, 1810. She died in Fitchburg January 27, 1824. Mary Gibbs of Notown married in Leominster July 2, 1811, Joel Brown of Sudbury.

Abel Houghton, born in Sterling, 1757, married, 1778, Rebecca Willard. He was a soldier in the Revolution. Soon after his marriage he settled in Notown. In the census of 1790 there were seven persons in his family. He died April 21, 1823. His wife died June 13, 1822. Buried in Princeton. Not all of their children are named.

I. Willard, born May 24, 1787, married June 14, 1833, Lucy Powers of Leominster. They lived in Princeton, Westminster, and Sterling.

II. Abel, born 1793, married April 12, 1813, Lucretia Phelps of Lancaster. He died in Princeton November 19, 1833.

III. Pamelia, married March 13, 1814, John Conant, born in Stow January 12, 1790, son of John and Huldah (Hubbard) Conant. She died in Stow March 1, 1815. He married second Mary Prescott Hosmer and removed to Jaffrey, N. H. In life he made liberal donations to the town of Jaffrey, to State Asylum for the Insane, to the Agricultural college and to the New London academy.

Thomas Legate married Magdalen Dupee, a daughter of John and Naomi (Walden) Dupee. She was born in Boston December 7, 1714. He settled in the southeast part of Leominster, then a part of Lancaster, as early as 1733. The locality is still known as Legate hill. He died in the army at Louisbourg, 1745. Their children were:

I. Elizabeth, born October 4, 1733 (recorded 1743); married Hon. Charles Morris, son of Hon. Charles and Mary (Reed) Morris. They lived in Hopkinton, Mass., and in Halifax, N. S.

II. Col. Thomas, born October 7, 1734. He was a captain in the Colonial militia and lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution, and represented Leominster in the first legislature under the state constitution. He was a selectman of Leominster many years. He married April 20, 1760, Mary Morris, born March 27, 1742, daughter of Hon. Charles and Mary (Reed) Morris. She died February 26, 1766. He married second, October 23, 1777, Deborah Shepard, who died December 15, 1801; he married third, February 19, 1803, Mehitable Calef. He died in Leominster July 13, 1807. His daughter Mary married Metaphor Chase. Her descendants have been numerous and honored in Leominster. Thomas, the only son of Col. Thomas, married Deborah Vose. He was captain, selectman, and representative. He died February 25, 1807, leaving several children.

III. Mary, born June 23, 1737.

IV. Robert, born July 26, 1742.

Capt. Robert Legate, son of Thomas and Magdalen (Dupee) Legate, was born in Leominster July 26, 1742. He bought a farm in the Wiswall grant in 1770 and lived in Notown; the orchard and cellar-hole can be found on the north slope of Bald hill. At the Lexington alarm he served as sergeant in Capt. John Joslin's company. September 27, 1776, he was commissioned a lieutenant in Col. Craft's regiment of artillery. He served in this regiment until July 24, 1778, when he was discharged at his request, stating that "the situation of his family was such that it was necessary he should be at home." He and one or two of his sons were soldiers in the suppression of Shays' rebellion. He married in Leominster March 5, 1767, Mary Colburn, born October 4, 1742, daughter of Nathaniel and Dorcas (Jones) Colburn. Robert Legate and wife Mary united with the church of Leominster April 22, 1770. No record is found of their death. Not all of their children are named in this register.

I. William, born December 2, 1768, married in Barre June 24, 1788, Sally Holland.

II. Thomas, born May 6, 1771, married in Harvard October 6, 1795, Polly Farwell.

III. Mary, born 1773, died young.

IV. Mary, born June 28, 1774, married, 1795, Nathan Whitcomb.

V. Robert, born 1778.

Levi Maynard, son of David and Ann (Oak) Maynard, was born in Westboro August 24, 1745. He married Esther Savage and lived in Northboro until 1784, when he removed with four children to Notown. He was a soldier on the quota of Northboro in the Revolution. His wife died in Notown October 12, 1792. He married second, 1812, Phebe (Wright) Winter, widow of John Winter of Ashburnham. About 1814 he removed to Ashburnham, where he died December 30, 1822. His widow Phebe married Benjamin Hawes. She died December 27, 1847, aged 84. Seven children were born in Northboro and four in Notown.

I. Eli, born August 27, 1766. He was 18 years of age when the family removed to Notown. He married May 26, 1790, Abiah Maynard. She died in Notown May 3, 1795. He married second, January 17, 1796, Esther Keyes, born August 24, 1772, daughter of Abner and Mary (Shedd) Keyes of Hancock, N. H. He removed to Hancock, where he was a town officer and a deacon of the church. He died April 22, 1840. His widow died August 16, 1861. By the first marriage he had three children, born in Notown: (1) Betsey, married Abner Rogers; (2) Esther, married Jeremiah Baldwin; (3) Polly, married Enoch Nichols.

II. Milley, born January 30, 1768; married April 12, 1786, Moses Merrill. See.

III. Esther, born January 29, 1770, married March 13, 1795, William White, born in Bolton, November 27, 1772, son of William and Lydia (Goodell) White. They lived in Marlboro, N. H. Eight children.

IV. Rachael, born January 24, 1772, married February 14, 1796, Jacob Carter, born in Leominster September 4, 1763, son of Col. Josiah and Tabitha (Hough) Carter. He was a deaf mute. They lived in Leominster, where he died August 27, 1825. She died August 30, 1830. Six children.

V. Oliver, born March 22, 1774.
VI. Anne, born October 10, 1779.
VII. Nabby, born February 18, 1782.
VIII. Levi, born July 22, 1785.
IX. Betsey, born August 13, 1787.
X. Elias, born March 10, 1789.
XI. Lucy, born October 6, 1792.

Moses Merrill, born in Fitchburg 1764, son of Daniel and Abigail Merrill. He was a soldier in the Revolution. He married April 12, 1786, Milly Maynard, daughter of Levi Maynard. See. He settled in Notown, but removed to Hancock, N. H. His wife died in Hancock August 14, 1808. Five children.

I. Milly, born November 29, 1786.
II. Esther, born October 11, 1788.
III. Moses, born August 3, 1790.
IV. Eli Maynard, born July 3, 1794.
V. Amos, born October 17, 1796.

Timothy Newton, son of Elisha and Sarah (Tomlin) Newton, was born in Shrewsbury May 17, 1737. He married February 10, 1763, Huldah Wheelock, born in Shrewsbury July 20, 1741, daughter of Samuel and Huldah (Rice) Wheelock. He lived on Gardner's farm in Notown until February, 1766, when he removed to Princeton. The following year he removed to Rutland and soon after to Hubbardston, where he died June 30, 1818. The death of his wife, Huldah, who was the mother of his children, is not on record. He married, second, November 21, 1799, Lydia Martin, who died August 4, 1840. Seven children.

I. Relief, born February 14, 1764, died August 24, 1788.
II. Joel, born September 25, 1766, married Nabby Bruce.
III. Timothy, born July 5, 1771, married November 9, 1800, Phebe Howe. Lived in Westminster. Thirteen children.
IV. Huldah, born July 2, 1774.
V. Nathan, born June 21, 1776, married June 26, 1804, Miriam Lyon, who died June 30, 1820; married second, October 14, 1821, Widow Miranda Davis. He died November 13, 1839. He lived in Hubbardston.
VI. Asa, born January 26, 1779; married.

VII. Ithamar, born October 24, 1781, married October 15, 1807, Polly Nichols.

Jacob Norcross, son of Joseph and Hannah (Shepard) Norcross, was born in Weston October 19, 1751. The family removed from Weston to Princeton in 1764. Joseph, the father, owned a tract of land in Notown, which he deeded to the son, Jacob, August 8, 1776. The son, Jacob, was a soldier in the Revolution. He married March 1, 1781, Isabel Bannar. In the census of 1790 he is counted of Princeton, but many references to the family designate the parents and children as residents of Notown. He died November 25, 1805. His wife, Isabel, died July 16, 1807. They were buried in Princeton. It is probable that not all the children are named in this imperfect register.

I. Nancy, born August 15, 1781, married December 4, 1811, Timothy Rice, "both of Notown." See Rice family.

II. Polly, born November 16, 1782.

III. Lucinda, married May 26, 1808, Silas Parmenter. See.

IV. Jacob, died February 5, 1789.

V. Isabel, married February 9, 1809, Peter Stewart, born in Leominster February 7, 1786, son of John and Elizabeth (Dresser) Stewart. Six children born in Leominster.

Thomas Palmer, son of John and Mary Palmer, was born about 1742. John, the father, died in Newton June 8, 1809, leaving a will in which he names sons Thomas, William, and John and daughters Ann, who married Samuel Parker, and Mary, who married Noah Wiswall of Notown. Thomas Palmer married in Newton May 8, 1766, Margaret Wiswall, born in Newton February 25, 1744, daughter of Noah and Thankful (Fuller) Wiswall. August 16, 1766, Noah Wiswall gave him a deed of gift of 240 acres, being part of the grant which has been described. Of this land "Thomas Palmer, living on farm near Fitchburg," deeds 30 acres to his brother-in-law, Noah Wiswall, Jr., who owned the adjoining farm. In 1768 the town of Fitchburg laid a highway to his land. In 1838 the farm with other lands was annexed to Westminster. He was a soldier in the Revolution, serving in Capt. White's company of Col. Cushing's regiment at Rhode Island in 1776.

The children of Thomas and Margaret (Wiswall) Palmer were Thomas, John, William, Francis, Joseph, Margaret, Sarah, Ann, Mary, and Alice. The order of age is not known.

Joseph Palmer, son of Thomas and Margaret (Wiswall) Palmer, was born in Notown in May, 1789. He lived on the homestead in Notown until 1843, when he joined the society of transcendentalists at Fruitlands in the town of Harvard. This society was organized by Amos Bronson Alcott, assisted by Charles Lane, who furnished the small sum of money invested in the farm. Here Louisa Alcott lived while the society existed. Mr. Lane returned to England and the society was dissolved. Joseph Palmer bought the farm and here lived until his death. He married, 1818, Nancy (Thompson) Tenney, widow of John Tenney. She died July 25, 1859. He died October 30, 1873. They are buried at Leominster. Their children were Thomas Palmer, the well-known dentist of Fitchburg, and Nancy Palmer, who married Joshua R. Holman.

Silas Parmenter, son of Deliverance and Ruth (Hayden) Parmenter, was born in Sudbury May 26, 1752. He was a soldier from Sudbury in the Revolution. He married in Sudbury November 5, 1772, Ruth Hayden, born in Sudbury July 13, 1756, daughter of Thomas and Mary (Ball) Hayden. Soon after the Revolution he removed to Notown. In the census of 1790 he was included in the census of Leominster, but he lived in Notown. His wife united with the church of Leominster June 4, 1809. She died March 14, 1812. He married second, June 29, 1814, Elizabeth Goodnow. He died in December, 1828. There is no record of the birth of his children. There were children not named in this register.

I. Polly, born in Sudbury, married January 1, 1801, Reuben Billings of Ashburnham. In the record of marriage she was said to be "living on land adjacent to Leominster." In 1805 they removed from Ashburnham to Fitchburg. He died June 5, 1835. She died April 15, 1841.

II. Silas married in Leominster May 26, 1808, Lucinda Norcross, see, both of Notown. Of the children of Silas and Lucinda Parmenter only fragmentary record is found. Four children of Silas and Lucinda Parmenter, "living on a gore

called Notown," died 1816, 1819, 1823, 1834. Jonas, son of Silas and Lucinda, was born "on a gore of land adjacent to Leominster" May 8, 1809; Silas, son of Silas and Lucinda, was born February 8, 1813. George, son of Silas and Lucinda, married in Princeton August 8, 1844, Julia A. Rich.

III. Peter married April 8, 1824, Phebe Eames, "both of Notown."

William Rice, son of William and Martha (Rice) Rice, was born in Sudbury July 10, 1722. He married in Sudbury August 16, 1753, Abigail Willis, born in Sudbury September 8, 1727, daughter of Josiah and Sarah (Wood) Willis. He lived in Natick and in Sudbury until he purchased and removed to the Willard grant or Gardner's farm in the south part of Notown and near the line of Princeton. He sold his farm with a house and barn to Daniel Allen in 1789, and removed to Princeton. A record of his death is not found. His children were:

I. Isaac, born March 29, 1754, died young.

II. Isaac, born October 30, 1755.

III. Rebecca, born January 29, 1758.

IV. Sarah, born April 22, 1760.

V. Ruth, born March 2, 1764, married December 21, 1784, Thomas Conant of Westminster.

VI. Abel, born January 27, 1768.

Elijah Rice, a son of Elijah and Elizabeth (Rice) Rice, was born at Sudbury June 4, 1763. He came in his youth to Notown. He married December 14, 1784, Experience Lawrence, who died in Notown about 1820. He married second, June 28, 1825, Polly (Bennett) Stearns, widow of Samuel Stearns of Fitchburg. He died at Wayland April 19, 1839. Only approximate dates of birth of his children can be given.

I. Persis, born 1785, married Elijah Maynard. See.

II. Timothy, born 1787, married December 4, 1811, Nancy Norcross. See. They lived several years at least in Notown.

III. Betsey, born 1789, married William Chapman.

IV. Lucy, born 1790, married September 26, 1810, Jesse Gibbs, see.

V. Jonah, born 1792, married February 6, 1818, Nancy

Hill of Fitchburg. He lived in Fitchburg, where six children were born.

IV. Reuben.

VII. Asa, born 1805, married Mercena Quinn. He lived in Wilmington, Vermont.

VIII. Martha, born 1808, married, 1826, William Andrews Clark of Hubbardston. She died at Leominster January 18, 1827. He married second, December 6, 1827, Elizabeth Root, and removed to Ludlow.

Elisha Rice lived several years in Notown. He had a family but a record has not been found.

Thomas Stearns, son of Samuel and Sarah (Burnap) Stearns, was born in Lynn December 22, 1717. He married in Lynn November 4, 1740, Lydia Mansfield, born in Lynn, January 4, 1718, daughter of Daniel and Joanna (Burrage) Mansfield. She was a cousin of the first William Burrage of Leominster. He bought of Timothy Poole of Lynn 95 acres in the southwest part of Lunenburg adjoining the north line of Leominster. His land since 1764 has been a part of Fitchburg. The date of the deed is November 28, 1738. Here he settled in 1740. November 1, 1752, he sold his farm in Fitchburg and bought the White grant in Notown. On his petition in 1763 his farm in Notown was annexed to Leominster, and here is found the reason for the sharp angles in the north part of the old west line of Leominster. He and his wife united with the church of Leominster in May, 1744. He was an intelligent man and a valued citizen. His wife died in Leominster February 26, 1791. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Kendall, in Templeton February 7, 1811. Eleven children.

I. Thomas, born in Lynn July 9, 1741; died August 26, 1746.

II. Lydia, born in Lynn May 28, 1743; died August 30, 1746.

III. Sarah, born in Fitchburg July 2, 1745; died August 31, 1746.

IV. Thomas, born in Fitchburg May 9, 1747; married January 9, 1771, Mary White, born in Lancaster 1750, daughter of Nathaniel and Lydia (Phelps) White. He was a prom-

inent citizen of Fitchburg, where he died February 17, 1793. His descendants are numerous.

V. Daniel, born in Fitchburg July 31, 1749; married October 26, 1769, Hannah Wetherbee, daughter of Paul Wetherbee of Fitchburg. He lived in Leominster, where he died suddenly June 4, 1777. Daniel Stearns and his wife united with the church of Leominster January 24, 1773. His widow married July 8, 1784, Samuel Hale. She died August 22, 1789.

VI. Lydia, born July 24, 1751; married June 14, 1774, David Child, born in Shrewsbury January 30, 1744-5, son of David and Grace (Brown) Child. Lived in Notown and later in Westminster, where she died March 13, 1814. He died March 17, 1812.

VII. Charles, born July 19, 1753. Harvard university, 1773; D. D., 1810. He was the distinguished divine and author of Lincoln. He united with the church of Leominster November 20, 1773, and dismissed to the church in Lincoln October 20, 1781. He married January 3, 1782, Susannah Cowdrey, daughter of Jonathan and Rachel (Green) Cowdrey of Reading. He died in Lincoln July 26, 1826. His widow died July 24, 1832.

VIII. Sarah, born March 12, 1755; married February 26, 1779, James Boutelle, born in Leominster March 18, 1754, son of James and Elizabeth (Smith) Boutelle. She died in Leominster February 10, 1795. He died September 26, 1822.

IX. Rebecca, born March 2, 1757; married May 30, 1786, Jeremiah Lord of Winchendon.

X. Timothy, born April 4, 1759; married September 21, 1780, Mary Lincoln, born August 28, 1758, daughter of Mark and Mary (Carter) Lincoln of Leominster. He died at Leominster September 13, 1795. His widow married Deacon Ephraim Carter. There were eight children of Timothy and Mary (Lincoln) Stearns.

XI. Joanna, born April 25, 1762; married January 3, 1782, Noah Kendall of Templeton. She died September 2, 1848; he died December 5, 1845. No children.

Timothy Stearns, the only grantee of land in Notown who settled upon his grant, was a son of Samuel and Sarah Burnap Stearns. He was born in Lynn, June 17, 1712. He mar-

ried November 3, 1737, Elizabeth Jenkins, born in Wilmington, daughter of Joel and Mary (Chadwick) Jenkins. She died in Wilmington March 16, 1738. He married second, Dinah Pierce, born in Woburn November 2, 1719, daughter of Daniel and Dinah (Holt) Pierce. He lived in Wilmington and in Harvard until 1750, when he removed to his grant in Notown, where he died about 1758. His widow, Dinah, married November 1, 1770, Jonathan Thayer of Charlemont. Seven children.

I. Elizabeth, born in Wilmington November 8, 1740, died. November 23, 1740.

II. Timothy, born in Harvard December 19, 1742, married, 1765, Lydia Walton of Reading. He married second, February 13, 1785, Mrs. Sarah Williams of Reading. He married third, April 17, 1803, Mary Bowers of Leominster. He lived in Leominster, Notown, Lynn, and Framingham. He died January 15, 1831. His wife died January 3, 1820.

III. Samuel, born June 4, 1745, married December 26, 1772, Sarah Graves, born June 8, 1746, daughter of Peter Graves of Stow. She died in Leominster June 12, 1790. He married again and died in Fitchburg about 1805.

IV. Benjamin, born 1747, baptized at Lancaster May 24, 1747. He died in Leominster July 23, 1796.

V. Isaac, born July 1, 1749, baptized at Leominster August 6, 1749. He lived in Charlemont.

VI. Elizabeth, born November 7, 1751, married Deacon Ephraim Adams, born December 15, 1749, son of Deacon Ephraim and Lydia (Kinsman) Adams of New Ipswich. She died March 29, 1810. He died April 15, 1825.

VII. Dinah, baptized January 18, 1756, married Jonathan Whitney of Buckland.

Samuel Tenney, son of Capt. Joseph and Ruth (Hills) Tenney, born in Leominster July 19, 1789, married December 9, 1823, Betsey Whitcomb. In the record of marriage the residence is given "both of Notown." He died in Leominster September 14, 1863.

John Tenney, son of Capt. Joseph and Ruth (Hills) Tenney, born March 25, 1784, married in 1806 Nancy Thompson. He lived in Leominster, where his five children were born. He died September 9, 1812. His widow married, 1818, Joseph Palmer, see. In record of marriage both were of Notown.

Noah Wiswall, son of Capt. Noah and Thankful (Fuller) Wiswall, was born in Newton July 7, 1740. He married in Newton December 1, 1768, Mary Palmer, a daughter of John and Mary Palmer and a sister of Thomas Palmer, who married Margaret, a sister of Noah Wiswall. By a deed dated February 4, 1768, he was presented a farm of 240 acres in Notown, being the northwest corner of the Wiswall grant and adjoining Fitchburg. He is mentioned in the Fitchburg records in 1770. He was taxed several years in Fitchburg and later in Westminster, but neither town was authorized by law to assess him or collect a tax. In the census of 1790 his family was enumerated in Fitchburg, while the family of Thomas Palmer, living on an adjoining farm, was enumerated in a gore adjoining Fitchburg. On his petition the farm of Noah Wiswall was annexed to Westminster December 22, 1786. He died in Westminster October 21, 1800. His wife, Mary, died May 30, 1824. The farm has been divided into several parcels. There were ten children of Noah and Mary Wiswall.

Jeremiah Youlen lived in Notown many years. A record of his birth and death has not been discovered. He married in Fitchburg November 25, 1774, Judith Poole. He married second, in 1776, Sarah Goodell, born in Bolton, June 9, 1754, daughter of David and Lydia (Putnam) Goodell of Bolton and Fitchburg. There were several children in his family, but record of only one is found.

I. Joshua Poole Youlen, born 1775, was living in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1797. He married in Boston October 24, 1801, Assena Patch of Ashby.

OLD CLOCKS IN FITCHBURG.
I—WOOD CLOCKS.

Read before the Society, March 17, 1913.

BY EZRA S. STEARNS, A. M.

Eternity without beginning and without end, and all things infinite, are beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Only a limited portion of duration, which we call time, can be estimated and measured. The standard measure of time is found in the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth, and perfect timepieces conform to the measure of nature. Centuries, years, months, and days are the limits of history and of the work of man. Timepieces only indicate the progress of the day, and thus they regulate our daily lives and set the limits of our avocations.

The modern clock is the ripened product of centuries of experiment and invention. Two centuries ago the aim of the clockmaker was accuracy and durability. The clocks of that period were expensive, and their possession was an insignia of wealth and luxury. They were transmitted from father to son, and their history was written in wills and conveyances.

During the past century clockmaking has been more competitive and the aim has been, and now is, to reduce the cost of manufacture and to cultivate a broader market. The old clocks of hammered brass, in elaborate cases, were owned only by the rich. To-day one can buy a serviceable, if not durable, watch or clock for a dollar, and the possession of a timepiece is no longer a mark of distinction.

The early clocks of America were imported from England, and in smaller number from France and Holland. They were the tall or long case clocks. All of the parts were of hammered brass and hand-made. The pendulums beating seconds were called 40-inch pendulums, but the pendulum rods were

nearer 39.37 inches, the length of a metre in the metric system. The cases, made from selected woods, were well finished and of pleasing proportions, often of ornate carving, and with inlays of satinwood.

The earliest clocks made in this country were made by artisans from abroad, and with them the first American artisans were apprentices. It naturally follows that the first clocks made in this country were copies of the imported clocks, and the cost of production forbade a general use.

Before the advent of a cheaper clock, and while the number in use was limited, the hour of the day was often expressed in quaint but significant terms. Prayer meetings were called at early candle lighting. The sentinel was ordered to his post at a half-hour after sunset and dismissed at break of day. The events of the day were noted by the altitude of the sun. It is recorded that a citizen of Lunenburg was born "Thursday morning before sunrise," and a brother was born "Sabbath day, sun about half an hour high at night," and a sister was born "Saturday morning, sun about two hours high."

The world, meanwhile, was calling for cheaper clocks, and a more general use. It was the mission of the Yankee to discover that wood was cheaper and more easily worked than brass, and that wheels made from selected wood were serviceable in the train of a clock.

Our interest in an ancient clock is born in the story of the man who made it, and in a knowledge of the persons who have owned it. I have been invited to examine and I have interviewed over one hundred ancient clocks in Fitchburg. So far as the facts are available I have secured the name of the maker and of the former owners. There are so many styles of clocks that some classification must attend any intelligent discussion. This paper will be limited to a discussion of wood clocks now owned in Fitchburg. On another occasion I hope to tell the story of many of the brass and more aristocratic clocks of this city.

The early wood clocks made in New England were copies of the brass clocks, except that the train of wheels were wood instead of brass, and they wound by lifting the weight and pulling a cord attached to the winding cylinder. The

brass clocks were wound with a key. They were in tall cases, with dials six feet from the floor, and, like the brass clocks, the pendulums beat seconds. They were serviceable clocks, and many now one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old are still reliable timepieces.

One of the earliest makers of the long case wood clocks was Jonas Fitch. He was a son of Zachariah and Elizabeth (Grimes) Fitch, and was born at Bedford, Mass., February 5, 1741. His father was a brother of John Fitch, in whose honor Fitchburg was named. Through his active life Jonas Fitch was a farmer of Pepperell, Mass. He was drowned at Groton June 11, 1808. In the winter season, before and during the Revolution, he made a few clocks. They are lettered on the dial "Jonas Fitch." They are well made and good timekeepers. The present location of several is known. Jonas Fitch, the well-known architect of Boston, was a grandson of Jonas Fitch, the clockmaker.

One of the Jonas Fitch clocks is in Fitchburg. It was purchased by Benjamin Bacon of Bedford, who died in 1791, when it was inherited by his son Benjamin, who died in 1828. Then the old clock was removed to the house of his son, Stephen Bacon, in Sharon, N. H. He was born at Bedford in 1778 and died in Sharon in 1859. The clock remained at the homestead in Sharon and in the possession of his son Stephen Bacon, who was born in Sharon in 1802 and died in 1867. His son, William P. Bacon, removed the clock to his home in Temple, N. H., and removed it from Temple to Fitchburg in 1897. The old monarch was struck by lightning several years ago and escaped without serious injury.

In any mention of the early clockmakers, the Edwards and the Willards of Ashby are entitled to a conspicuous position. They were pioneers in the manufacture and were enterprising in business. They traded clocks for any commodity they could sell, and when they could not do better they accepted cash in payment for their clocks. The price of their clocks was one-half the price of a common brass clock, and one-fourth the price of superior grades. They satisfied a local demand, and gratified many families with the luxury of a clock.

Abraham and Calvin Edwards were sons of Samuel and Huldah (Estabrook) Edwards. They were born in Concord,

Mass., Abraham in 1761 and Calvin in 1763. In 1777 the family removed to Ashby, Mass. Abraham was a soldier from Ashby in the Revolution, and through life was an active citizen. He was a representative and a selectman several years.

In 1792 the brothers, Abraham and Calvin Edwards, bought of Jonathan Stickney of Billerica a tract of land in Ashby village. The homestead is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Augusta H. Wright. Here, in a large two-story house, the brothers resided, and here, in a shop on the premises, the first series of Edwards clocks were made. It is probable, indeed it appears certain, that they had made several clocks before 1792.

Where and with whom they acquired the art of clockmaking is not known. In the absence of record, any statement on this point that has been made is only conjecture and is useless. Many of the Edwards clocks are preserved, and they are the faithful oracles of an early industry. They were the long case clocks, with dials about six feet from the floor, the pendulums beating seconds. They were very similar to the clocks made by Jonas Fitch of Pepperell. The train of wheels and the escapement were similar to the brass clocks of that period, but the wheels were of wood, and the clocks were wound by lifting the weights and pulling a cord attached to a ratchet. The brass clocks were wound with a key. The dials of the brass clocks were of hammered brass or a thin sheet of metal. The dials of the Edwards clocks were a thin board of wood, painted white, with feeble artistic expressions in the corners. Over the circle of the dial of the Edwards clocks is painted a view of the house in which they lived, and in some of the landscapes over the dial are seen the house and the shop in which the clocks were made. All of the clocks made by Abraham and Calvin Edwards were lettered below the center of the dial, "A. & C. Edwards, Ashby," and all were numbered. To compensate for the corrosion of time, many of the dials of the Edwards clocks have been repainted, and the original landscape and lettering are lost.

The tall cases were of old growth pine, but a few of cherry and of birch are found. All were stained as near the color of dressed mahogany as the ingredients at their command would permit. In the first clocks made by A. & C. Edwards

there was neither glass nor door in the hood or bonnet. The dial was exposed to the open air. But the numbers above about two hundred have doors and glass in the hood.

Calvin Edwards died early in 1796. At this date the brothers had made about six hundred clocks. The probate records represent that the brothers had lived in the same house and had made clocks in partnership in the same shop. That they had prospered in business is made known by the inventory of the deceased brother, which was filed in probate October 18, 1796. The joint estate was appraised and one-half was declared the estate of the deceased. Isaac Gregory, Jacob Damon, and Benjamin Colman were the appraisers. The real estate was valued at $2151.00; personal property, $968.55; notes and accounts, $1715.99. To one-half of these sums was added the value of the household goods of which Calvin Edwards was the sole owner, valued at $189.30.

The principal items of the inventory peculiar to their trade were unfinished clocks, glass for clocks, copper, brass, lead, steel, a melting pot, bellows, lathe, vises, and files.

Many of the clocks made by Abraham and Calvin Edwards have been broken, and one occasionally finds in a shop or barn an old clock case converted into a cupboard for the storage of coarse articles. The existing specimens are widely scattered and some are now running fairly well. There are two or more in Ashby and in Townsend. No. 532 is owned by Mrs. Edwin A. Hubbard of Ashby.

In Fitchburg there are four of this series.

No. 199 was owned many years by John Edwin Damon of Ashby. It is now the property of Jonas Whitney. There is no door in the hood.

No. 363 was purchased over 117 years ago by Daniel Mansfield of New Ipswich, N. H. He died in 1816, when the clock became the willing servant of his son, Israel Mansfield, and later of Supply Wilson Mansfield, a grandson of the original owner. It remained at the same homestead until the death of the last Mrs. Mansfield in 1906, when it was sold to Stephen H. Bacon of Greenville, N. H. This venerable clock now fills a cozy corner in the home of Earl H. Farwell, Highland avenue.

No. 396 was recently purchased by W. W. Newcomb, a jeweler on Main street.

No. — has been in service many years in Ashby. It was originally purchased by Jacob Damon, or by his son, Benjamin Damon, and later owned by Jonas Barrett Damon, a son of Benjamin. It is now a cherished possession of the daughters of Jonas Barrett Damon, and was recently removed from Ashby to the home of Mrs. Clementine Gates and Miss Ida Frances Damon on South street. This clock is more than one hundred and twenty years old. It has no door in the hood and many years ago the dial was repainted and the lettering and the familiar landscape were obscured.

After the death of his brother and partner, Abraham Edwards acquired the sole possession of the homestead, the shop, and the business. For a considerable number of years he was actively engaged in the manufacture of clocks. They were very similar to the clocks of the earlier series. They have the same landscapes over the dials, evidently painted by another hand, and all are lettered on the dials "A. Edwards, Ashby," but they are not numbered. They were widely distributed and good speciments are often met. I have found no evidence that he made any style of clock other than the long case hall clock already described. The introduction of the short shelf clocks about 1820, which were sold at a less price, suspended the manufacture of these grand old giants of the clock world.

During the later years of his life, Mr. Edwards made and sold the old time rifle for sharpening scythes. He died in the summer of 1840. The appraisers estimated the value of his real estate and personal property at nearly $4,000. Measured in the standard of his time, his industry was fairly well rewarded. In the inventory there are found no clock properties, but the appraisers report a quantity of emery and finished woods for scythe rifles.

From time to time Abraham Edwards sold a number of clocks to Esek Whiting, a well-known cabinet-maker of Lunenburg. It was the part of Mr. Whiting to make the tall cases and sell the clocks. On some future occasion I hope to speak at greater length concerning the good service of Mr. Whiting in the world of clocks.

Several of the clocks made by Abraham Edwards are now owned in Fitchburg. All of these are lettered on the dials "A. Edwards, Ashby." They have done good service and nearly all, from long habit perhaps, are keeping time.

I. Marcus A. Coolidge, Blossom street, owns a very good specimen of this series. It was in the possession several years of Levi Warner, who lived near the railroad station in Westminster. Mr. Warner died in 1891, and subsequently the clock was sold to Mr. Coolidge. The weights are soapstone, and the case was probably made by Esek Whiting of Lunenburg.

II. Miss Mary A. Connig, Charles street, owns an A. Edwards clock, which was purchased by her father. The earlier owners are unknown.

III. Charles F. Cowdrey, Lunenburg street, is keeping one of the A. Edwards clocks in a storeroom. It has not been wound for several years, but still wears a cheerful countenance.

IV. Walter K. Wiley, Central street, now owns the clock formerly owned many years by Waldo E. Clapp. Men and things that catch an inspiration from Mr. Wiley generally move. The clock is even running.

V. S. C. Stevens, Main street, has an A. Edwards clock. It is lettered "A. Edwards, Athol." It is probable that the dial has been renewed and, by a fault of memory, Athol is substituted for Ashby.

John Edwards, a son of Abraham, also made clocks in Ashby. The evidence is written on the dials. It is very probable that he did not make many, and none after 1812. The cases are a little taller, the second hand is longer, the landscape over the dial is omitted, but in other features they are of the familiar Edwards pattern. Standing in the hall at the home of John D. Littlehale in Fitchburg is a good specimen of his manufacture. On the dial is written "Jno. Edwards, Ashby." Since 1808 this clock has been owned by his ancestors in Tyngsborough until fifteen years ago, when it was transferred to Mr. Littlehale, and removed to Fitchburg.

John Edwards was born August 18, 1787. He married Sybel Waters, a daughter of Rev. Cornelius Waters of Ashby.

Alexander Tarbell Willard was born at Ashburnham November 4, 1774. He settled in Ashby in 1801, and there engaged in the manufacture of clocks. He was a man of

ability and was active in town affairs. He was town clerk four years, beginning in 1817, and was postmaster from 1812 to 1836. In the building and management of the turnpike he was a potent factor, and in this enterprise he suffered with others considerable loss. He died December 4, 1850. He married July 3, 1800, Tila Oakes of Cohasset. At the time of their marriage she was a school teacher in Ashby, and in later years she painted the dials of the Willard clocks.

Alexander Tarbell Willard began to make clocks in Ashby in 1801. At this date he was 27 years of age. It is a reasonable conjecture that he learned the art of clockmaking of Mr. Edwards, and there is a firm tradition that he and his brother Philander made a few clocks in Ashburnham before they removed to Ashby. The early Willard clocks were in tall cases. They were wood clocks, and the dials were a thin board. Like all wood clocks of an early period, they were wound by a ratchet cord. In general they were copies of the Edwards clocks. The dials were ornamented in a simple manner, and beneath the center is written "Alex. T. Willard, Ashby." He built a spacious house, later owned and occupied by his son, Lysander Bascom Willard, and near by he built a shop in which he made his clocks. The dial of the clock which once announced his business is still discernible on the outer wall of the time-worn shop. About 1820 he suspended the manufacture of the tall clock, and for several years successfully made a short or shelf clock. These had wood works, a wood dial, and wound with a key. The train of wheels and the striking device are similar to those found in the tall clocks of both the Edwards and the Willard pattern. The cases are from twenty-four to thirty inches high, and were designed for the shelf or mantel. In the lower part of the door there is a mirror, which undoubtedly proved a winning card in making sales. This clock was called by Mr. Willard "the improved small clock." In an interleaved almanac, under date of February, 1829, Mr. Willard has written: "Made one improved small clock, took about eight days." And in March of the same year he notes: "Put up another improved small clock; made it in five days."

Two of the tall clocks made by Alexander Tarbell Willard are in Fitchburg. They were not to the manner born. They

moved to this city and were included in the last census. One was purchased many years ago by Ellsworth Hubbard of Sullivan, N. H. It survived him and became a servant of his son, George Frost Hubbard. It is now a member of the family of J. Milton Hubbard, a grandson of the original owner. The clock is a Republican and Congregationalist, but as yet is not a registered voter of Fitchburg.

The other was bought by Benjamin Hastings when he established a home in Rindge, N. H., over one hundred years ago. This clock has lived in an atmosphere of character and veracity, but of late it has been suspected of some considerable deviation from truth in the register of passing time. It is now owned by Mrs. Jennison on Summer street.

William J. Lawrence, who recently died in Ashby at an advanced age, owned one of the "improved small clocks" made by Alexander Tarbell Willard. For many years he retired at night at its beck and arose in the morning at its call. On a Sabbath morning he cut his beard and fastened his collar and stock by the aid of the mirror in the door. It might be regarded by the sex as invidious if I surmised that the women of the household consulted the mirror. It is safer to say that the table was spread and the dinner horn was blown at the bidding of the clock on the mantel. This clock is now in Fitchburg, where its bell counts the hours at the home of Robert N. Wallis, a grandson of Mr. Lawrence.

Philander Jacob Willard, a brother of Alexander Tarbell Willard, was born at Ashburnham September 29, 1772. He made a number of clocks while living in Ashburnham. He did not remove to Ashby until 1825. He lived a few years at least in the house of his brother, and worked in a small shop which stood near the site of the Ashby library. He made telescopes, made and repaired compasses and chains used by field surveyors, and repaired watches and clocks. He made the curious clock now in the possession of Edwin K. Johnson. It is a gravity clock, without mainspring or weights. The clock itself is the weight which gives the escapement an impulsive force. The clock is hung on the wall and by an ingenious and original device, like the weights of an ordinary clock, it falls a short distance each day. It is so constructed that it runs its course in four days, when it must be lifted up and started anew.

He was not prominent in social or town affairs, and did not profit by his labor. Through life he was poor. He died in 1840. His worldly effects were appraised at $60.91. The most notable items of the inventory were a reflecting telescope, valued at $12; an old brass clock, 20 cents; a timepiece, 50 cents; a lot of watch tools, $2; a beveling machine, $5; a box of mathematical instruments, $1; and a part of an electrical machine, 50 cents. His library was appraised at $1.80, and included Kaines' Elements, two volumes; Adams on Mathematical Instruments, two volumes; Artists' Manual, two volumes; Ferguson's Exercises, two volumes; Porter's Trial and Congressional Reports.

A few brass clocks were purchased by the clock-makers of Ashby, and by them encased and sold. But no brass clocks beside the clock of unusual design owned by Mr. Johnson were made there. A brass clock in a case of Ashby pattern was sold many years ago by one of the Willard brothers to Benjamin Hartwell. It has passed from father to son, but has not been removed from the homestead. It is now a cherished possession of Nelson W. Hartwell, on Ashburnham street, in Fitchburg. This old veteran in the army of clocks is still keeping step in the steady march of time.

Silas Hoadley, a son of Ammi and Amy (Thompson) Hoadley, was born at Branford, Conn., January 31, 1786, and died at Plymouth, Conn., December 28, 1870. In partnership with Eli Terry and Seth Thomas, he began the manufacture of the long case wood clocks in 1809. The village which grew around this industry was called for many years Hoadleyville. More recently the name has been changed to Greystone. Eli Terry withdrew from the partnership in 1810, and four years later Seth Thomas sold his interest to Mr. Hoadley, who continued the manufacture of the long case clock. Later he made a shelf clock. He retired from active business in 1849. The tall clocks made by Mr. Hoadley bear the name of the maker on the dial, and are all good timepieces. Unlike other clocks of this class, the Hoadley clocks wind with a key. The cases generally are whitewood and are well finished.

Henry A. Goodrich, Highland avenue, owns one which formerly did good service in Lancaster.

Another stands in the hall at the residence of B. L. Rich, Pearl street. It has floral paintings on the door and on the front of the base, with brass ornaments and frets on top of the hood. Both are very good specimens of the Hoadley clock.

Riley Whiting, a son of Christopher and Mary (Wilcox) Whiting, was born at Winchester, Conn., January 16, 1782. In partnership with Samuel and Luther Hoadley he began the manufacture of clocks at Winchester soon after 1800. In 1815 be became the sole proprietor of an established business which he successfully continued until his death. He died while absent on business at Jacksonville, Ill., August 5, 1835. He made a very good long case clock with wood works. The clocks are much like the Silas Hoadley clock, the wheels are cherry and the pinions are kalmia, a very firm wood. The dials are whitewood, enamelled white with simple ornaments. The clocks of this enterprising manufacturer are lettered in plain letters "R. Whiting, Winchester," and on many of the dials is a ribbon of gilt on which the letters in black are laid. The Whiting clocks are good timekeepers, and they were widely distributed. Many are still in the towns near the Connecticut river in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. So far as known none were purchased in Fitchburg, but more recently six have been removed to this city. Like other clocks of the period, the weights are circular cases of sheet iron or tin, eight or ten inches in length, three inches in diameter, and filled with sand, fragments of lead and sometimes small stones.

There are six Whiting clocks in Fitchburg.

I. Benjamin Peck, then living at Milton, New York, bought one without a case before 1817. It ran many years with the weights and pendulum exposed to view. The clock is now owned by Deacon Albert B. Peck, a grandson of the original owner. The clock is now in a case from which the original works have been removed, and is making effort to excel the record of the earlier occupant.

II. J. Milton Hubbard, Highland avenue, owns a very good specimen of the Whiting clock. This clock was brought to Fitchburg by a transient resident who came, as far as can be learned, from nowhere, and on the eve of his return to the same place he sold the clock to Mr. Hubbard.

III. Alphonso Kelley, School street, has one in fair condition which he bought at the sale of the estate of Robert C. Brown.

IV. Mrs. Hattie M. Brigham, Brigham park, owns one in a very good case. It was formerly owned by her grandfather, Henry Reed of Brattleboro, Vt., and later by her mother, Mrs. Sarah (Reed) Britton. This clock is a reliable timekeeper.

V. Sewell G. Cushing, Oak street, has owned a good Whiting clock over thirty years. The clock and its owner are on the most friendly and intimate terms.

VI. Mrs. Annie B. Morrill, High street, owns a good Riley Whiting clock which has been in Fitchburg a few years. It was formerly owned in Boston. The case is whitewood and, like the other clocks made at Winchester, it has a rare gift in measuring time.

At the home of Thomas C. Sheldon, School street, is found another of the Ashby clocks made by A. Edwards. The case is cherry with inlays and well finished. It is superior to the average clock made at Ashby. Many years ago it was owned by Benjamin Tilden, who lived on Dean hill a short distance beyond the residence of Charles L. Fairbanks. It was brought to the Sheldon homestead about twenty-five years ago.

Austin, Ira, Benjamin, Joseph, and Russell Twiss, brothers and sons of Joseph and Lois (Austin) Twiss, were born at Meriden, Conn., 1790 to 1807. About 1820 they removed to Montreal, P. Q., and there for several years manufactured very many long case clocks and fanning mills. Some of the wood movements in their cases were made by Silas Hoadley of Plymouth, Conn. The clocks are lettered on the dial, but not uniformly, and all have the names of one or two or three of the brothers.

The only clock made by the Twiss brothers found in Fitchburg is lettered "J., B. & R. Twiss." It is in a pine case and has no door in the hood. This clock is owned by Leslie E. Clark, South street.

At the summer house of John T. Burke at Whalom is found a long case wood clock which was made in Canada. It is like the clocks made by the Twiss brothers named in a

former article. The case is pine and the works are in good condition. It was made by J. Balleray & Co. It was purchased and brought to Fitchburg by Amedee E. Pepin several years ago. It is probable that the clock has been in service about eighty years.

There are in town several tall clocks with wood works of which the name of the maker is unknown. A majority of these present evidence that the paint or enamel on the dials has been renewed. If these dials once carried the name of the maker, the name is now obscured, and the identity of the clock is lost.

John G. Faxon owns an excellent clock of this class. The case is well finished and of good proportions. The dial is of wood, and the weights are filled cases. It has a second hand and no calendar. This clock was formerly owned by William C. Emory and is very old.

Lindley W. Dean, Charles street, succeeds in the possession of a very good clock once owned by Lois (Standish) Eastman, wife of Calvin Eastman of Rupert, Vt. She died 1845, giving the clock to her son, Calvin Eastman, Jr., who married Clarissa Pettibone. She survived her husband and died in 1889, bequeathing the clock to her grandson, Mr. Dean.

Mrs. Noah Jackson, Mt. Vernon street, owns a tall wood clock in a hardwood case, which was bought a few years ago at Manchester, N. H.

Walter H. Pelkey, at his shop on Academy street, complains of the town clocks if they do not strike when his long case clock announces the even hour. This clock was owned many years by Mrs. William McCrillis of Sandwich, N. H. The case is an inferior one, and a new case is being made.

Mrs. Margaret Cook, Blossom street, has a clock which probably has been reconstructed. The wheels are wood, but the frame or wheel supports are of composition metal. It was formerly owned in Vermont.

Frank A. Page, Hawes street, has brought to Fitchburg a long case clock with wood works. It has been in service at the home of his father, Mager Page, at Salem, and of his grandfather, Jacob Page, at Newfield, Me. The name of the maker is not known.

John H. Potter, Elm street, for several years has owned a long case clock venerable in years and dignified in bearing. It is older than friction matches, railroads and telegraphs, and was once familiar with the hum of the spinning-wheel and the clack of the hand loom. The history of the clock is temporarily obscured, but somewhere on the tablets of its memory are many stories of the olden time.

John Osgood married Roxanna Gee of Marlow and removed to Acworth, N. H. In the living room of their home was a long case clock which, passing from father to son, remained in Acworth nearly a century. A few years ago it was secured by the late Nathan F. Gee and brought to Fitchburg. It is now owned by a daughter, Miss Marion Gee, a teacher at Hyde Park. The clock is at the homestead on South street. It is said to be an Ashby clock. On account of the temporary absence of the owner I have not seen it.

In addition to the thirty-one stately clocks with wood works which have been noticed, there are in Fitchburg several shelf clocks with wood works which, on account of age or reputation of the makers, are worthy of mention.

I. Ephraim Downs was born at Wilbraham, Mass, 1787, a son of David and Mary (Chatterton) Downs. He began the manufacture of clocks at Waterbury, Conn., but soon removed to Bristol, Conn., where he was successfully employed many years. The cases of the Downs clocks were of several styles, some are carved, some gilded, and some square top. Samuel Willis, about 1820, bought a Downs clock. It is a mantel clock, carved case and stands on short bracketed feet. It is now in the home of his son, Henry A. Willis, Prichard street.

II. David Dutton, a clockmaker of Mount Vernon, N. H., was born at Wilton, N. H., May 26, 1792, and died at Medford, Mass., April 22, 1882. One of his clocks of attractive features was purchased by John Potter of Templeton about 1836. It is now owned by his son, John Herbert Potter, Elm street.

III. Charles Stratton made a good shelf clock at Holden, Mass., from 1831 to 1840, and perhaps earlier and later. On the label behind the pendulum the year in which the clock was made is stated. I know of no other maker who sold his clocks with a certificate of birth. A Stratton clock made in 1839 was

bought by Abel Carter Wilder of Lancaster, Mass., and is now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Emory F. Burrage, Myrtle avenue.

IV. Chauncey Boardman was a clockmaker of good reputation of Bristol, Conn. He began business in partnership with Col. Joseph A. Wells in the eastern part of the town. One of the Boardman and Wells clocks was purchased by David F. McIntire of Fitchburg, who died in 1887. A daughter, Miss Adelaide Z. McIntire, preserves the clock among the treasures of the homestead. Another clock of this pattern is owned by Sullivan W. Huntley, Allston street.

V. Chauncey Boardman, while in business as sole proprietor, made clocks much like the Boardman and Wells pattern. One of this series was bought by Mrs. Betsey (Harris) Merriam, wife of Jonathan Merriam. She transferred the clock to her son, Jacob Harris Merriam, Pearl street.

VI. Austin Chittenden made clocks in Lexington, Mass., several years. One of the Chittenden clocks is owned by Mrs. Josephine E. Cragin, Franklin road. It was purchased over eighty years ago by her father, Thomas S. Eaton, who married Martha Downe.

VII. Daniel Pratt of Reading, from 1830 to 1850, made a handsome shelf clock with a pleasing dial and a mirror in the lower part of the door. John G. Faxon is daily winding one as a part of his evening exercise. Mrs. Mary A. Arnold, Park street, owns a Pratt clock made in 1841. Mrs. Arnold is over ninety years of age and has owned the clock seventy-two years.

Riley Whiting, who has been named in a former paragraph, began the manufacture of shelf clocks with wood works about 1825. These are labelled "Riley Whiting." A good specimen of this series can be seen at the shop of E. C. Stevens, Main street.

VIII. Eli and Samuel Terry of Plymouth, Conn. Eli Terry, a conspicuous figure in the clock industry, was an apprentice of Daniel Burnap of East Windsor, Conn. A clock bearing the label of Eli and Samuel Terry made before 1828, when Samuel Terry removed to Bristol, is owned by John G. Faxon. The dial and case are well finished and attractive.

IX. Seth Thomas was born at Wolcott, Conn., August 19, 1785. He was in partnership at Plymouth, Conn., with Silas Hoadley from 1809 to 1814. Later he manufactured shelf clocks on his own account. When the town of Plymouth was divided, the western part, in his honor, was named Thomaston. His son, Seth Thomas, born December 1, 1816, has occupied a prominent position in the manufacture of brass clocks. A clock made by Seth Thomas, senior, at Plymouth, Conn., was purchased recently at Paris by Miss Eleanor Norcross, and presented to Robert N. Wallis, Mechanic street.

Willard A. Lowe, Mechanic street, preserves two shelf clocks with wood works. One was formerly owned by Deacon Daniel Lowe and Willard Hartwell Lowe, the grandfather and father of the present owner. It was made by Austin Chittenden of Lexington, Mass., who was named in a former connection. The other clock of Mr. Lowe was owned many years by Enoch Page, a merchant of Fitchburg with a residence on Prospect street. The next owner was the wife of Willard Hartwell Lowe, who was the daughter, by a former marriage, of the wife of Enoch Page. It was made by Daniel Pratt of Reading, who will be named again in the story of brass clocks. In the record of many clocks one often reads the genealogy of a family through several generations.

Mrs. Josephine A. Lothrop, Day street, preserves a clock which has been owned by her father and grandfather at Winchendon, Mass. The printed label behind the pendulum contains the names of several persons prominent in the world of clocks. It is lettered: "Terry's Patents made by Jeromes and Darrow for Henry Hart, Goshen, Conn." Eli Terry, son of Samuel and Huldah (Burnham) Terry, was born at South Windsor, Conn., April 13, 1772. He learned the art of clock making of the great master, Daniel Burnap of East Windsor. During the year of 1810, he was of the firm of Terry, Thomas & Hoadley at Plymouth, Conn. He perfected in 1814 an improved shelf clock. It was a thirty-hour clock with wood works. Subsequently he was prominent in the manufacture of modern brass clocks. He died February 14, 1852. Chauncey and Noble Jerome, brothers, were foremost manufacturers of their time. Elijah Darrow of the firm was born at Ply-

mouth, Conn. He perfected in 1814 an improved clock and was engaged in business at Bristol, Conn., a few years, beginning 1824. After it was dissolved, each of the members, as sole proprietors or with other partners, was actively engaged many years in the manufacture of clocks of many descriptions.

E. C. Stevens, at his shop, Main street, has a shelf clock with wood works made by Marsh, Gilbert & Co., who began the manufacture of clocks at Farmington, Conn., in 1820.

John Damon was born 1802 and died 1852. He was a son of John and Lucy (Sawin) Damon. In 1831 he removed to Fitzwilliam, N. H., and there engaged in the manufacture of pails and a variety of wooden ware. The mills were in Rindge, but the homestead was near by in Fitzwilliam. Nearly ninety years ago he bought a shelf clock in a neat case made by Mark Leavenworth of Waterbury, Conn. The next owner was his son, George Damon, who removed from Fitzwilliam to Fitchburg in 1863. It is now in the care of his children, who have a record of the purchase of the clock by their grandfather. The date is June 7, 1827. At the same house is a banjo clock of considerable age. The name of the maker is not known.

Jonathan Frost, who was born at Reading in 1797, made cases for Daniel Pratt, the clockmaker of Reading and Boston. For a few years the two men were associated in business. Mr. Frost subsequently made a series of wood clocks which closely resembled the early clocks of Mr. Pratt. In many clocks one finds the well-worn axiom, "Tempus Fugit." In the clocks of Jonathan Frost the equivalent, "Time Flies," is printed at the top of the label. James H. Thompson of Lunenburg bought a Frost clock over seventy years ago. It is now owned by his son, J. Edward Thompson, Prichard street. It is well preserved and is a good representative of the Reading clocks.

OLD CLOCKS IN FITCHBURG.

II—BRASS CLOCKS.

Read before the Society, April 21, 1913.

BY EZRA S. STEARNS A. M.

In a census of the brass clocks now in Fitchburg, including only those of very considerable age, there are forty long case clocks, twenty banjos, and several interesting timepieces of different types. It was my purpose, at the beginning, to give a description of each veteran in this regiment of clocks; but the limits of a single paper would not permit the digression. So far as appearance is concerned the clocks are yet speaking for themselves. No words of mine can qualify the beauty of their proportions and finish, and one must study many clocks before any intelligent classification can be made. It is a fact of interest that nearly all of the old clocks enumerated in this paper were made without the aid of machinery and each is the handiwork of a single individual. The story of any one of these old clocks is not complete without a knowledge of the man who made it and the persons who have lived with it. A modern timepiece is not the work of an individual; it is the composite work of a multitude. It is not the creation of a single mind, the handiwork of one ingenious man; it is made by automatic machines which involve the fruitful study and invention of accumulating years. The old clocks were hand-made and each is a monument to the skill and genius of a single mind, a visible tribute to the handiwork of one of the old masters. Of many of the clocks in this city the names of the maker and the former owners are known, and so far as the facts are available each clock will speak its own auto-biography.

At the home of Charles Pickles, Mechanic street, is found a very old clock of English manufacture. It was made in

the early part of the reign of George II. When the clock was purchased in England by Mrs. Pickles it was represented to be very old and in every feature the clock supports the allegation of age. It was brought to Fitchburg when the family migrated to this country nearly twenty years ago. When the clock was being repaired a few years ago, it was discovered that one of the larger wheels was engraved in fair characters, "Walker, Wakefield, England, 1729." The inscription cannot be seen without removing the wheel from the train. For obvious reasons I have not seen the inscription, but the affirmative evidence is clear and substantial. The case is of generous proportions and of English oak. Upon removal of the hood the evidence of great age is seen in the wood and in the train of the wheels. The pendulum rod is a coarse wire. The weights are primitive and are supported by a chain of short links, and in the peculiar tone of the bell is heard the voice of many dying years.

The stately clock of Richard B. Lyon, Prospect street, is a cosmopolitan. It has been in service in New Jersey, New York, and again in New Jersey, at the home of William Roscoe and Mary E. Crocker Lyon, the parents of the present owner. The Outwatter family from Holland settled in Bergen county, New Jersey, and some years later a branch of the family founded a home on the Hudson in New York. At what time and from what source the clock was secured by this family is not definitely known. It was more than one hundred and forty years ago. During the Revolution the territory of Rockland county, New York, was at times invaded by the British and many households were despoiled. For safety, the family silver and other valuables were concealed in this sturdy clock and buried in the earth. With pulseless pendulum and rigid hands, the timekeeper became a faithful guardian of treasure. At the return of peace the old clock arose from the earth, restored the plate and jewels to the family, and found its accustomed alcove in the hall of the homestead. A little later when a fair maiden of the Outwatter family became the wife of William P. Lyon, the grandfather of Mr. Lyon, the old clock was a part of her dowry. I am informed that since the original purchase it has never been sold, but has passed from parent to child through several generations.

Fifty years ago, Sullivan W. Huntley purchased a long case clock in Sterling and added it to the colony of old clocks in Fitchburg. The case is mahogany, the outlines are pleasing, and in all particulars the cabinet work is very good. In some features it resembles the clocks made by Timothy Chandler, but the name of the maker and of any former owner is unknown. The clock can be seen at the home of his son, Fred S. Huntley, Allston street.

One of the early settlers of Hartford, Vt., was Mitchell Clark from Connecticut. He owned a long case brass clock of which the name of the maker is not known. It has been owned by his son, Hyde Clark, and his grandson, Zerah B. Clark. The clock was brought to Fitchburg in 1879 by Allen H. Clark, Cedar street, a son of Zerah B. Clark.

The Fitchburg Historical society has been presented a tall clock with brass works. The name of the maker has not been discovered. It was formerly owned by G. F. P. Day and earlier by Horace Hovey of Ayer.

Henton Brown, a most distinguished clockmaker of London, England, was born not far from 1700. He had served five years as an apprentice and two years as a journeyman in 1726, when he joined the Clockmakers' Company, an ancient association of artisans. He was a warden of the company 1750, 1751, 1752, and master 1753.

Frank C. Allen, Pearl street, is the happy owner of one of the Henton Brown clocks. The case, of unusual height, is mahogany and very finely finished. The dial of hammered brass, with an inlaid time circle, is an attractive work of art. The clock contains thirteen bells of mellow, musical tone and it plays six tunes which delight the ear of the listener. The clock is one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty years old and is still an accurate timekeeper.

Daniel Burnap, a son of Abraham and Irene (Wright) Burnap, was born at Coventry, Conn., November 1, 1759. He lived at East Windsor, Conn., where he died in 1838. He was a noted engraver on metal and a most skilful clockmaker. Among his apprentices were Eli Terry and Stephen Hassam, who are mentioned in other paragraphs. From a mechanical and artistic standpoint he was an ingenious and an accomplished artisan. His clocks of hammered brass, with dial en-

graved by his hand in ornate lines, are finished in a most attractive manner. A Burnap clock at this time will command several times the original cost, and remains a tribute to the genius of this master in the art of clockmaking.

Sardius Sibley, born at Barre in 1804, bought one of the Burnap clocks, and later removed from Barre to Hardwick. The clock is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Orlando P. Remington, Day street. It is a grand old clock and the dial is a work of art.

Stephen Hassam, a son of Samuel and Hannah (Simpson) Hassam, was born in Boston, 1764. He was baptized at the West church, Boston, October 21, 1764. During the Revolution the family removed to Grafton, and soon after to Worcester. He learned the art of engraving and clockmaking of Daniel Burnap. Before 1787 he removed to Charlestown, N. H., where he died February 4, 1861, aged ninety-seven years. The well-remembered eagle with spread wings, over the entrance to the hotel in Charlestown, is a happy expression of his skill. He made a few tower clocks, but his skill as an artisan is stamped more firmly on his long case clocks, which have proved to be excellent timekeepers, and all have elaborate and attractive dials.

A very good specimen of the Hassam clock is now keeping time at the home of Jabez A. Jones, Atlantic avenue. The case is of cherry with brass ornaments and brass fret over the hood. This clock was purchased in 1805 by William Rhodes of Richmond, Vt., at a cost of $75.75. The successor in possession was Mrs. Cynthia (Rhodes) Hodges, a daughter of Mr. Rhodes. The next and present owner is Mrs. Nellie (Hodges) Jones, the wife of Jabez A. Jones, a granddaughter of the original owner.

John Rogers, a son of Gamaliel and Mercy (Emms) Rogers, was born at Boston May 9, 1724. In his youth he served an apprenticeship at blacksmithing with Deacon Joseph Ward at Newton. While at work at the anvil he made many improvements in the implements of husbandry and in the simple machines of his time. With whom he learned the art of clockmaking is not known, but a series of clocks of his manufacture present evidence of skill and fine workmanship. He died at Newton October 15, 1815, aged ninety-one years. The

average age of his clocks is supposed to be about one hundred and sixty years.

Jacob Upton, the historic landlord at Dean Hill, brought one of his clocks from Reading in 1777. Mr. Upton died June 3, 1801. His widow died April 25, 1823. The clock next was in the possession of Samuel Hawes, who was born in 1788 and who married, 1830, Lydia Messenger, who survived him. She married second, Rev. John Wood. After her death the title to the clock was transferred in 1874 to her nephew, George E. Messenger of Pearl Hill. He sold it in 1886 to Mrs. Thornton K. Ware. This historic timepiece is keeping time at the home of her son, Charles E. Ware, Esq., Prichard street. It is a long case clock of good proportions, and with heavy, well-finished brass works. It is now running smoothly and cheerfully toward the completion of a second century.

Joseph Mulliken, a son of Nathaniel and Lydia (Stone) Mulliken, was born at Lexington, Mass., April 9, 1765. Nathaniel Mulliken, the father, was a native of Bradford, Mass. He was a clockmaker at Lexington from 1750 to 1767. It is recorded that "Nathaniel Mulliken, the clockmaker, died at Lexington November 23, 1767." The house occupied by his widow and children was burned by the British, April 19, 1775.

Joseph Mulliken began the manufacture of the long case clock at Concord, Mass., before 1790. He died February 5, 1802. One of his clocks was owned many years in Templeton by a Sawyer family, and was purchased fifty years ago by Charles Noyes of Gardner. The clock is now owned by Mrs. Irving H. Fuller, Moran building, a daughter of Charles Noyes. The works are of brass and the dial is rich and artistic. The case, of pleasing proportions, is of dressed cherry and has a door of mahogany.

Aaron Willard, a son of Benjamin and Sarah (Brooks) Willard, was born at Grafton, Mass., October 13, 1757. He was a brother of Simon Willard, the celebrated clockmaker of Roxbury. He lived and occupied a shop in Boston. He died May 20, 1844. The long case banjo and shelf clocks made by Aaron Willard are accurate timekeepers and are well finished and very attractive clocks. They are eagerly sought by collectors and always command good prices. He retired from business in 1823.

John Hartwell, a son of Joseph and Jemima (Batchelder) Hartwell, was born at Bedford May 18, 1755. He lived at Littleton, where he died March 17, 1827. He owned a long case brass clock, made by Aaron Willard. It shows the moon's phases and the dial is a work of art. The case is the same as some shown in photographs of clocks of this well-known maker. It is lettered on the dial "Aaron Willard, Boston," and within the circle of the second hand are the initials "J. H." Isaac Hartwell, a son of John Hartwell, born in Littleton November 7, 1801, brought the clock to Fitchburg about seventy years ago. He died February 2, 1883. The old clock is proudly and accurately counting the hours of the day and announcing the days of the month at the home of Miss Alice P. Reed, Hartwell street.

Charles Cunningham of Lunenburg has an Aaron Willard clock which was formerly owned by his father, the late Nathaniel Fellows Cunningham.

Walter B. Clifford, Summer street, owns a clock which has been a servant of the family many years. The dial has been renewed and the lettering is lost. The clock almost certainly is the handiwork of Aaron Willard.

Henry L. Sawyer at his residence on Milk street regulates his watch and the other clocks of the home by a stately clock of the Aaron Willard type. In place of the moon is substituted the rolling ship. It was originally owned by Deacon Oliver Sawyer of Berlin, the great-grandfather of the present owner.

Marcus A. Coolidge, Blossom street, has a typical Aaron Willard banjo. It is a good clock, and like many of the approved timepieces of Fitchburg, it is not for sale.

Gardner Parker, a son of Amos and Margery (Maynard) Parker, was born in Westborough March 14, 1772. He married Asenath Sherman and lived in Westborough and Northborough. He died in 1826. He learned the art of clock-making of the Willards at Grafton. His clocks are of superior workmanship and are in well-finished cases. They bear his name and are numbered on the dial. In 1806 he built a tower clock for the meeting-house in Westborough, and a year or two later one for the meeting-house in Shrewsbury. In 1809 he built a church organ for the meeting-house in Westborough.

The First Parish of West Cambridge, now Arlington, formerly the Second Parish of Cambridge, in 1808 voted to procure a tower clock for the new meetinghouse. The same year Gardner Parker was paid $796.80 for a tower clock with three dials. Several attractive specimens of antique furniture are supposed to be his handiwork.

At the home of Judge W. P. Hall, Beacon street, is an excellent clock made by Gardner Parker. It is No. 200 and was made about 1802. It has been in Fitchburg twenty years, but its former location and the names of earlier owners are not discovered.

James C. Cole was born at Boston in 1791. He was an apprentice of Edward S. Moulton, a clockmaker of Rochester, N. H. Mr. Cole began to make clocks at Rochester in 1812. He was a prominent and respected citizen, a director of the banks, a trustee of the academy, and a representative. He died at Rochester December 12, 1867. His clocks were the standard tall case clocks, brass works in good cases.

One of his clocks was owned many years by Edward Everett and by him removed to Washington, D. C. It was purchased by Amasa Norcross, while a member of congress, and by him removed to Fitchburg. This excellent clock is now keeping time at the home of Robert N. Wallis, Mechanic street.

Jonathan Winslow, born August 15, 1765, was a skilful clockmaker at Warren and New Salem. Later he lived at Worcester, removing about 1820 to Springfield, where he died July 20, 1847. He made an excellent long case clock with brass works. He originated and introduced a silver pen and manufactured spoons and gold beads. He was a son of Dr. Shubael Winslow, an educated physician, who came from Rochester and after 1766 practiced in Ware and Brimfield, dying at Westfield, Vt., in 1821. Amasa Winslow, a brother of Jonathan, was a clockmaker and silversmith at Westfield, Vt.

A long case clock made by Jonathan Winslow was purchased before 1800 by Moses Shaw of Palmer, whose wife was Mary McMaster. He died in 1835 and she died 1837, when the clock was given to Lydia McMaster Forbes, the wife of Capt. Henry Forbes of Enfield and a niece of Mrs.

Shaw. At the death of Mrs. Forbes the clock, at her request, was given to her nephew, Livy McMaster of Fitchburg, and has been doing good service in this city since 1873. During the past one hundred and fifteen years the clock has been owned by only three persons and has not been sold. While standing in Enfield about sixty years ago, the clock was struck by lightning. It was for a moment very much frightened, but not seriously injured.

James Perrigo, a son of James and Lydia (Hayward) Perrigo, was born at Stoughton, Mass., June 28, 1731. He resided at Killingly, Conn., a few years and settled in Wrentham immediately before 1767. He died December 18, 1808, and is buried in Norfolk, once a part of Wrentham. He made an excellent long case clock. Many specimens are found in the county of Norfolk and elsewhere. They are very old and many of them are yet accurate timekeepers.

Theodore Harding of Medway, who was born in 1736 and died in 1817, early in life purchased one of the clocks of James Perrigo. His son, Theophilus Harding, born 1771, succeeded in possession and handed it to his son, Theodore Harding, who was born in 1809 and died in 1883. The clock came to Fitchburg many years ago and is now in the service of the fourth generation at the home of William Francis Harding, Holt street.

Levi and Abel Hutchins, sons of Col. Gordon and Dorothy (Stone) Hutchins, were born at Harvard, Mass.; Levi in 1761 and Abel in 1763. The family removed from Harvard to Concord, N. H., in 1773. Col. Hutchins was a captain at Bunker Hill, and a colonel commanding a regiment of New Hampshire infantry at the surrender of the army of Gen. Burgoyne.

The sons, Levi and Abel, were apprentices at the same time of Simon Willard, the noted clockmaker of Roxbury. From 1786 to 1807 they manufactured at Concord the long case brass clock of the Willard pattern. They owned and occupied a three-story dwelling-house on the site of the Phenix hotel on Main street. Their shop was in the rear of their dwelling. The partnership was dissolved in 1807 and subsequently Levi Hutchins was a farmer at Concord, and Abel opened the dwelling-house for the accommodation of the public, and for several years was a popular landlord.

Their clocks were in good cases and were lettered on the dials "Levi & Abel Hutchins, Concord." Of their clocks the senior partner has written: "Our names may now be seen on the faces of many timekeepers standing in the corner of sitting-rooms in houses situated in all of the New England states and probably there are eight-day clocks or timepieces of our manufacture in all the original thirteen states of the Union."

The only Hutchins clock in Fitchburg was purchased at an auction sale many years ago by Joseph Cate of Greenland, N. H. The former owner is not known. After the death of Mr. Cate the clock was in the custody of his daughters, Mary J. and Sophia F. Cate, at Portsmouth, N. H., from 1876 to 1888. It is now twenty-five years since the title was transferred and the clock removed to Fitchburg by Joseph W. Cate, a son of Joseph Cate. Since his death the clock has remained in the home of his widow, Mrs. Joseph W. Cate, on Cross street. The case is cherry and "Levi and Abel Hutchins, Concord," engraved on a metallic dial. Over the circle of the dial is a rolling ship. The weights are filled cases. The clock is not less than one hundred and twenty years old.

Silas Parsons, son of Aaron and Damaris (Whitcomb) Parsons, was born at Swanzey, N. H., May 29, 1773. He married March 25, 1806, Patience Haskins, a daughter of Silas Haskins of New Salem, Mass. Through life he was a respected citizen of Swanzey. From time to time he made many and substantial donations to foreign and home missions. He died March 15, 1859. He was a clockmaker of good reputation and his clocks are evidence of his skill. His long case clocks are in cases of pleasing proportions and are well finished. The brass works are of superior quality.

One of the clocks made by Silas Parsons, in a handsome cherry case, was owned by Mrs. Olive (Albee) Atwood, wife of Ebenezer Atwood of Orange, Mass. It was next owned by their son, Epaphras Hoyt Atwood, and now by his son, Walter A. Atwood of Fitchburg.

Nathaniel Munroe was a skilful clockmaker at Concord, Mass., from 1802 to 1817. Subsequently he was in business at Baltimore, Md. His clocks are of the Mulliken type and very probably he learned the art of Joseph Mulliken.

Rev. Ariel Parish, pastor of the church in Manchester, Mass., died May 20, 1794, aged twenty-nine years. His daughter, Amelia, became the wife of Rev. Ebenezer Perkins, pastor for many years of the church in Royalston. The widow of Rev. Ariel Parish purchased one of the Munroe clocks and subsequently removed it to the home of her daughter. The next owner was a son of Rev. Ebenezer Perkins, the late Joseph L. Perkins of Fitchburg. It is now owned by his son, Benjamin H. Perkins, Ross street.

Daniel Munroe, a brother of Nathaniel Munroe, was a clockmaker a few years at Concord, Mass. In 1808 he removed to Boston. A clock in a well-finished and ornamental case, showing phases of the moon, with seconds-hand and calandar, and lettered on the dial "Warranted by Daniel Munroe & Co.," is owned by Joseph W. Palmer, D. D. S. This excellent clock was owned in Concord, Mass., over forty years and has been keeping time in Fitchburg over sixty years. It was bought by Charles Miles of Concord. He was born in 1757 and died in 1827. His widow died in 1848, when the clock came into the possession of their son, Charles Miles, who was born in 1791. He married in 1849 Eveline Tenney and removed the clock to Fitchburg in 1850. Mrs. Miles presented the clock to her half-brother, Thomas Palmer, D. D. S. It is now owned by his son, Joseph W. Palmer, D. D. S., of Fitchburg.

Ezra Batchelder, son of Ezra and Mary (Woodbury) Batchelder, was born 1769 and died 1858. From about 1790 to 1830, he was a well-known clockmaker at Danvers. He made a superior long case brass clock, one of which can be seen at the shop of E. C. Stevens.

There are in this city a group of tall, stately clocks in good cases of which the name of the maker has not been discovered. Since the original purchase some of these historic clocks have never been sold, but have been transmitted from parent to child, or given as a token of esteem to a friend or relative. None were discovered in a basket on a doorstep. They are not foundlings. If their credentials had not been lost they would now be exchanging cards and living on terms of intimacy with the most select aristocrats of the clock world. The limits of this paper will not admit a notice equal to their merit.

Mrs. Mary A. Albee has three very fine clocks. Very probably two of these are imported, and all are in rich cases and are good timekeepers.

Edward Daniels Hewins, Academy street, owns a fine clock which is now visiting at the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. Stiles, at Lancaster. In the war of 1812, fearing an attack by the British, this clock was sent from Boston to Hezekiah and Chloe (Ware) Pettee of Foxborough. Mrs. Pettee survived her husband and died in 1848. Their son, William Pettee, owned the clock until 1880, when Mr. Hewins, a nephew of William Pettee, brought it to Fitchburg.

Mrs. Frank H. Foss, Arlington street, has a clock which is a credit to its unknown maker. It was bought many years ago by Isaiah Leavitt of Turner, Me. It was the first tall clock that invaded that town. The clock fell into the possession of Leonard Alden, who married a daughter of the first owner. A son, Dr. Isaiah Alden, removed the clock to his home at Livermore Falls, in Maine, and now Mrs. Foss, a daughter of Dr. Alden, can read the story of four generations in the dial of the clock.

The tall brass clock at the home of Herbert I. Wallace, Prospect street, is one of historic interest and one that has done service in seasons of war and of peace. For several years it has made no "Footprints on the sands of time" and is now more interesting as a silent relic than valuable as a timekeeper. On the dial is lettered the name of its early owner, "Nathan Hale, Rindge, N. H.," and it was in Rindge as early as 1770. Nathan Hale was the captain of a company from Rindge which responded to the Lexington alarm in April, 1775. He was a major at Bunker Hill and colonel of the second New Hampshire Regiment in the Continental service. He was taken a prisoner at Hubbardton, Vt., in 1777 and died in a British prison in 1780.

Thomas Ingalls, who died in 1863, owned and occupied many years the house earlier of Col. Hale, and there in a home of culture and refinement the old clock was as diligent in peace as in war. After a life in Rindge of one hundred years it came to Fitchburg with Mrs. Ingalls, the grandmother of Mr. Wallace. I know not who made it, but considered from the standpoint of its owners it is a Hale-Ingalls-Wallace clock.

Capt. Elijah Stebbins, a son of Elijah and Beulah (Dickinson) Stebbins, lived at Vernon, Vt., where he died in 1868, aged eighty-two years. His son, Joseph Stebbins, inherited with other properties a tall case brass clock, which is now the cherished possession of his daughter, Mrs. Henry W. Davis, Mt. Vernon street. It is a good clock in an attractive case.

Nathan Harris, a merchant of Plymouth, N. H., died in 1832. He owned a long case clock, which very probably was made at Concord, N. H. At the sale of his personal estate the clock was purchased by Samuel Dearborn, a worthy citizen of Plymouth. He died in 1881. The clock is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. George H. Andrews, Mt. Globe street. It is a well-made clock in an excellent case.

Mrs. Ellen L. Woodward, Linden street, is seeking the name of the maker and the former owners of a clock which she purchased at Watertown, Mass., and which was earlier owned at Laconia, N. H. The clock is worthy of a good record.

At the home of Dr. A. P. Lowell, Hartwell street, is found a long case clock which has safely braved several vicissitudes of climate. It was made in England and taken to Nova Scotia, and from there to Groveland, Mass. The owners returned from Groveland to Nova Scotia, and on the eve of their departure they presented the clock to Rev. William Lloyd Himes, who presented it to his daughter, Mrs. Lowell.

Mrs. Noah Jackson, Mt. Vernon street, has a long case clock in a maple case. It is a clock of considerable age, but no Columbus has sailed on the sea of its record.

Mrs. Luella F. Wyman, Park street, owns an ancient long case clock which is worthy of record. It is only known that it was bought by Benjamin Snow and by him sold to the present owner. The clock has three hands of equal length on the central post. The third hand registers the day of the month on the outer circle of the dial. The pendulum rod is steel and has the common filled weights.

Mrs. William R. Jennison, Gage street, owns a long case brass clock which has been in Worcester county many years. The case is cherry with good inlays and brass ornaments. It presents the phases of the moon and it has an alarm. It was

made at a date when alarm clocks were not often met. The first owner was Jonathan Estabrook, who was born at Holden April 4, 1766. He was succeeded in possession by his son, Washington Estabrook, who removed the clock to Sterling. The remaining owners are his daughter, Mrs. Burpee of Sterling, and now her daughter, Mrs. Jennison, of the fourth generation.

Dr. Rufus Cowles, son of Oliver and Irene (Dickinson) Cowles, was born at Amherst, Mass., December 16, 1767, graduated at Dartmouth college, 1792. He was a physician and a prominent citizen of Amherst, where he died November 22, 1837. He was one of the founders of Amherst academy and of Amherst college. Dr. Cowles married Mary Putnam, and second, Sarah (Benney) Boltwood, daughter of Robert Benney and widow of Solomon Boltwood. At the well-appointed home of Dr. Cowles in Amherst there was a stately hall clock in an ornate case. The fret over the hood, the inlay in the door, and the general features of the clock are attractive. The clock later has been owned by his son, Porter Cowles, at Amherst, and it was brought to Fitchburg by the late Jason Cowles, a son of Porter Cowles. This ancestral timepiece, the aged servant of four generations, is at the home of Mrs. and Miss Cowles, Pleasant street.

Joseph Young, son of David and Hannah (Lombard) Young, was born at Athol June 12, 1791. He married September 29, 1817, Sophia Field, a daughter of Zachariah and Abigail (Mattoon) Field of Northfield, Mass. They lived at Athol and there owned a very good long case clock. Whether the clock was earlier owned by the parents of Mr. or Mrs. Young I do not know. It was brought to Fitchburg by their son, Zachariah Field Young, who married in 1850 Angelia Ballou. He died September 9, 1908, and the clock was purchased by the trustees of the normal school. It now stands in Miller hall. The case is cherry and is well finished with conventional ornaments and stands on bracketed feet.

Charles Smith, a son of Asahel and Mary (Puffer) Smith, was born at Sudbury, about 1766. He settled at Westminster, where he died in 1840. It is tradition in the family that he made the long case clock which was subsequently owned by his daughter, Mrs. Mercy (Smith) Gross of Ashburnham. It

is now the property of Charles H. Smith, Simonds street, a grandson of Charles Smith. The outlines of the case are good and the finish, with inlays, is attractive. The works are brass and of superior quality, and it may be possible that they were made by another, but the case certainly is the work of Mr. Smith.

Simon Willard, a son of Benjamin and Sarah (Brooks) Willard, was born at Grafton, Mass., April 3, 1753. He was the most distinguished clockmaker of his time. He made the clocks for Harvard university and for the halls of congress, and many tower clocks for churches and municipal buildings. In 1802 he secured a patent for an improved timepiece. Compared with the tall clock, the pendulum was shorter and it was adjusted to vibrate in front instead of in the rear of the weights. The beat was faster and the number of notches in the escapement was correspondingly increased. The patent apparently did not protect the inventor. Other clockmakers in Boston and elsewhere copied the essential features of Simon Willard's improvements. The banjo and lyre clocks are modeled on the patent of Simon Willard. The banjo clocks, with very few exceptions, do not strike the hours, and consequently the train of the wheels is reduced. For a tribute and extended record of this pioneer in the manufacture and improvement of clocks, reference is made to "Simon Willard and his Clocks," by John Ware Willard, published in 1911.

So far as discovered the only clock in Fitchburg made by Simon Willard, Sr., is an elegant banjo owned by M. Emil Dejonge, Summer street.

Zaccheus Gates, a son of Isaac and Submit (Lawrence) Gates, was born at Harvard, Mass., September 11, 1779. Beginning in 1812 he was a noted clockmaker at Charlestown, Mass. A banjo clock made by him was brought to Fitchburg by Isaac Hartwell, and is now owned by his grandson, Edward H. Reed. For more than seventy years this clock has hung in the rooms of the marble works. It has measured the flight of time to the living and, in gravestone inscriptions, it has noted the end of time to many mortals.

Isaiah Putnam, a son of Daniel and Rachel (Small) Putnam, was born at Fitchburg May 22, 1782. From 1809 to 1820 he was the popular landlord of the first hotel on the site

of the present Fitchburg House. After he retired from the hotel business he built the house now owned and occupied by his grandson, James E. Putnam, Pearl hill. A banjo clock first owned by Isaiah Putnam has welcomed many guests at the hotel and for nearly a century has measured the hours for planting and harvest on the farm. The name on the dial is obscured, but without doubt it is a Simon Willard clock.

Aaron Willard, Jr., son of Aaron Willard, was born June 29, 1783. He served his apprenticeship with his father and began the manufacture of clocks at 815 Washington street, Boston, in 1823. He manufactured a greater number of banjo clocks than was made by any other clockmaker. They were numbered and numbers above 3,400 are sometimes met. He is the originator of the lyre clock, which he made in several patterns. Aaron Willard, Jr., retired from business about 1848, and subsequently lived at Newton, Mass. Dr. Thomas R. Boutelle, a physician of Fitchburg from 1833 until his death in 1869, owned a banjo clock lettered "A. Willard, Boston, No. 2156." It is now owned by Charles H. Proctor, Pleasant street.

E. C. Stevens, at his shop on Main street, also has a banjo clock made by Aaron Willard, Jr.

Rodney Derby owns a banjo clock formerly owned by his father and grandfather. It is lettered on the dial "S. Billings, Acton."

The lyre clock in the shop of Orlando P. Remington was made by William Pratt, Boston. This clock was hung in the shop in 1843, and has been owned by successive proprietors, and by Mr. Remington since 1869.

David Fosdick, a merchant of Charlestown, many years ago became the fortunate owner of a very handsome banjo clock. It has a bracket and almost certainly was made by Aaron Willard, Sr. The clock was given to Rev. David Fosdick, a son of the first owner, who died at Groton in 1892. It is now keeping time at the home of Frederick Fosdick, a son of Rev. David Fosdick.

John Sawin was a first cousin of Aaron Willard, Jr., their mothers being sisters. He was an apprentice of Aaron Willard, Sr. He was a clockmaker of Boston, and died in 1863. For a short time he was the partner of the firm of Sawin &

Dyer. A banjo of the Willard type, made by Sawin & Dyer, is owned by J. Milton Hubbard, Highland avenue.

Samuel Whiting was a clockmaker at Concord, Mass., and at one time was associated in business with one of the Munroes who are named in another paragraph. Samuel Whiting made a very fine banjo clock. One of the Whiting banjos was a bridal present to Sarah Arnold when she became the wife of Ebenezer Torrey in 1832. It is now in the home of Dr. John W. Stimson, Prichard street.

Another Whiting banjo can be seen at the shop of E. C. Stevens, Main street.

Everett C. Stowe, 112 Day street, has a banjo clock which was formerly owned by Gates Chapman of New Ipswich, who was born at Meredith, N. H., in 1825. An earlier owner has not been discovered.

Benjamin Snow, Sr., married Martha Adams in 1822. At this time he purchased a banjo of the standard pattern, and later removed to Fitchburg. The name on the dial is lost. The clock was next in the possession of his son, William H. Snow, and is now a treasured possession of his widow, Mrs. Adaline (Willis) Snow, Prichard street.

George O. Allen, Day street, has owned a good banjo about ten years. It was earlier owned by Edward F. Robbins of Boston. It is of the Willard pattern.

Laban Bullock, who married Harriet Crosby Dinsmore, lived at Charlestown, N. H., and owned a banjo clock without name of maker on the dial. The clock is now owned by a granddaughter, Carrie O. Bullock, Highland avenue.

At the home of Joseph C. Moulton, Holt street, is a banjo that carries two weights and strikes the hour. The striking banjos are very rare. So far as certainly known the first owner was John D. Park, a son of Nathan and Mary (Davis) Park, who was born at Newton, Mass., September 20, 1797. It was given to his daughter, Mrs. Susan (Park) Moulton.

Mrs. Augustus L. Andrews, High Rock road, has a banjo clock of good quality. It was formerly owned by her brother, Henry Allison.

Daniel Pratt, in the story of wood clocks, is credited with three timepieces now in Fitchburg. He began the manufacture of wood clocks at Reading in 1832, not 1830 as previously

stated. He was a son of David and Elizabeth (Pratt) Pratt and was born at Reading February 24, 1797. He made clocks at Reading about fourteen years. To distinguish him from others of the same name, he was known in Reading as Daniel Pratt, Jr., and the name is so written in the clock labels. In 1846 he removed to 49 Union street, Boston, and manufactured there a series of brass clocks of superior quality. In Boston the business was conducted under the firm name of Daniel Pratt's Sons, the partners being his son, Daniel Ford Pratt, and his son-in-law, Benjamin M. Boyce. Daniel Pratt died in 1871. Daniel Ford Pratt died in 1902 and was succeeded by his son, Frank W. B. Pratt. The business has been removed to Franklin street, but the firm name, Daniel Pratt's Sons, remains unchanged. I know of no other instance in the manufacture of clocks in which the achievement of the father has been renewed by the son through so many years and generations.

A banjo clock in a mahogany case and artistic in design is working twenty-four hours every day at the home of Charles W. Thompson, Charles street. It utters no complaint and does not strike.

John Birge, a son of John Birge, was born at Torrington, Conn., 1785. He removed to Bristol, Conn., and there engaged in the manufacture of clocks. He died 1862. He purchased the patent of the rolling pinion clock and prosecuted the business with success.

Jude Damon, a son of Deacon Oliver and Lois (Maynard) Damon, was born October 24, 1785, at Fitzwilliam, where he died November 14, 1872. He owned one of the Birge clocks, which was brought to Fitchburg by his son, David Damon. It is now at the home of his widow, Mrs. Abbie M. (Jaquith) Damon, River street. The clock, standing on carved feet, is of an ornate pattern and it carries a label stating that it was made by John Birge, Bristol, for George Mitchell, who was engaged in the clock business many years. Both men were foremost citizens of Bristol.

Chauncey and Lawson Ives, under the firm name of C. & L. Ives, began to manufacture clocks at Bristol, Conn., in 1832 and at other times and with several partners they were identified with the clock industry many years. Many of their clocks

are found in attractive cases. Mrs. William A. Yale, Snow street, has a clock formerly owned by her parents which carries the label of C. & L. Ives. The case is neat and artistic.

A shelf clock made by Chauncey Jerome was owned for a time by a Pratt family in Westmoreland, N. H. It was purchased by William Bennett and carried to his home in Chesterfield, N. H. He died in 1890 and the clock is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Angie M. Pierce, Day street.

Jones & Frisbie of New Hartford, Conn., made shelf clocks with brass works which were sold by peddlers and widely distributed. About sixty years ago Winchester Wyman, whom many will remember, bought one of the Jones & Frisbie clocks which is now owned by Mrs. Adah Knight, Turnpike road.

It is sometimes the good fortune of one enlisted in clock studies to find a timepiece peculiar in construction and in several characteristics unlike all other clocks. It has a dial, a hood, and a base like the long case clock, but the central part is eliminated. The hood rests upon the base. The pendulum rod is short and the beat is rapid. The weight can fall but a short distance and consequently is very heavy. A good specimen of this pattern, made by Aaron Willard, Sr., can be seen at the shop of E. C. Stevens, Main street.

Mrs. Francis Buttrick, Cottage square, has one of this type. The case was made many years ago by Francis Buttrick of Sterling, the father of the late Francis Buttrick of Fitchburg.

Many who read these lines will remember the clock which hung in the shop of Reuben R. Conn, a jeweler and good citizen of Fitchburg many years. Silas Harthon Goodnow opened a jeweler's shop opposite the Fitchburg Hotel in 1835, and in 1843 established a business at 362 Main street. Mr. Conn bought the business of Mr. Goodnow in 1855 and at the same time bought the clock. It is now at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Herbert Potter. It is a "Regulator" of an early pattern. It has a seconds pendulum and consequently is longer than a banjo or a modern regulator. The case is mahogany and well finished.

George B. Jackson, Fox street, owns a clock made by Stephenson, Howard & Co., Boston. It does not strike and consequently it did not strike me that it belonged to any de-

fined class of clocks. It is smaller in all particulars than a hall clock and one door covers the entire front.

In recent years the clock dealers have been offering modern hall clocks made in imitation of the clocks of Colonial times. In every respect except age they are equal to their prototypes. One of this class, made by D. Rollisson, was purchased recently in London. It now stands with a grave countenance and commanding attitude at the parsonage of the First Parish, where it apportions the hours of parochial service. By raising or lowering the pendulum the length of a sermon is accurately determined. It is a contented clock in a congenial atmosphere.

At the home of William B. Page, Summer street, is found a modern hall clock made by Sherve, Crump & Low Co., Boston. It is a notable clock. In proportions, material and finish it is a warm rival of the best work of the old masters.

Fred O. Littlefield, Congress place, has a modern hall clock of the Waltham pattern. It is an attractive and useful timepiece.

At the shop of Percy H. Safford, Main street, is found a modern hall clock which except in age cannot easily be excelled. At the same shop is a good specimen of the Friesland type and a "Wag on the Wall," which were formerly more frequently met. Another "Wag on the Wall" is keeping time at the home of John Nicoll, Lincoln street. Mr. Nicoll also has a tall clock which he brought from Scotland and which is worthy of commendation. Other modern hall clocks are owned by David M. Dillon, Mrytle avenue; Augustine C. Ferry, Maverick street; John H. Keefe, Mt. Vernon street; Mrs. Adah A. Gibson, Main street; Leslie E. Clark, South street.

Here ends the record of one hundred and thirty clocks. There are other shelf clocks in Fitchburg which on account of age or celebrity of the maker are entitled to notice, but I have noted all to which attention has been called.

In the world of invention there is no product more animate and lifelike than the clock. The automobile demands the undivided attention and the skilful manipulation of the operator. The telegraph and the telephone, when not in touch with a human mind, are useless and dead. We speak through

the telegraph and the telephone. The clock is ever speaking to us. The speedometer only registers distance when carried from point to point. The clock in exact measure is setting the milestones in its path through the passing years. Through the activities of the day or the stillness of the night the faithful sentinel records the hour and registers the flight of time.

A clock made by one of these old masters, venerable in years and faithful in service, is a theme of eulogy. For a century it has counted the seconds and measured the days of man. In our childhood, youth, and manhood, in sunshine and in storm, in joy and in sorrow, it has recorded time in even measure. The beat of the pendulum, like the pulsation of a human heart, has registered on the dial the milestones of our march from the cradle to the grave.

Vivid in the pictures of my childhood I see the face and the form and hear the measured tick of a tall clock that stood in the kitchen of an old and now deserted farmhouse. The old clock was one of the family and for it the children at Christmas time hung a stocking in the chimney corner. The clock participated in the joys, and shared the sorrows, of its human companions. So accurately did it tell the time of the day that it was a pattern of truth, and so steadily did it measure the hours it became an accepted model of industry. It was more than an instructor and a companion; it was a factor in the affairs of the household. Three times the seconds hand ran its circuit while an egg was boiling. It measured the time for baking bread, and told the housewife at Thanksgiving when the turkey was roasted to an approved shade of brown. The old clock counted the children that filled the cradle, and welcomed the boy who would succeed the father at the homestead and whose hand would turn the key when the weights were running low. And when the other boys made homes elsewhere and the maidens were carried away to preside at other firesides, a shadow of sorrow swept over its face, and when in the saddest of days the aged father and mother were laid at rest, the pendulum, like a grieving heart, grew heavy and the old clock stopped.

The clock tinker, with a hand as steady and a touch as gentle as the hand and the touch of the surgeon, applied the proper remedy, and then the old servant girded its loins for

the service of another generation. It was ever faithful to the customs and traditions of the family, and fondly remembered the simple and homely customs of its human companions. If it sometimes regretted a departure from old-time manners, the grand old clock was too loyal and too big-hearted not to rejoice at the better fortune and increasing luxury of succeeding generations. If it welcomed a stove when it came into the kitchen, it silently grieved over the loss of the fireplace and the glow of the coals on the hearth. The new piano was far away and unnoticed, but when a telephone was hung on the wall, the old clock struck a bolder note on its sounding bell, and laughed until its sides were shaken at the silly tinkle of the phone.

In the hour of prayer and sacred song the old clock assumed a listening attitude and was responsive to the warning of Windham, the praise of Dundee, and the prayer of Balerma, but when a younger generation were singing "Hold the Fort," the old worshipper turned a saddened face to the wall. Here, in stately dignity, it presided over the work, the study, and the play of three generations of children. There were nine and ten and eight. The old clock had counted them over and over, as they gathered around the table, or kneeling with the father and the mother joined in the devotion of the morning and the evening. In the passing generation there was only one child, a ruddy boy. The city called him from the farm and the old homestead was sold. The old clock shivered at the voice of the auctioneer and at the fall of the hammer the ties of a century were broken. With unfamiliar hands the aged companion and servant was borne to a more pretentious home in a city and set in a darkened corner of a stately hall.

And now, clothed in the uniform of wealth and shining in a new dress of lacquer, with a ribbon of gay color knotted on its aged brow, the old veteran is outwardly improved, but the pendulum swings more heavily and in the tick there is no voice of joy and contentment. The heart of the aged servant is sad and broken. No longer a member of a human family, it pines for the prattle and the play of children. In the silent hall it may see an incoming or departing guest, but no one consults it for the time of the day, or sets a watch from a

reading of its hands. From day to day the venerable oracle is treated with discourtesy and neglect. In happier days the father wound it with a gentle hand and now the housemaid, in cap and trim attire, stabs its aged face with a winding key and turns it suddenly and unlovingly until the heavy weights strike the skull of the old monarch, sending a shiver of pain from its venerable head to the soles of its feet. Alone and unloved, the bell at the even hour sounds a requiem and in the droning tick is heard the voice of lamentation. Standing on the stair, an exile from human companionship, the old clock speaks to Longfellow:

"Forever, never."

Forever alone and never again at the fireside. Forever neglected and never again a Nestor of the household. Poor old clock, alone on the stair! May the memory of happier days comfort thee!

DANIEL SIMONDS MEMORIAL.

A special service held by the Society April 20, 1914.

ADDRESS BY REV. EDWARD B. SAUNDERS.

The purpose of an historical society is to preserve what is noble in the past, and make it contribute to the fashioning of a nobler future. A philosopher tells us that what we call the present is but the past boring its way into the future. Hence every interest of former days reappears. We admire antiques. We hold fast to family heirlooms. We collect what has a history. These symbols of the past are needed to explain whatever we call modern.

But things only have value as they have human interest. Not in vain do we compile genealogies. It is not pride only that makes us trace back our ancestry. It is not vain curiosity nor selfishness that makes people want to learn about other folk. The best in the past is what man has done. The two best crops of New England were men and stones.

Fitchburg has become a cosmopolitan city. Old New England customs are passing. Many of the old families are scattered and gone. We are entering upon a new day. But among the founders and builders are names that must not be forgotten. With all our building of shops and public improvements we must not neglect to build men. Character is the one thing worth while. We shall only develop it in our children and foreign-born citizens by keeping before them the examples of men who worked and wrought honorably and gloriously in the past.

This gathering to-day is more than the tribute of a society to one of its members. It is an historic occasion. We are setting a new value upon manhood, integrity, industry. For if Fitchburg were asked to name one of her sons who fully embodied her distinctive character and ideals, would she hesitate to name Daniel Simonds?

He began life here among the hills where the air is pure and the water is sweet. Eight sons were born to Abel and Jane (Todd) Simonds. Whether or not the old tradition means anything, Daniel Simonds was the seventh son. All of the boys at some time worked with their father at his trade. In a little shop in West Fitchburg on the Nashua river in 1832, Abel Simonds began the manufacture of scythes and edge tools. From that humble beginning, through the genius of his son Daniel, has grown the wide-reaching industry that still bears his name.

Daniel Simonds was born in Fitchburg September 18, 1847. He attended the public schools, and afterwards Comer's commercial college in Boston. His further education was in the great school of life.

While Daniel Simonds was known abroad and among his fellow townsmen, by none was he known so well as by the workmen in his employ. He never forgot his own experiences as a workman, and had a quick sympathy with the problems which confront the toilers. Men at their work looked for his coming, not as a boss, but as a friend. They carried their personal difficulties to him as one who would find a solution. With all the growth of his business he tried to continue the personal relations with his men that belong to the small shop.

On September 12, 1887, he encouraged the formation of a mutual insurance among the men, known as the Aid and Benefit association. This has worked so well that all of the plants have adopted it.

In September, 1906, the Daniel Simonds Recreation club was formed. The rooms set apart provide a dining room, kitchen, pool tables, dance hall, card tables, reading room, baths, etc. He believed that men who play well will work well.

On January 1, 1908, a pension plan was adopted for those who had grown gray in the service or become otherwise disabled.

In all these efforts he discouraged what is known as paternalism. Responsibility was put upon the men to maintain these organizations themselves. The company encouraged and assisted, but the men elected and executed.

These policies he has bequeathed to his sons with the business as it has been built up. Those near them know how much their father's spirit is in them. The public will know it as time proves their worth.

Daniel Simonds knew what the boys needed because he had begun in the shop as a boy and worked his way to the top.

In 1868, when Daniel Simonds was twenty-one years old, a new company was organized to take over the business begun by his father. The name adopted was the Simonds Manufacturing Co. The company was incorporated with a capital stock of $50,000. The plant was moved from West Fitchburg to its present location. Daniel was retained as an employee of the new firm.

He served several years in the factory, and afterward as a clerk in the office. He became superintendent of the works, then was elected a director. In 1875 he was made vice-president and treasurer. In 1889 he became president, the second to hold that office. In this capacity he successfully administered and expanded the business until his death.

From the beginning of his connection with the company Mr. Simonds had gradually increased his holdings of stock. Soon after his election to the presidency he acquired a controlling interest.

Under his wise direction the business grew until now the company has two large factories in Fitchburg, a factory in Chicago and Montreal, a steel mill in Lockport, N. Y., and ten branch houses, fifteen establishments in all, with agencies in various parts of the world.

Thus has Fitchburg become a cosmopolitan city, not alone because new citizens come here from every country under the sun, but because our manufactured products go wherever man is found. In the forest recesses, where trees are cut down and shaped for the purposes of civilization, Simonds is a familiar name.

While he held no public offices, he was in things. He was not a man of words, but of deeds. His name appears upon the roll of organizations that are doing things, and upon committees where executive ability is demanded. We find him active in this historical society as one proud of

the growth of his native city. We find him in the Board of Trade and Merchants' association as one seeking to "force Fitchburg forward." He was prominent in the Calvinistic Congregational church, chairman of its board of assessors, as one who realized that the church gives the community its highest ideals of life and destiny. He was in Aurora lodge, A. F. and A. M., Jerusalem Commandery, K. T., as one who believed in human brotherhood. He was a promoter of the Fay club, as one who loved to mingle with others in social relations.

He took time from his own big business to contribute to the business prosperity of the city. He served as director in the Fitchburg National bank, as director in the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Co., as trustee in the Fitchburg Savings bank.

Away from home he was a member of the board of directors of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was while in attendance at a convention of the manufacturers that he gained an idea, the carrying out of which has given Fitchburg national renown. The dean of the college of engineering of the University of Cincinnati had explained a plan of cooperative industrial education that he had introduced, whereby students of his college entered the shops and did practical work as part of their college course.

Mr. Simonds at once saw the advantage of uniting such a course with the high school in Fitchburg. The school authorities favored the plan. The Fitchburg Manufacturers' club, of which Mr. Simonds was the founder and first president, stood behind the enterprise. In 1908 the course was put into operation. So successfully has it worked, that attention has been drawn to it from all parts of the country. "The Fitchburg Plan of Cooperative Industrial Education" has been made the subject of a national government bulletin. It is regarded as one of the solutions of the much-discussed question of vocational training. In time to come this may be regarded as the best thing that Mr. Simonds has done for Fitchburg. When these boys become successful men, because equipped and trained for their lifework in the actual workshops of business, they will call his name blessed.

When the summons came to Mr. Simonds a year ago to pass on into the eternal world, he left behind him his widow, who was Miss Ellen M. Gifford of Rockville, Conn., and three sons, all born in Fitchburg, namely, Alvan T., Gifford K., and Harlan K.

In the early years of his business, and while building it up and developing it, his most helpful counselor and adviser, whose assistance was of inestimable value, was his wife; while in the later years, when his three sons had grown up to manhood's estate, he turned to them for active cooperation and wise initiative in the extension of his great and expanding enterprise; and to them he committed the conduct of his vast and ever-increasing business undertaking.

His home relations were most pleasant. In the days of his prosperity the beautiful home on Prospect hill was built, overlooking the city and the surrounding region. After seeing their children established Mr. and Mrs. Simonds divided their time between their new residence and an equally beautiful summer home in Larchmont, N. Y. Here death overtook him, May 5, 1913.

He had reached the age of sixty-five, that turning point in a man's life when he has attained the summit of physical and mental energy, and is gradually descending the slope toward old age.

Tenderly they brought him back to his home city. He was carried to the church where he had always gone to worship so willingly. Family, workmen, friends, a multitude gathered to do him reverence. Now that a year has elapsed, and our perspective has cleared, we come together again to determine his true place in our community life.

In the hill cemetery of Fitchburg the family of Daniel Simonds has erected a stately mausoleum to mark his last resting place. All who visit the city of the dead may find his name chiseled there.

In the Calvinistic Congregational church, during the past winter season, Mrs. Simonds arranged for a series of sacred concerts on Sunday afternoons that all might come to enjoy. Talented singers gave their best to listeners of high and low degree. This was in memory of him who was the friend of all sorts and conditions of men.

But the best monuments are always of the man's own building. We may regard the mansion in which he lived and the stone tomb above his sepulchre with admiration. Perhaps these will endure longer than memories. But just now we are thinking of the monuments he has built in human hearts. The business he has developed has given employment to thousands. The sons whom he has left to complete his work are the continuation of himself. The wife who received his love now shares it with all who learned to love him.

A good man never dies.

REV. DR. JAMES CHALMERS.

Mr. Simonds's life was in a very true sense an ideal life. It was ideal in its business honesty and business success. No man could ever ask for higher recognition or fuller appreciation in the business world than that accorded to him. His business integrity and business achievements are a rich heritage of incalculable value to those who follow him in his work. He loved his business; it was his very life; he put himself into it fully and unreservedly; he put himself into it with all that he was of honor and efficiency, and so his business life was ideal. From Fitchburg to Seattle, and from Montreal to New Orleans, the universal verdict of all his business associates and of all the patrons of his products has been that his business life was ideal.

His community life was ideal. Born and reared in Fitchburg, and living the full length of his life here, he conducted himself always with such simplicity and frank honesty, such openness and generosity, such genuine sympathy and such a spirit of helpfulness toward all honest persons and all worthy institutions that he won for himself a place in the esteem of the entire community that kings might envy him. No king upon his throne was ever more royally enthroned in the hearts of a people than was Mr. Simonds in the universal heart of this entire city.

It was once said that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," but here was one whose praise and commendation was upon every lip right here in the Fitchburg of his birth and upraising. Surely no man could ever

have a higher boon of happiness to crown his life than that which came to him in the universal esteem, love, and confidence of those right here in his own Fitchburg, to whom his life story was as an open book from its first page even to its last. His community life was ideal.

His home life was ideal. He was not only devoted to his home city, but he was devoted to his home in that good old-fashioned way of the good old-fashioned home, wherein were bound together all those higher aspirations and deeper affections that center about a common fireside. No home life could be more beautiful in centripetal influence of love than that which centered about Daniel Simonds as the head of an ideal New England home of the good old-fashioned type. His home life was ideal.

His church life was ideal. All the manhood that was in him was firmly based upon profoundly religious principles, and centered absolutely in his church, from whose services, except from necessity, he never absented himself. He worked diligently at the problems of the church, and he gave of his time and efforts generously in working out the details of its administration. At the time of his death he held the highest and most responsible office in the gift of the parish—that of chairman of its board of assessors.

In worship he was deeply spiritual. In sermon he cared not for what was controversial, theological or popular. What he wanted always in sermon was deeply spiritual, that which could move the heart with the tenderness of divine love. Like all great souls, he was almost childlike in the simplicity of his devotion to the things that are spiritual in religious worship.

He therefore loved the spiritual music of the church and he was often touched to the heart by it, and so moved to tenderest sympathy. He was the good friend of the church and city who provided the Sunday afternoon concerts that filled the church to overflowing with eager listeners during the season of a year ago.

While he was with us he refused to allow his name to be publicly used as the one who provided the concerts. The original suggestion of the concerts came from him, and he carried out the enterprise with his usual success, but he took

no great credit and refused to have his name made public. This was characteristic of the man—ready always to do a thousand things to help; never willing to let his benefactions be advertised.

And was there not something befittingly beautiful in his last act of affectionate and thoughtful care for the church that he loved, in providing that harmony of sacred music that filled the edifice with heavenly song, like the nearer approach of the angels, so that heaven seemed to come down to earth to take and receive its own into its bosom? And so his life passed on into its larger estate in the midst of the glorious symphony of a hallelujah chorus.

And in loving memory of her honored husband, Mrs. Daniel Simonds has continued those beautiful Sunday afternoon concerts throughout the season that has just closed. It was a fitting memorial to the memory of one of nature's noblemen.

If ever there was an honest man it was Daniel Simonds. How fitting are the words chiseled on his mausoleum:

"An Honest Man's The Noblest Work of God."

FREDERICK A. CURRIER.

Others have more appropriately spoken regarding the details of his business life, but I deem it a privilege to offer a tribute to the character of one whom I regarded as of the highest type of business man and Christian gentleman, and in whose passing Fitchburg has met with its greatest loss for many years.

From my coming to this city as a young man I had, on many occasions, business relations with Daniel Simonds, and he was ever to me the most straight forward, sincere, and honorable of men, and one in whom the utmost confidence was instinctively felt by every one who came in contact with him. Pleasant to meet, courteous to all, he had a quiet dignity and refinement of manner that commanded respect, and while firm and steadfast in his opinions, his judgment was tempered by careful consideration of all points of the question under discussion.

I well remember, a few years since, how the vote of the city on the temperance question, in which he was deeply interested, had resulted differently from what he had expected and hoped for. Meeting me, he asked my opinion of the cause of this result, remarking, "When I have not succeeded in anything, I always want to find out, if I can, wherein I was wrong in my plans, and why I did not come out ahead."

For many years the name of Daniel Simonds has been synonymous with honesty, enterprise, public spirit, and upright dealing. At the head of an extensive business, he yet found time to be the leader in many public movements for business, educational, and social advancement of this, his native city.

A man who could have had, and was frequently urged to accept the highest honors within the gift of his fellow townsmen, he preferred to do his full part as a good citizen, interested in everything tending toward the well-being of the city or its people, and his life of varied usefulness was in every sphere full of honor, frankness, and truth. His benefactions were many and generous, but always without ostentation and no desire for publicity of the fact.

When the subject of the clearing of the debt which had for so many years hung over the Young Men's Christian Association was taken up, he was the one who interestedly took up the direction of the campaign as chairman, and it was largely due to his liberality and rare executive ability that the successful result was accomplished.

From Daniel Simonds' clear-headed thoughtfulness we have "Fitchburg's Industrial Course," inaugurated into our public schools, which has made the name of Fitchburg known not only throughout the entire United States, but extending even to Europe. Others have related the important part he had in this matter.

Numerous other public improvements could be mentioned in which he was an earnest worker. I have, myself, knowledge of many business enterprises in Fitchburg outside of his own companies, which have felt the supporting influence and assistance of Daniel Simonds in extending and encouraging the manufacturing interest of our city. His work was done in

a quiet way, without blase or bluster but everything he took hold of felt the inspiration of his earnestness.

His achievements spelled success, which was accomplished by his own energy and industry, and the application of the highest principles of life to his dealings between man and man. He has left behind him a name that was above reproach, of generous friendliness and kindly thoughtfulness; and while the mortal part is gone, he will long live with the citizens of Fitchburg, in minds and lives made better from having known him and his honorable life.

"Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing our light in the glorious sun;
So do we pass from earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done."

THE MASSACHUSETTS CANAL.

Read at a meeting of the Society Jan. 18, 1897.

BY FREDERICK A. CURRIER.

The revival of public interest in canals and inland waterways, and progress made on the Panama and Cape Cod enterprises, makes of interest to us the story of the proposed canal which was to have connected Boston harbor and the Erie canal; and if built as planned, would have made Fitchburg an "inland seaport" with boats running through to Boston and to the Hudson.

In the early days of the history of Massachusetts, nearly all the commerce depended on water transportation, and we find the Pilgrims, only a few years after their landing, endeavoring to open a water route across Cape Cod, through the valley where the Indians portaged their canoes and the path followed by the pioneers in transporting their goods from Scusset creek on the east side of Cape Cod to Monument river on the west, in trading with the Dutch of Fort Amsterdam, that they might avoid the dangers of the voyage around the cape, but nothing was accomplished thereon.

The first canal in America was built around South Hadley Falls on the Connecticut river in 1793. The Turner's Falls canal built in 1795 was three miles long, and in 1825 earned $11,000.

In 1793 the business interests of Boston became alarmed at the possible diversion of the whole of the interior trade of New Hampshire to Portsmouth as their distributing point instead of Boston, and exerted their influence resulting in the passage by the legislature in June, 1793, of the act incorporating the Middlesex canal, which was approved by Governor Hancock in the last year of his life.

The surveys were by an English engineer, who is said to have used in the work the first leveling instrument in America. Loammi Baldwin, the elder, one of the leading engineers in America, superintended the construction.

It was while engaged in this work that Col. Baldwin was attracted by the very red and handsome fruit of an apple tree in Billerica, and finding the flavor also excellent, he took pains to start an orchard. That tree became the progenitor of the Baldwin apple, and seems likely to perpetuate its discoverer's name long after the canal he built, now filled up and abandoned, shall have been entirely forgotten.

Preliminary surveys required more than a year and ground was broken in 1795 and continued until 1803, when work was completed. The Middlesex canal, twenty-seven miles long, extended by the Charles and Mystic rivers from Charlestown to Medford, thence by way of Mystic pond and Symmes river to Horn pond in Woburn, thence through Wilmington and Billerica to East Chelmsford, now a part of Lowell, where it connected with the Merrimack. The company purchased rights up the river to Concord, and a part of the expense was defrayed by a lottery permitted by a law of New Hampshire. Some of the tickets were sold in Massachusetts. The rise from tide water to the Merrimack was 107 feet, requiring twenty locks and seven aqueduct bridges, and it was the first considerable thing of the kind undertaken in America. In these days of gigantic enterprises, when vast sums of money are constantly employed and may be easily obtained, the building of such a canal would seem comparatively trivial and of small moment. To our forefathers, however, it was an undertaking of the first magnitude. The question of canals, "those ancient pathways of American commerce," was then of vital importance. Steam railways had not yet appeared, the canal was then the chief means of transportation. The packet boat was regarded with genuine satisfaction and deemed a great advance in matter of travel and traffic.

Commencing at Billerica Mills, the principal excavations were to Horn pond in Woburn. Most of the rest of the course formed a natural canal, with some slight alterations.

The story of the building of the canal is a recital of a courageous battle of earnest men against obstacles which at first sight seemed insurmountable. The cost of the original work was so heavy that, rather injudiciously, it was afterward ascertained, the canal was opened for business before

it really should have been, and the consequence was a number of leaks and resultant damage. Canal boats were not built until it had been in operation for some few years. From 1803 until 1807 it struggled along with but few resources. This radical innovation was too far in advance of the conservatism of the day to be readily accepted.

The canal was three feet deep and thirty feet wide. Neither number of shares or total capital to be issued was fixed, and the canal and river improvements cost over half a million dollars, a large expenditure for those days, when the total assessed value of Boston was only $15,000,000. For the first fifteen years the income was absorbed in alterations and repairs. One hundred assessments were made upon the stockholders, making the cost of a share, including interest, $1455.25. The total cost of the canal reached the sum of $1,164,200. From 1819 to 1843, dividends were paid amounting in all to $504 per share.

From 1816, when dividends were commenced, up to 1843, the outlook was for a large business. There was every indication that an investment in the stock of the company would be a "gilt-edge plunge," and it found a ready sale.

It was extensively used for the transportation of lumber and farm produce from the territory tributary to the upper Merrimack to Boston, and conveying of general merchandise in return. The route was not rich or populous, but testimony of business men is on record that the canal greatly aided in developing the country, giving an impetus and growth that was never lost and was of great public utility. The chief design of the canal was for freight, but a packet boat for passengers ran daily at a speed of four miles per hour, and fare from Lowell to Boston eighty cents.

Between Boston and Chelmsford, moss-grown, untraveled, and in some cases almost obliterated, are traces of what gave promise seventy-five years ago of being one of the greatest commercial enterprises in New England. To the youth of to-day the canal, or what is left of it, is popular only as a place to go in swimming; but the survivors of two generations ago recall its glory and how the building of the Boston and Lowell railroad was the signal for the death of the Middlesex canal, business being entirely suspended in 1852.

The Erie canal was commenced in 1817 and was eight years in building. Following very nearly the old Indian trail from Albany to Buffalo and the old turnpike, it connected the Hudson river and Lake Erie. Three hundred and sixty-three miles long, constructed through a region for the most part a wilderness, it was the most extensive public work that had been undertaken in the United States up to that time, the total cost reaching $7,600,000. The big ditch was the wonder of the age, and the pride of the state and nation. In these later days, when invention has supplied the powerful labor-saving appliances, it is difficult for us to realize the toil and patience so vast a work meant under such wearing conditions, when pick and shovel had not been supplanted by the steam shovel, "that deuced interloper" that Pat resisted with terms more forcible than polite, while consoling himself that "the blackguard couldn't vote, anyhow," and when the work of weeks could not effect what could now be done in hours.

The Blackstone canal from Providence to Worcester, forty miles long, and costing $750,000, was completed from Providence to the state line and opened for business in 1824. Work on the Massachusetts section commenced at Worcester in 1826, and on the 7th of October, 1828, the first through boat from Providence arrived at the upper basin, not far from Lincoln square in Worcester. This canal for many years was an important factor in promoting the industrial growth of Providence, Worcester, and all along the Blackstone valley. To-day, as we ride from Worcester to Providence, from the car window we get glimpses here and there of sections of old canal.

The approaching completion of the Erie canal, and the example of the Middlesex canal in our own state, led some of the enterprising men to consider the idea of a canal to Worcester county and possibly to the Hudson to connect with the Erie. The eager confidence of these believers in the possibilities of the project induced the appointment of a commission by the legislature under date of February 25, 1825, "To ascertain the practicability of making a canal from Boston Harbor to the Connecticut river and of extending the same to some point on the Hudson river in the State of

New York, in the vicinity of the junction of the Erie Canal with the river."

Governor Eustis, who while minister to Holland became greatly interested in the extensive canal system of that country, gave the enterprise his hearty approval and official support. The commissioners employed Loammi Baldwin, Jr., a son of the builder of the Middlesex canal, as engineer. A careful investigation covering several months, with surveys of the different routes suggested, the principal being that by Worcester, or Southern, the other by Fitchburg, the Northern or Millers Falls route.

The committee made a report in a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, transmitted to the legislature by Governor Lincoln January 11, 1826, in which they unanimously approved of the route through Fitchburg, declaring it to be beyond comparison the most practicable and advantageous, and they strongly urged the construction of the work by the state.

In view of what has since occurred this report is of peculiar interest and significance.

The selected route followed substantially the present line of the Fitchburg railroad. Beginning with the Charles river, it passed through Cambridge, Watertown, Waltham, Weston, Lincoln, Concord, Sudbury, Acton, Boxboro, Littleton, Groton, Shirley, Leominster, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Ashburnham, Winchendon, Royalston, Athol, Orange, Erving, Montague, Greenfield, Deerfield, Shelburne, Charlemont, Florida, Adams, Williamstown, Pownal, Vt., and Hoosac to the Hudson river, with a tunnel through the Hoosac mountain.

Loammi Baldwin, who made the plan, was a native of Woburn and a graduate of Harvard college in the class of 1800. After leaving Cambridge he studied law with Hon. Timothy Bigelow of Groton, and practiced his profession for a few years, when he gave it up to become an engineer.

In his new calling he soon attained distinction, and his services were in constant demand throughout the country, particularly in the construction of canals. While studying law at Groton in the year 1802 Mr. Baldwin made a fire engine, of which the town at that time stood in great need;

and this machine is still in use after a service of one hundred years, and even to-day will throw a good stream of water.

For the proposed canal the rise found to be overcome, between Boston and the Connecticut, was 1065 feet, calling for 400 locks. The estimated cost was $3,000,000, the cost of land proper being estimated at about $8000 per mile.

The commissioners selected Mud pond in Ashburnham as the summit level, from which point surveys were made in both easterly and westerly directions, Mud pond being 1065 feet above low water mark at Boston harbor and 893 feet above the Connecticut at the mouth of Millers river. "This pond is situated in an extensive swamp and has a surface of twelve acres." From the pond eastward the survey runs across the turnpike road, following the stream to the mouth of Adams brook, thence down the valley of this stream, passing Burgess's, Munroe's, and Glazier's lathe mill ponds to Gross's milldam. In this short distance of only four miles, they found a fall of 225 feet, or more than one-fifth of the whole descent from the summit level to tidewater at Boston harbor. From Gross's to Whitman's mill in Westminster, and thence to Farwell's mill in Fitchburg, there is a fall of 201 feet in a distance of five and a half miles, the line of survey being generally carried along the meadows, swamps, or bottom land of the stream which forms the north branch of the Nashua river. Farwell's sawmill, located at about the present site of Crocker, Burbank & Co.'s Snow mill, is thus described: "Farwell's sawmill pond is at the head of a cataract falling over perpendicular cliffs and ledges which constitute the bed and banks of the stream, and precipitates itself in noisy confusion ninety feet in a distance of only a few rods to meet and mingle with the other branch of the Nashua which comes from Westminster." The report adds, "To gain this whole descent by locks in so short a distance will be attended with many inconveniences to navigation and the canal should be laid along the side hills and extended, as it may be, to a considerable distance beyond the last point before it drops to a level with the low land on the left bank. From the last-named point on the river to the road to Fitchburg by Jewett's factory, there is a fall of seventy-five feet. The mouth of Phillips brook (from Rockville) is passed

on this line, which is kept on the left hand of the river, and has a very uniform descent. But it passes by a high, steep, gravelly bank the foot of which is washed by the river and must be turned round a high projecting point or ridge to take the course to Fitchburg. In another place the river must be crossed or the channel turned to avoid an inconvenient bend. This section, although hard, rocky ground constitutes it, most of the soil is quite possible."

The survey follows the valley of the Nashua, in passing through the village, of which the following description is given in the report:

"Fitchburg is a flourishing village and has grown up within fifteen years in consequence of the establishment of various kinds of manufactures and from the numerous hydraulic privileges, with the rapid descent and abundant water the Nashua affords, it is destined to be a place of great business. There are now three cotton factories containing 1236 spindles and looms sufficient for weaving 104,000 yards of cloth annually, two woolen factories which consume 60,000 pounds of wool, a satinette factory, two tanyards, five sawmills and two gristmills, potash works, and a window blind manufactory in which 4000 are annually made and sent to Boston. There are numerous quarries of excellent granite in Fitchburg; Rollstone mountain, situate on the right bank of the Nashua opposite the village, having a base of three-quarters of a mile and an elevation of 300 feet, is one entire mass of granite, and being disposed in strata is easily wrought."

Fitchburg evidently favorably impressed the commissioners as no other place on the entire route receives any special notice.

From Fitchburg to the meadow of Mashapaug pond in Lunenburg is a little over five miles and on this section were found some of the principal difficulties to be encountered on the eastern section. Hitherto the line had been gradually descending and had fallen 592 feet in a distance of a little over twelve miles. The report says: "On leaving Fitchburg the survey is carried over very uneven ground to the eastern edge of high woodland to where it falls to Pearl Hill brook. Pearl Hill brook flows through the valley of

the "three bridges," and Marshall's sawmill is on this stream. The fall from Fitchburg to Pearl Hill brook is 109 feet, while the highest point of Wilder's ridge is a rise of 104 feet from the brook. Two high, narrow ridges approach each other on opposite sides of this stream and are admirably placed for abutments for an aqueduct 30 or 40 feet high." "Passing into the ravine by Goodrich old mill through the natural outlet to the meadow, the outlet of Onkechewhalum pond comes down from the left and passes through the meadow and could easily be used as a supply. The meadow of Mashapaug pond is six and a half feet lower than Pearl Hill brook." From there the route went to Edgarton millpond in Shirley Village and thence by towns heretofore named to Boston, details of which are not of local interest at this time.

The commission suggested possible change of route after leaving Fitchburg, by following the valley of the Nashua to Leominster and by going south of Dr. Wilder's house, avoid the difficulties of Wilder's ridge and Pearl Hill brook and escape the deep cuts required, and connect with the original survey below Edgarton's mill in Shirley. In Leominster two routes were suggested. "About twenty rods south of the meeting house, two routes are possible over the summit level in Ashburnham and Westminster. Passing east of the meeting house and approaching the Nashua near the northwest bounds of Leominster, continue up the left bank of that river through Fitchburg to the south side of Great Naukeage pond in Ashburnham. From Leominster to Fitchburg, seven miles, the land is favorable for the purpose of a canal, the ascent being only 38 feet."

The other route through Westminster continues north from Leominster meeting-house, near which it crosses Wannoosnick brook, described thus: "Wannoosnick stream has its source in a swamp at the base of Wannoosnick mountain and running south through Leominster, turning to the northeast thirty rods southeast of the meeting-house, falls into the North branch of the Nashua eight miles from its mouth. It is a large stream having several mills and manufactories on it." The Westminster route is again intersected by this brook in the borders of Fitchburg, thence turning to the west it passes through that town (Fitchburg) up the valley of the

brook to a swamp east of the outlet of Wachusett and Meeting House ponds, thence south of that stream to the eastern line of Westminster, and there crossing it enters a valley which extends north of the meeting-house in that town to "Tophet Swamp," a distance of ten miles. But the report says, "The land is unfavorable from where the line intersects the valley of Wannoosnick brook, which has a precipitous descent and tortuous course over ledges and through steep and rocky hills, rendering it difficult and expensive to construct a canal, and the remainder of this line is over rugged hills and vallies, all requiring numerous excavations of extra depths, high embankments, and large culverts."

The necessity of having an abundant water supply was recognized and careful consideration was given to this subject. Extensive details and figures are quoted to show that an ample supply was readily available. "The ponds in Ashburnham, upper and lower Naukege, Mud, East, and Wattatick are to be considered reliable even in a dry season," and are estimated to cover a surface of 1110 acres, Naukege pond being rated as capable of supplying enough for the passage of 56 boats daily through the section for 220 days of the year. Upper Naukege is given 286 acres, 250,000,000 cubic feet; Lower Naukege, 208 acres, 90,000,000 cubic feet; Westminster Meeting House pond, 152 acres, 132,000,000 cubic feet; Wachusett Lake and Whalom Pond were also to be drawn on and reservoirs also to be built at several points, a dam being suggested below Farwell's mills, also at the mouth of Phillips brook and Pearl Hill brook. "The feeding from reservoirs and the cheapness of converting ponds to such use are uncommonly favorable. Perhaps no instance can be found where a canal with such a summit level can thus be furnished with a supply as their united outlets crossing its line as above stated afford." The figures of elevation above low water in Boston harbor are quoted, including:

Longley's Mills at Shirley	263 feet
Edgarton Mills at Shirley	276 feet
Goodridge ridge, Lunenburg	403 feet
Mashapaug pond, Lunenburg	356 feet
Meadow pond, Lunenburg	357 feet
Cattacoonemug pond, Lunenburg	289 feet

Wilder ridge, Leominster	468 feet
Pearl Hill brook, Fitchburg	364 feet
Top of the underpinning of the Fitchburg Meeting-house	492 feet
Jewett factory pond, Fitchburg	468 feet
Farwell's Mills, Fitchburg	638 feet
Phillips brook at mouth, Fitchburg	521 feet
Guide post at Bacon's, Westminster	675 feet
Brook Mill pond, Westminster	731 feet
Whitman Mill pond, Westminster	792 feet
Gross Mill pond, Ashburnham	840 feet
Mud pond, Ashburnham	1065 feet
Lower Naukege, Ashburnham	1168 feet
Upper Naukege, Ashburnham	1129 feet
East pond, Ashburnham	1111 feet
Wattatick, Ashburnham	1150 feet

The section west of the summit, especially from the Connecticut westward, was more difficult. The one point where a canal could penetrate the Berkshire hills was where the Deerfield river on the east side of the Hoosac mountain and the Hoosac river on the west are only four miles apart, the point where the Hoosac Tunnel now is. Few people of today know that the original idea of the tunnel was for the use of canal boats and that it was proposed over 50 years before it was finally opened for use.

Mr. Baldwin adopted the idea of a tunnel as the only alternative to a system of locks crossing over the mountain, not that he considered that method impracticable, on the contrary he affirmed that his surveys showed it to be entirely feasible; but he preferred the tunnel on account of the decreased distance and consequently less expense and saving in time of operation. His estimate of the time required for passage of the tunnel would be one hour and twenty minutes, while for over the mountain two days would be needed.

In view of the subsequent experience of the state in piercing the mountain, Col. Baldwin's now long-forgotten estimate is one of the curiosities of engineering literature. It was made when the purchasing power of a dollar as respected both labor and materials was much greater than at the present time. On the other hand, tunnelling had not then become a science. All work was done with the hand drill and no explosives except gunpowder. The estimates were then

considered very carefully made, Mr. Baldwin availing himself of all the light which experience could then afford. He writes: "The cost of a tunnel is difficult to ascertain with exactness, although great exertions were made to collect information on the subject." The conception was a bold one. Not only was there no tunnel in the world of such length as he proposed, but with the limited knowledge of such public works the project appeared to the common apprehension little short of folly. A writer in the Boston *Courier* claimed "that it would require 32 years to complete it on one basis, and 182 years on another basis." The latter would have probably proved nearer correct if the work had been done only with hand drilling and no explosive except gunpowder, if it ever could have been done at all with those facilities.

Mr. Baldwin says, "In a tunnel four miles long there are 211,200 cubic yards, which at a cost of $4.25 per cubic yard to excavate, (the highest price any tunnel has ever cost per yard,) this has been assumed in order to put the cost beyond a doubt, would amount to $920,832."

Contrast this with the actual cost of the Hoosac tunnel—over fifteen times that amount! Mr. Baldwin's estimates were considered extremely conservative at the time, and were undoubtedly justified by everything except the stubborn fact of subsequent experience. His estimate for expense of going over the mountain would require 220 locks in eighteen miles, and would cost $2,090,000, a clear saving of over $1,000,000 in favor of a tunnel.

When Col. Baldwin was making his exploring visit to the valley of the Deerfield, he is said to have exclaimed with fervid enthusiasm, "It seems as if the finger of Providence had pointed out this route from the East to the West." "Perhaps so," answered a bystander who was deficient in enthusiasm and reverence, "But it is a great pity that same finger wasn't thrust through the Hoosac mountain."

Col. Baldwin was not alone in his idea, as we find at a meeting of the petitioners for the Troy & Greenfield railroad at North Adams in 1847, Hon. Alvah Crocker presiding. Col. Leavitt of Charlemont arose and said, "Gentlemen, nature has planed out the valleys of the Deerfield and Hoosac

and has left this bluff to test the perseverance and energy of man."

The rate of toll proposed was three cents a ton per mile, which it was computed with 220 days of open navigation would allow for eighteen boats to pass the summit level per day. For the canal, 100 miles say, it would give an income of $356,400 or a little short of the interest of $6,000,000, the estimated difference between land and water expense of transportation being given as 30 to 1.

The commission suggested various means for raising funds for the enterprise. "Having ascertained that probably $250,000 are annually expended in Massachusetts for lottery tickets, notwithstanding the absolute prohibition of the traffic, and referring to the fact that lotteries have been used for various excellent purposes, if an unabatable evil does exist, let it be converted to the best possible purpose. We would be the last among our fellow citizens to sanction immorality or impair the omnipotence of justice, but with deference offer such remarks as may tend to the development of truth, the confirmation of which shall be found superogatory in our generally excellent code of laws, and close with the pertinent and practical announcement that should a lottery be resorted to as one of the means of raising funds, it can be affirmed with confidence that $20,000 may be thus annually obtained and probably a much larger sum."

A novel suggestion made in connection with the canal project was that the city of Boston, then as now very much interested in obtaining an abundant supply of water, could by an expenditure of only $84,000 secure the use of the water of the canal by constructing a canal from Watertown to Washington street in Boston, the waters of the canal to be conducted by a pipe to a basin near the pumps where it could be left to deposit the impurities it might have received on its way and pass perfectly pure to the working pumps. Also that the canals of fresh water passing around the west end and also to the east would be a great advantage for fires and a beautiful terminus for the canal would give to the foot of the Common, if its banks were planted with trees and formed into promenades.

The report adds, "The whole seems feasible, and seldom has a plan of internal improvements been proposed where the peculiar local objects of so high importance to the capital could be brought into harmony with the remote interests of the state."

That the proposed canal was considered by the commissioners to be of the utmost importance to the future of the old Commonwealth and that Boston might be placed in a position to secure a share of the traffic of the growing West, as New York, is shown by the fervid language of this report. The patriotism, tradition, and enterprise of Massachusetts were appealed to and the hardy pioneers who went forth to settle the western wilderness are recalled to mind, and they close their report:

"Shall it then be said that their sires, and those who have been reared and dwell in the land of their nativity have degenerated, that Massachusetts has lost her pristine energy and is doomed to witness the grand progress of internal improvements in more youthful states, and linger in the rear in this eventful age when the march of the human race to its most exalted destinies has acquired an impetus unprecedented in the annals of the world? The whole people will indignantly answer, No! They will merit and maintain the reputation which their ancestors acquired, firmly meet the moral and physical demands of the times, and urge forward those public works which are required to extend and increase the facilities of intercourse with every section of the Union. They will neither be appalled by the difficulties which must be encountered nor the expense which will necessarily be incurred. What their wants demand they have the spirit and ability to achieve; for to free and enlightened citizens nothing is impossible which the public good requires should be accomplished."

But the rhetoric and appeal to Massachusetts' spirit was wasted on the legislature. That body became alarmed at the magnitude of the scheme, and disregarding the governor's recommendation, they laid upon the table a resolve authorizing further surveys, and then repealed the resolve under which the surveys had already been made. The many friends of the project were active and earnest, but the agitation of

the railroad question, caused by the building of the first railroad for carrying stone from the quarry to Bunker Hill monument, gave the final death-blow to the great Massachusetts Canal project.

In 1827-28 the Board of Internal Improvements took up the consideration of a railroad from Boston to Albany, a northern, a middle and a southern route being proposed, corresponding nearly to the canal routes, the northern embracing the tunnel among its features. The present Boston and Albany was finally selected as offering the most feasible point for crossing the Berkshire hills and from its passing through a more populous section of the state than the northern route.

Mr. Crocker in his advocacy of the Fitchburg railroad followed closely the old canal route, and of him a writer referring to the building of the road says:

"The line owed its early construction to one man, its first president, Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg, who was the very embodiment of Yankee activity and energy. His body was rarely quiet, and it may safely be said that his mind and tongue never were. An active friend of the Western railroad in the legislature of 1836, he conceived the idea of a similar railroad to his own town, then a place of about 2500 inhabitants. When he went home after the adjournment he began in his peculiar fashion to agitate the matter. The line ran through a wild and sparsely settled region where the idea of building a railroad seemed at the time little less than preposterous. But Mr. Crocker was not, however, a man to be turned aside from his project and in March, 1842, secured his charter."

Mr. Crocker, immediately on the completion of the road to Fitchburg, commenced to agitate the subject of extending the road west, and for years gave his time, energy, and money to "force it forward," as it is now termed. He did not live to see the fruition of his labors in the completion of the through line, but just fifty years after Engineer Baldwin made his report—on February 9, 1875—the Hoosac tunnel was opened through. The story of the Hoosac tunnel is of local interest from it having been so largely due to the work of Fitchburg men in its inception, and that the invention of the first successful power drill in Fitchburg by Charles Burleigh made possible the completion of the enterprise.

A SERMON OF THE MUSEUM.

Read at a regular meeting of the Society Nov. 17, 1913.

BY EZRA S. STEARNS.

The voices of a museum are of memory and reverence. Here are gathered the implements of manual labor with handles worn in the friction of toil, the comforts and utilities of the fireside, tokens of love, and gifts of esteem and friendship. They are illustrative of the industry and sacrifice of our fathers. They are the voices of the love and affection, of the hope and the faith, of those who have lived and died. They are yet warm with the touch of human hands, and when the ear is not sealed and the soul is not sleeping, they are preaching a sermon of reverence, and filling the air with the incense of good works and moral lives.

If life was long, and research continued without interruption, it would be a fascinating study to give a record and a voice to every relic or antique in a museum, and to tell the story of the lives of all who have owned or used them.

On this occasion I am limited to the mention of only one of the many inanimate, yet living, articles of our museum. Mr. Wilbur F. Wood of our city has deposited in the museum an ancient steelyard. The steelyard of unequal, and the weighing scales of equal leverage, are not obsolete, and are too well remembered to need description. It is sufficient to say that the steelyard in question is one of the flat bar pattern, with one row of one hundred and sixty notches, three poise, and three rows of figures indicating the weight. The weight of one poise is one-half pound, and of the others two and sixteen pounds, and the full capacity of the steelyard is three hundred and seventy pounds. The bar is stamped in plain characters: "1799. Dearborn's Patent, No. 14."

Benjamin Dearborn, a son of Dr. Benjamin and Ruth (Rogers) Dearborn, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., about 1754. In the early years of the Revolution, he was the editor

and publisher of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in New Hampshire. Before 1780 he opened a private school in Portsmouth, and subsequently erected an academy building for the accommodation of his school. He was a popular instructor, and was recognized as a student of mathematics and the mechanical powers. He originated improvements in force pumps and fire engines, and was prominent in the development of the power printing press. About 1800 he removed from Portsmouth to Boston, where he died February 22, 1838. His patent on steelyards is dated February 14, 1799. After his removal to Boston, he enlarged the scope of the original design in building platform scales for weighing hay and articles of considerable weight.

In the records of Boston are found several references to Dearborn's scales. April 24, 1811, the selectmen say: "Several complaints having been received of errors made by the hay weigher in his tickets of hay, compared with the tickets for the same loads weighed in Dearborn's patent platform balance, Mr. Oliver was desired to employ some suitable person, with the sealer of weights, to examine the town scales and have them made correct." On another occasion it is recorded that Mr. Dearborn had made an offer to present the town of Boston one of his Patent Vibrating Steelyards for the use of Faneuil Hall Market, for which a vote of thanks was proffered, with an order that the beam be marked "Town of Boston, presented by Benjamin Dearborn."

The story of the successive owners of No. 14 of the Dearborn steelyard is clear and distinct. Since the original purchase it has never been sold, but, through four generations, it has passed from father to son and thence to our society.

Over one hundred years ago it came, by purchase, into the possession of Col. Abel Wood of Westminster, of whom it has been written: "He was one of the most prominent men of the town, and foremost in everything designed to promote the welfare of the community." He died in 1846, when his son, Deacon Benjamin Franklin Wood, who was born in 1791 and died in 1873, succeeded in possession. He was an esteemed and honored citizen. The inheritance of his son, Deacon Timothy Dwight Wood, included the steelyard. He was born 1822 and died 1892. He left to his son,

Wilbur Fiske Wood, now a resident of Fitchburg, the fragrance of a pure life and the example of good works, and, weighed in the same steelyard, the measure is full and the memory green.

Improved and less expensive devices for weighing have almost superseded those of earlier and more cumbersome construction. The Dearborn steelyard, released from labor, is now resting in the museum. It is not gifted with human speech, but to those who are near and listening, it is preaching a sermon of the wholesome spirit of neighborly kindness and accommodation that pervaded a community in the olden time; of that good and golden age of cemented communities; of an age whenever the tinder box refused to nourish the spark from the flint, coals were borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor; of an age when men and women cultivated acquaintance, exchanged favors, and when the utilities owned by one were enjoyed by many; in brief, of an age when neighbors were neighbors. Without boasting of being the only steelyard for many years in a parish of considerable size, our loquacious relic is fond of recounting the many times it has been loaned and used in weighing hay and the products of many farms. Borne on the shoulders of men, or rattling in a wagon, it has often travelled an accustomed circuit. It has placed a tag of weight on thrifty shoats, on growing calves, and fat men, and it has dimmed the glamour of many big fish stories of its time. And when in a reminiscent mood, the old steelyard is fond of refreshing its memory of the weight of babes new born, and the registry of the growth of stalwart boys and winsome maidens of Westminster. And now, at the approach of late autumn, in the memory of weighing fatted beeves and scalded and bristleless swine, the old steelyard is vibrant, and the bar glistens from an imaginary movement of the poise. Again it feels the touch of the old butcher, its most constant companion, and responds to his familiar call to the duty of the season.

A most loyal member of the society, our good friend Mr. Fosdick, is fond of communing with this venerable oracle, and, alarmed at the purport of its thought, he has wired it fast to the wall for fear that at the first squealing of a pig, the old steelyard will start again on its circuit of slaughter-house and scalding-tub.

OUR FIREPLACE.

Read at a meeting of the Society January 19, 1914.

BY EBENEZER BAILEY.

When a town was established in the early days of New England its inhabitants first provided for a church and a school, and these two objects, the meeting-house and the school-house, have stood for generations as the symbols of the New England of our forefathers. Yet there is, I think, another object which deserves to rank with these two—one which, to my mind, has been just as closely interwoven in the fabric of New England of the olden time. In the plain but substantial dwellings of our forefathers, generally filled with children, the home was surely the centre and the mainspring of growing life and character, and where more than around the ample fireside was played the drama of early New England life? So, then, let the fireplace stand with the church and the school-house as symbols of New England of the olden time.

Into this edifice, the home of the Fitchburg Historical society, we have built a fireplace and placed before and around it the various utensils which might have been found in an old-fashioned kitchen, while into the fireplace itself we have built some relics of local interest. Suppose we sit in imagination upon the rude bench once occupied by some of the worshippers in the "Lord's Barn" on Dean hill and enumerate some of the objects which are sure to bring to our minds remembrances and associations of the past.

Our fireplace, itself, with its brick oven, is built of the smoke-blackened bricks of the old roundhouse, lately demolished, which was built by the Fitchburg Railroad company on Water street in 1878. Of the two iron cranes which swing over the fire, the one on the south side once hung in the fireplace of the old Spofford garrison-house, which, at

the time of the incorporation of Fitchburg, was a building of logs surrounded by a stockade. It was built previous to 1764, on the Fisher road, to the east of the Pearl Hill schoolhouse. Above, and built into the fireplace, is a brick from the old chimney. The other crane, on which hangs an old iron kettle from an iron pothook, came from the Jacob Upton tavern on Dean hill, now the well-preserved and hospitable residence of Mrs. S. A. Fairbanks, who has given us so many valuable relics. The old crane has, in its day, looked upon many a tired wayfarer who made the hospitable tavern his temporary home, while the fireplace in which it hung was filled with wood by the hands of Landlord Upton's two negro slaves. The tin baker for baking bread, and the roaster for cooking meat, came from this same old house on Dean hill.

The old andirons, on which are laid the wood for our fire, came to us through Dr. Joseph W. Palmer, whose grandfather came into possession of them after the disintegration of the communistic society, called Fruitlands, located in Harvard, and formed principally through the efforts of Bronson Alcott in 1842. These andirons held the wood for the fireplace in the association room of the society.

On the hearth before us is a tile, and above, and built into the fireplace, a brick from the house of Nathan A. Tufts, who built, about 1836, a brick cottage house on Academy street on land covered by the easterly part of the present high school building, and opposite the Wallace way. The tile once occupied a place in the hearth of the fireplace in the parlor of the house. The other tiles on the hearth are from the house originally built by Dr. William M. Barrett about 1853, on the Pearl Hill road, near its junction with the Fisher road. It was originally quite a large brick building, built for a sanitarium, but Dr. Barrett did not make a success of his scheme, and the building was bought by Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, then a leading physician of Fitchburg and vicinity, and the main portion taken down and rebuilt as the brick house now standing on the corner of Prichard and Grove streets. The pair of bellows by the side of the fire was once used in the home of Ebenezer Torrey on Main street, on the site of the new Quinlan building. The old house now faces

on Brook street, where it can look back on its former prosperity, and forward only to coming infirmity and decay.

The old clock on the mantel once marked time in the room of Mrs. Martha Washington after the death of her husband. The various other objects on the mantel all remind us of the days gone by. The flintlock guns, the tin lanterns lighted by candles, the tinder-box, the warming-pan, the foot-stoves, the candle-moulds, the leather fire-buckets, the churn, the cheese-press, and various other articles speak to us of the changes in manners and customs since the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

On one side of the fireplace is a flax-wheel, and on the other a spinning-wheel, which have often spun the flax for the household linen and the yarn for the homespun cloth. The spinning-wheel was once the property of Mrs. John L. Joslin, who lived in the brick building on Main street between The Wesley and the house of Dr. Woodworth, and whose husband, more than sixty years ago, kept a livery stable in the rear of the same.

The fire has burned low, but still we can sit and watch the burning coals as they glow, and see in them pictures of the men and women who played their parts on the stage of life in different times and circumstances from to-day. We may see Joseph Spofford clearing the forest and tilling the soil around his garrison house, striving to win subsistence and perhaps some comfort from the virgin soil; women spinning, weaving, rearing children, busy ever in the many and urgent duties of the household. Behold Jacob Upton, the landlord, as he "greets the coming and speeds the parting guest;" Nathan A. Tufts going and coming to and from his work in the shop near the corner of Elm and Academy streets, to his dwelling which was destroyed to make room for the high school building. There he would always find his wife, one of the best and most capable of women, ever busy in her sitting-room or her kitchen, for even when she read she was always knitting.

There is still a wider vision of the past which the fireplace may suggest, and which the last glowing coals may reveal to the sensitive mind. The social evolution of a people, the successful struggle for liberty, opportunity, and equality were

largely the result of the lessons learned and the character developed around the old kitchen fireplace; and now rising from the dying embers we may see the spirit of New England, still present and potent from the East to the West in this great country, calling to us not to forget the sturdy faith and virtue of the past in the new ideals and strenuous life of to-day.

THE SOCIETY AND THE PUBLIC.

Read at a meeting of the Society March 16, 1914.

BY FREDERICK A. CURRIER.

The relation of the Fitchburg Historical society to the civic life of our city is well and concisely expressed in the motto of the society, "To preserve and transmit."

What more appeals to the civic pride than to have the annals of one's own city or town preserved, and made to live again for the instruction and benefit of future generations? What better corrective to the much complained of flippancy of the younger generation than to bring them face to face with the evidences of the hardships, tribulations, and almost overwhelming difficulties through which faith in the ever-ruling providence of God brought our forefathers? It is true that to some the idea of historical reading is like, "When Alice and the birds and the animals had got thoroughly soaked in the pool of tears in Wonderland, the mouse bade them all sit down and listen while he read from a history of England for children. 'I'll soon make you dry enough,' he said, 'for this is the driest thing I know.'" The best thing about history is the enthusiasm it arouses. If the history is dry, the trouble may be either in the writer or the reader, or in both, seldom in the subject; both writer and reader may lack imagination. Those who think history dull will do well to read something of American history in the pages of Prescott's "Conquest of America," Fiske's "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," Lummis' "The Awakening of a Nation." Powell's "Historic Towns of New England," Page's "Old Dominion," Brook's "First Across the Continent," and also Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." These few of many that could be named will prove that, dealing as it does with facts and details, showing how men have acted in various conditions and circumstances, history can be as interesting as romance. All forms of knowledge

are but expressions of the spirit of man, and history is the record of the way in which that spirit has manifested itself, and done its work under what we call historical conditions. The appeal of history is not made exclusively to historical students. All studies except the sciences must be accompanied by some reading of history, for in a way it is the background of all knowledge of which man is the center. The field of history is so vast that to follow any of the lines of human activity, political, social, educational or religious, to the end, means traveling over great distances. But no American of to-day can understand his own country, or even the little town in which he lives, without some knowledge of political history, or can afford to remain ignorant of the way in which the invisible house, which he calls his government, encloses, roofs and protects him. Into the background of the early history of our own country are woven memories which link it with the romance, chivalry, courage, and coveteousness of nearly all the civilized nations of Europe, and into this historic memory is also interwoven the sad story of the North American Indian.

It has been well said that "no other section of our country has, like New England, so splendid a tapestry of the past, hanging like a curtain behind the stage of action of the present. Fame will reward the man or woman who can, with song or story, give to the silent figures woven into the mighty fabric, voices that shall be as silver trumpets, sweet with the mystery and beauty of that past; and as golden trumpets, strong in their call to lofty thought and heroic action. We who are the children of the men and women who have made New England what she is await her historian, her epic poet, her romancer." The province of the historian is to make the past intelligible to the present for the guidance of the future.

History is the memory of the race, and it belongs to each of us to have a share of that race memory. Biography is somewhere described as history writ small, while history is said to be biography writ large. Genealogy is but history brought down to the individual, and the study of the great events through which our country has passed is illumined by the knowledge that we are a part of that splendid history through our ancestors. Let a child know that his great-grand-

father or other ancestor carried a musket in the Revolution, was one of the boys in blue or gray in the Civil War, or had been prominent in his country's service, and history at once becomes to him of personal interest.

History is to a community what memory is to an individual. A town or city without a history would be like a man without a memory, a stranger to itself. "Know thyself" is as good advice to a community as to an individual. But for the acquirement of this self-knowledge, history is as essential to the community as to the individual. History is collective memory. It is through history that men and women learn to know themselves, and by it extend the boundaries of their being. The more of history a man or woman knows the larger the mind becomes.

Sometimes we hear it remarked, when reference is made to some occurrence, perhaps within our own observation, "Oh, that is an old story; that is 'ancient history,'" implying that therefore it is unworthy of our attention from the fact that "the trend of business and public effort and thought in our nervous American life is all toward the living present and not to the dead past," as they say. While it is true we do not live in the past to-day, we can borrow with profit many a lesson from it, and the product of the older days will surely test the manhood of to-day to match it, and if we do not study and profit by the experience and example of those who have gone before, how are we to improve upon or even equal their achievements? We do not regret that old things have passed away, but we should have due respect for the memory of those who experienced them. Better things have come to us, and we shall do well if we live up to our opportunities as completely as our ancestors met the demands of their time.

Every state, town, and village has its own romantic history and traditions, and if we localize the story it gives to history a touch of reality, and the characters become to us like actual persons. If every child of a community could be enthused with the idea of seeking out the history of his own locality, and learning all he could of the men and women who had been a part of that history, the wonderful chronicle of our country's development and growth would become a vivid reality to the children of to-day, who are to be the American citizens of to-morrow.

There is nothing more inspiring for the young American to study than the life story of the men and women who have given their lives in peace and war to the service and welfare of their fellow countrymen, and to read of feats of daring and personal prowess done in the past by the many champions of the nation in the various crises of her history.

There can be no true patriotism, no genuine love of country, without some knowledge of the struggles and sacrifices of our fathers, from whom we inherit the blessings we enjoy, and the place to properly begin that study is in the history of one's own dwelling place.

It was Edward Everett who said to a young friend, "Know the history of your own town first, then that of your state and that of your country." The common notion a quarter of a century ago, that the exhibition of any special interest in local history or genealogy was beneath the consideration of practical minds, and an evidence of harmless mania or eccentricity in the individual who gave way to it, has largely disappeared in face of the great importance now accorded the study of the first principles in our higher institutions of learning, as well as in our common schools. Teachers and librarians tell us that the first thing the young people of our new citizenship ask for is something about the history of our country. Especially are they interested to learn about Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Edison, and other great men whose fame is world-wide, and whom they now feel belong to them. No more enthusiastic patriots are to be found to-day than the children of our adopted citizens. The following story well illustrates the feeling of many of them, and the intense interest they have in being Americans and having a share of its history for their own.

"A worthy Neapolitan, one Paoli Cenci, came to this country about three years ago. A few evenings since, Paoli's little son, an 'American Citizen' of seven years, looked up from his school books to ask, 'Say, Pa, what year was it you Italians discovered us in?'"

Passing years have seen the loss of much valuable historical material through failure to collect and preserve it before it was destroyed, demonstrating the necessity of inaugurating some means which would insure its safety. Historical

writers know how difficult it often is to obtain the data they want; aged persons who could have furnished it are dead, and their diaries, letters, and documents are scattered to the winds, or destroyed. The facts and traditions with which they were familiar have died with them, and only fragments are now obtainable. Much desired information regarding the past is irrevocably lost. Historical societies have been organized by individuals who desire to do what they can to preserve the story of the past, believing that they are doing a service for the public good.

In the haste and confusion of many a house cleaning, the zeal of the Goth and Vandal has been manifested, more energy than discretion, resulting in the destruction of records and family papers, and other articles of value not only to their owners, but also in many cases to their descendants and the public.

Every genealogist or historian can call to mind the finding of valuable papers in bundles of supposedly waste papers, or in the hands of those intending to use them for wrapping up merchandise. They will think wistfully of much sought-for birth or marriage records, existent no doubt in some forgotten attic corner, between the covers of an old family bible whose existence is perhaps unknown to its present owner, of missing records removed for supposed safer keeping, and so effectually concealed that no one knows the whereabouts of them. Even if one has no personal interest in such things it should be remembered that things of no apparent worth to them may be greatly prized by others of this and a later generation.

For over twenty years, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, the work of the Fitchburg Historical society has been carried forward by a few willing hands, without the incentive of reward, pride, or renown, and the importance of that work is nowhere better illustrated than in the collection of papers on local history, contained in the published proceedings of the society, and its unpublished papers, some of them lacking perhaps in literary perfection, yet covering facts of incidental life close to the common people, and vivifying the familiar names dear to the native soil. Much of this material it would now be impossible to trace or collect had it not been secured at the time it was done. It is well known that it was

the impetus and support given by the Fitchburg Historical society which resulted in the publication and dissemination of the early town records of Fitchburg by the city government, thereby rendering their mutilation or loss forever impossible. The mission of our society should be to secure for the historian of the future every scrap or thing which will aid in the history of Fitchburg, which is yet to be written, by preserving the names and bringing out the history of those to whom we are indebted for the fair fame and material prosperity of this city of homes and noble institutions, which has grown up on the banks of the Nashua.

The field to be covered is as wide as the world, but the atmosphere of the institution must continue to be largely local. Here lies the definite mission. While it is important to preserve the record of the past, it is no less our duty to treasure up the passing story of the present, in the incidental life of our own time. The local industrial life will have to be recognized along with the rest, and the more the opportunity is studied the larger will be the possibilities opened up. History is not confined to the past, but we are in the midst of the making of history at this time, and at all times. With what avidity every scrap of Colonial and Revolutionary days is caught up and exploited, and we can be sure that future generations will be equally interested to have the record of our times. Facts which seem insignificant in our present vision may be of some value in the distant future.

We feel, therefore, justified in calling for and expecting contributions from all public-spirited people, of those things which illustrate the differing phases through which our city has passed, especially when there is so much liability of loss or destruction from the breaking up and removal of families. Of great value are the records, particularly of societies and institutions, personal diaries and manuscripts which give special incidents, facts, scraps of history, and familiarity regarding particular industries, pamphlets, maps, and pictures relating to the city and town history and topography, accounts of celebrations and pageants, reports, views, and post cards, and everything of unpublished interest from which the future historical writers can draw for reliable information to make the history true and complete, and make the past live

and remind men that their life sends its roots deep down into the soil of time. What an interesting story could be written of the sons of Fitchburg who have contributed largely to the progress of the world by mechanical invention, and broad or deep thinking expressed either from the bench or pulpit, or through the medium of the pen, or by successful business life! And there are many men in this city who have done remarkable work in a quiet way, whose names are rarely in the newspapers, whose life story would be full of human interest, and their contribution would be genuine and important, but whose light has been hid under the bushel of every day affairs.

It is to be hoped that not only the members of the society, but all the people of our city, especially those families who have resided in Fitchburg for several generations, will come to regard the society as the natural and proper guardian for the safe keeping of many choice family treasures, and of curios of historic and personal interest which might otherwise be dispersed or destroyed, thereby placing treasured heirlooms and records where they can be cared for, and accessible to all who may wish to see them.

Through the generosity of our members and friends we have a beautiful and commodious home for the society, free from all debt. Our society is becoming better known and appreciated, more and better manuscripts, books, and pictures are flowing into its archives. Its membership is increasing. The library, besides containing historical, biographical, genealogical, and statistical material has a variety of general literature covering much of curious interest and special value to the seeker for things outside the conventional rut, and this mass of material is at the convenience of all who desire, with scarcely a restriction to hinder the fullest examination.

The museum or relic room is a treasure house of many rare and curious articles, which in their day have been among the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of the daily life of those who have gone before. As we view the constantly increasing collection of implements, utensils, home furnishings, relics, and tools of all kinds, we have an impressive lesson of the fact that "the world do move." Many relics are

preserved which seem to have no illustrative value, but if they excite the curiosity to that extent as will lead to a study of the article, or of the period of its use, they have established themselves as worthy of preservation.

The monthly meetings of the society are intended for the popularization of historical work, and to incite an interest in the memorials of the past. To these meetings, and to the use of the society's collections, everyone is made welcome without the formality of special invitation or ticket. They could no more belong to the public if they were paid for from the public purse, and their enjoyment is more free and untrammeled than if conducted by public officials.

Who of Fitchburg's public-spirited people—men and women—would wish to see this society blotted out from the roll of her prominent institutions? Yet the only way to prevent this is by an increased membership, and active interest of the public in the work of the society.

A good financial basis is essential to the production of the best results, whether by individuals or societies. What the Fitchburg Historical society now needs is the increasing of its permanent funds. We have recently been gratified to see a material commencement towards this desired end. Each donation or bequest is deposited as a separate trust under the name of the donor, the income of which only can be used as designated. Life memberships are also now invested in a reserve fund, the income only being used for current expenses.

What better opportunity than this offers, for placing one's memory ever before the people of the coming years, than by the establishment of a permanent memorial fund, by those who can do so, the income of which will continue to aid in carrying on the work of the society long after we have passed on?

The society holds in grateful remembrance the generous liberality of those who have given our building fund, and by donations and bequests have done so much for our permanent funds.

History is ever in the making. It has been said that "those who make history are too busy to write it," but within the walls of this building will be their Iliad, and in the coming years will here assemble those interested in the preserva-

tion of the story of the town and city as it was, and is, and is to be. With a happy blending of the past and present, and a confident look towards the future, the people of our city will come to regard with increasing pride this edifice, to which citizens and strangers seeking truth concerning the origin and development of this section of the Commonwealth can come and find the facts they seek, and within which, as the years advance, shall be gathered the best of what they have to give *in memoriam.*

THE MEETING-HOUSE CONTROVERSY.

A paper read at a meeting of the Society Sept. 17, 1894.

BY JAMES FREEMAN DANA GARFIELD.

During the latter part of the last century a contest arose among the people of Fitchburg, which lasted fully ten years, and was conducted with more bitterness of feeling and display of angry passions (says Torrey), than any other town difficulty that ever existed in the town. This was the contest respecting the location of a new meeting-house.

Fitchburg, at the commencement of this contest, was a settlement of but a few hundred inhabitants, the great majority of whom were scattered sparsely over its wide territory. There was but a small cluster of houses near where the railroad station now is, in the vicinity of which stood the meeting-house—near the present junction of Crescent and Mt. Vernon streets. The next most thickly settled portion of the town was in the extreme northwest corner on what is called Dean hill, some four miles away, and difficult of access. The land, however, was such as would strike the eye of a pioneer with delight, and the section was early settled. Probably it was at this time the most enterprising and prosperous part of the town. At any rate, it had a commanding position, the soil was fertile, and the people there prided themselves upon the favorable circumstances in which they were situated, constituting, as they did, a little community of their own, isolated, for the most part, from the rest of their fellow citizens, but having a goodly number of neighbors in adjoining towns.

The time came, at length, when a new meeting-house was to be built, and the location of it was a question of great interest to all the population. The old one was at a point quite away from the centre of the town, in a direction opposite that of the Dean hill residents. While some were tenacious of the old site, many were earnestly opposed to it,

and demanded a new one. There was much controversy upon the subject, engendering strong and bitter feeling, especially on the part of the residents just referred to. To end the strife on their part, and to be altogether rid of their troublesome fellow townsmen, as well as for the sake of better accommodation, the idea of a new township sprang up among them, as a practicable and desirable thing to be consummated. Another consideration tending to confirm this idea in their minds, and to induce them to strive for its realization, was the fact that the river, which has since been a most important factor in the increasing prosperity of the place, was regarded by them as very much of a nuisance—as a curse, rather than a blessing to the town. Their taxes were largely increased in consequence of the damage to roads and bridges, caused by freshets that from time to time occurred, for which they received no adequate return. From this burden they would be relieved by being incorporated as a separate municipality.

A new town, then, was the panacea for many of their ills, and to the formation of a new town they directed their efforts. They enlisted in the project their neighbors in Westminster, Ashburnham, and Ashby, hoping by the cooperation of all three to accomplish their purpose. They fancied they had a good case. They believed they, with their coadjutors, possessed the requsites of an independent, self-supporting community; a sufficient population, ample territory, financial means, enterprise, etc. They had too, in their midst, two taverns, Jacob Upton in Fitchburg, and Jedediah Cooper's just over the line in Westminster, a store kept by Capt. John Upton, and a blacksmith's shop. A Dr. Ball practised medicine in the vicinity, watchful of the various ills that flesh is heir to. It was this Dr. Ball of whom Torrey tells this anecdote: He boarded with landlord Upton, having an agreement that he was to pay a certain sum for every meal at which he was present, and receive a certain sum for every meal from which he was absent. The doctor timed his visits to his patients so carefully that when the day of settlement came, instead of the doctor owing the landlord, the landlord appeared to be indebted to the doctor.

The Crown Point road, now known as Scott road, which took the principal travel between Vermont and Boston, passed over this hill, and added not a little to its appearance of activity. Only a meeting-house and a minister were wanting to make their equipment for a town complete, and these were to be provided at an early day, as they fondly hoped and believed.

And so, early in the year 1785, these people came before their fellow citizens in town meeting with an article in the warrant, "to see if the town will set off the inhabitants of the northwest part of Fitchburg, with their lands and privileges, free and clear to join the extreme north part of Westminster, with the southeast part of Ashburnham, to be incorporated into a town, to have town privileges as other towns." It appears that the name selected for the new town was Belvoir. But the voters of the other parts of the town rallied in full numbers, and set their faces against it. They could not see the propriety of setting off that flourishing part of the town, and taking upon themselves the whole burden of maintaining the minister, the roads, bridges, etc., and so they promptly "voted to dismiss the article." Not to be baffled by a single repulse, but rather gathering strength from opposition, the petitioners invented another expedient to secure the end in view. It was to have a strip of Westminster, with some twenty families, annexed to Fitchburg, "to be convened with others of the inhabitants of said town, for the public worship of God, * * * and to join with the inhabitants of said Fitchburg to build a meeting-house on Ezra Upton's land," etc.

"This," says Torrey, "was an essential modification of the original plan, and instead of taking anything from the territory of the town, would add considerable to it. Another point was conceded, by proposing to place the meeting-house on Ezra Upton's land, near the present residence of T. Benton Works, which, with the addition of the new territory, would not be far from the centre of the town. But the wise men of the east were not to be deceived by this artfully devised plan. They knew too well that if this point was conceded, it would throw so much power into the hands of the west

that they could, if they should choose, have it set off into a separate town. The article was accordingly dismissed."

In September, 1786, it was voted by the people of Fitchburg to build "a new meeting-house in the centre of the town, or in the nearest convenient place" to the centre. All seemed to acknowledge the necessity of building a new meeting-house, although the old one had been standing but twenty years. It had never been thoroughly finished, and the winds and weather often made it uncomfortable. It was shabby in appearance, and too small to accommodate all the inhabitants. But while all were willing a new house should be erected, when it came to deciding on the location, all parties seemed inclined, if they could not gratify their own wishes, to defeat those of every one else. The only point on which the town could agree was to erect the new house on the nearest convenient place to the centre.

In September, 1788, the subject was again brought before the town, "to see if the town will erect a meeting-house in the centre of the town, or receive any part of Westmnister that shall be willing to join with us, and then erect a meeting-house in the nearest convenient place to the centre." The people of the west part were determined to weave into the question of the location of the new house the grand object of their desires, the establishment of a new town. At this meeting a committee was chosen to find the most convenient place on which to build the meeting-house, so as to accommodate all the inhabitants. At the next meeting the report of this committee was rejected. A motion to place it on the site of the old one was also rejected. The next vote was to reconsider all votes hitherto passed relating to this matter. At an adjourned meeting the following day, the town voted to place the new house on the land of Ezra Upton's heirs, near the Works place before mentioned, and a committee was chosen, invested with power to provide timber and materials for the new meeting-house, on said plot of ground.

This was a sore defeat for the east, and they immediately caused another town meeting to be called, "to see if the town will comply with the request of a number of the inhabitants of Fitchburg, to be set off from this town and annexed to Lunenburg," showing plainly that the people of the east were

determined never to travel over the hills to the place where the new meeting-house was to be erected. Those people who had voted with the west in the interest of peace and harmony, now became alarmed lest they should lose the east in their efforts to conciliate the west. The request of the east was promptly denied. A meeting was called to hear the report of the committee previously chosen to procure a frame for the new house to be erected on the land of the Ezra Upton's heirs. The committee reported that they had purchased a frame, and done various other important things, whereupon the town voted not to accept their report, and proceeded to discharge them from any further service. This was effected by the aid of the peacemakers, who had become frightened, and now threw their votes in favor of the party of the east.

A committee was now chosen to find the centre of the town, who made a survey and reported that they had found the centre, about thirty rods northerly of the present pound. This report was accepted, and at a subsequent meeting it was voted to build the meeting-house in "the nearest convenientest place to the centre." A committee was chosen to execute the difficult task of finding that "convenientest place," and to purchase the land for the location of the house. They selected a place a little below the present pound, and twenty-two and one-half acres of land, which action was approved by the town.

This was so manifestly a triumph of the easterly section, that the men of the west immediately resorted to their old scheme of having a new town or parish among themselves. They called a town meeting to see if the town would set them off as a town, or otherwise to "set us off as a parish upon honorable terms as may be agreed upon, with being annexed with adjacent parties." This request being denied, another town meeting was called July 2, 1789, to "see if the town will set off the westerly portion of said town as a parish, upon supposition that the north part of Westminster, the east part of Ashburnham, and a small part of Ashby will consent to be annexed to this town." But this was the same old game, and being well understood, met with a prompt denial.

On the second of November, 1789, the town voted to build a meeting-house on the land which had been purchased near the pound, and chose a committee with full power for this purchase. But on the sixteenth of the same month a vote was passed to reconsider all former votes, so that after four years of struggle over the meeting-house question, the town found itself precisely where it began, having made no progress toward the accomplishment of that object, with the exception of owning twenty-two and one-half acres of land.

The question of the formation of a new town was kept pretty constantly before the people of Fitchburg and Westminster, and in 1790 the subject was again presented in town meeting before the voters of both Fitchburg and Westminster, and in both was promptly dismissed, whereupon the interested parties of both towns, acting conjointly, appealed to a higher power, the legislature of the Commonwealth, in a petition signed by Jacob Upton and sixty-three others, presented February 1, 1791. The petition set forth the great disadvantages under which the signers of it labored, by reason of their isolated position, great distance from the place of worship, etc., and also the advantages to be derived from being incorporated as a distinct township by themselves, painting in extravagant and glowing colors the natural beauty and fitness of the locality for the purpose desired.

The opponents to the scheme of a new town now saw the necessity of going to work in earnest. Committees from the four towns of Fitchburg, Westminster, Ashburnham, and Ashby, after conferring together, drew up separate remonstrances. That from Westminster was lengthy and exhaustive, covering four large, closely-written pages, and withal somewhat crisp and spicy. In that from Fitchburg the remonstrants denied every statement set forth in the petition, alleging that the latter was entirely the work of fancy; that the petitioners were actuated solely by interested motives; that their object was to escape the burden of taxation for the support of expensive roads and bridges. These remonstrances from the four towns settled the matter with the legislature, and the petitioners had leave to withdraw. And so the new town of Belvoir failed to crown the beautiful hill in the west part of the town.

There the matter of a new town in the locality designated rested for twenty-four years, coming up again in 1815, when forty-two persons petitioned for a town to be called Vernon. The following year a new petition bearing ninety-eight names was presented to the General Court, and a public hearing was ordered. This time the petitioners suggested again the name of Belvoir for the new town. This petition was as follows:

The Petition of the undersigned inhabitants of Fitchburg, Westminster, Ashburnham and Ashby humbly sheweth that whereas your petitioners are situated quite distant from the meeting-houses in the towns to which we respectively belong, (especially in Westminster and Fitchburg, some in the former town living at the distance of 7 miles from the meeting-house), and the land on which we live formed as if nature itself intended it for connection, and the interests of those living in the remaining parts of the towns, especially in Fitchburg and Westminster, being in many and most respects totally different from ours, it is therefore the prayer of your petitioners that the General Court would be pleased to incorporate us into a distinct and separate town by the name of Belvoir.

Measures were promptly taken to resist the prayer of the petitioners, so that Vernon or Belvoir found little support on Beacon Hill, and the little town with euphonious titles, so clearly outlined in the hopes and imagination of the petitioners, was destined to slumber thenceforth in the gloom of defeat.

Simultaneously with the earliest movement for a new town here described, there arose and was carried forward to partial completion a project for the building of a house of worship in the same neighborhood of Dean hill. Indeed, this projct was a part of the same general plan, and was no doubt designed to exert an influence in favor of a separate municipality. This the following agreement, relating to the matter, very clearly shows:

We, the subscribers, are desirous to be set off from the several towns to which we belong, and join mutually with each other, and build a meeting-house near the Laws' Corner by the County road.

This paper was signed by 57 persons; 33 from Fitchburg, 16 from Westminster, six from Ashburnham, and two from Ashby. On the thirty-first of May, 1786, the subscribers met at the house of Jacob Upton and voted to build a meeting-

house near Mr. Thomas Laws' corner. At a subsequent meeting it was voted to set up the frame 45 feet square, with a hipped roof. The following paper was drawn for the signatures of such as were disposed to assist in building the house:

> We, the subscribers, do obligate ourselves to get such a number of Lots of Timber for a Meeting-house frame such as we shall subscribe against our names, and likewise stone in order to underpin the same, and such parts of labor as shall be necessary to effect said building, and likewise bring the timber and stone to the spot where said frame is to stand by the first of May next.

This paper was dated August 15, 1786. Some of the subscribers contributed material, some labor, and some rye, each according to his disposition, ability, or convenience. Mr. David McIntire offered to donate a piece of land for the purpose, lying just within the limits of Fitchburg, opposite the house of Thomas Laws, lately occupied by Israel N. Carter, The offer was accepted, and security for the land taken.

The work of collecting material for the building went on slowly, and it was not till the spring of 1788 that it was ready for use. On the nineteenth of April the framing began, and continued during the summer. A meeting was finally held to prepare for the raising. It was a great undertaking, and due provision in the way of facilities and help was to be made. A subscription paper was started to secure pledges for the same. One signer promises "ten men and their board, and two gallons of rum; another ten men and ten quarts of rum; another 1 barrel of cider; another two men; another 4 quarts of rum; one would furnish six spike poles eighteen feet long; another six spike poles fifteen feet long; another six spike poles twenty feet long, etc." It was agreed that the raising should take place October 29, beginning at sunrise. On the ninth of September, 1789, they came together, and it was voted to "sell the pews"—a seemingly strange proceeding, when it is remembered not only that there was not a pew in the house, but that there was little more than the skeleton of a house yet standing, the frame having been only partially covered and enclosed, making it necessary to advertise for boards, shingles, nails, and men to finish the same. Nevertheless, out of the thirty-six pews provided for in the plan of

the building, nineteen were speedily sold. So far as the records go these were the only sales of the property that were ever made.

At length the building was so far completed as to afford some degree of protection from the weather, and warrant the attempt to hold religious services in it. At a meeting of those interested, held July 7, 1790, it was voted "to have preaching in the new meeting-house as soon as may be." It was also voted to have Mr. Payson, Mr. Rice, Mr. Cushing, and Mr. Adams, ministers of the several towns in the vicinity, preach. It was also voted at the same meeting to have some seats prepared. Later in the season the following letter was written by a committee of the proprietors to Rev. Mr. Whitney, minister at Shirley:

From the Proprietors of the new Meeting-House in Fitchburg:

Reverend Sir: It is our desire that you would extend so far your Piety towards us as to come and give us a day's preaching in the New Meeting-house that we have lately set up on purpose for the public Worship. And we humbly hope that our gratitude therefor will be no disagreeable return for so great a favor. Sept. ye 7th 1790.

Whether the several clerical gentlemen named responded favorably to the invitations proffered them does not appear. Probably some of them did, if not all. But these proprietors probably found that something more than gratitude was needed to secure ministerial services, and hence, on the eighteenth of August, 1791, a committee was chosen to "carry a subscription paper around to get money to hire preaching with."

About all that is known concerning this meeting-house subsequent to the events here given is derived from tradition and the memory of some of the older inhabitants of the neighborhood.

It was never finished as a place of worship, never had a pew put into it, never dedicated, and never represented in any proper sense any parish or organized body of Christian believers. So far as known, no religious services were ever held in it for a single year. In its later history its doors were opened to preachers and exhorters of any and every form of religious doctrine, and to those of no form of doctrine who

might desire to occupy it, or whom any in the vicinity might like to hear. But even these occasional calls ceased in the course of time, and eventually it became a storehouse for lumber and such trumpery as the residents in the vicinity might be pleased to place within its walls. Severely plain in architectural form, unfinished from the beginning, suffering by neglect and the ravages of time, it early won the expressive sobriquet of the "Lord's Barn," the name by which it was generally known for many years previous to its destruction, which took place about 1830.

FALULAH.

Read at a meeting of the Society Oct. 19, 1896.

BY JAMES F. D. GARFIELD.

It will be remembered that at one of our meetings last winter mention was made of a gift by Miss Mary E. Hartwell to the city of Fitchburg, of the tract of land known as Falulah, and that a statement was made at the same time in regard to the origin of the name. The statement made was in the main correct, but in some minor particulars it will bear correction, which is my main object in referring to it again. As then stated the name Falulah originated with William E. Hartwell (a brother of Miss Hartwell), who from his early boyhood had frequented the charming locality which now bears the name which he gave to it. Mr. Hartwell was a genuine lover of nature, and possessed a keen appreciation of the beauties of rural scenery. He was charmed with the rustic beauty of that portion of the brook which flowed over the rocks and through the woods and fields of his ancestors, the Scott family, and determined that it should have a name, and be preserved in its pristine beauty.

In the early days of the Fitchburg high school (which was established in 1849), the place became a popular resort with the young people, who went there for picnics and pleasure excursions, and frequently the shades of the rocky ravine were made to echo with the voices of the boys in the rehearsal of their school declamations.

At about this time there appeared a popular novel, which had its run in Fitchburg as well as elsewhere throughout the country, and which was especially popular among the young people. It was full of exciting incidents, narrow escapes, and strange adventures, and was well calculated to excite the imagination and awaken the interest of the youthful reader. The title of the book was Kaloolah, and the name of its heroine was also Kaloolah. Mr. Hartwell read the story,

and in common with his youthful companions greatly admired it. He at once conceived the idea of adapting the name of its heroine to the romantic spot in the brook flowing through his ancestral acres.

Instead, however, of adopting the name Kaloolah as it appeared in the story, he changed the spelling, dispensing with the harsh letter K, and substituting therefor the letter F, in honor, as he said, of Fitchburg; thereby coining the more euphonious word Falulah, by which name the locality has ever since been known.

In the Fitchburg *Sentinel* of December 9, 1853, there appears a communication over the nom de plume of "Schoolboy," written by Mr. Hartwell, then in his twentieth year, in which he applies the name Falulah to the locality in question, which is probably the first time the word ever appeared in print. This article was read to us by Mr. Ware at one of our meetings last winter, but I will give an extract or two.

After referring to Pearl Hill with its mysterious caves and legends to High Rock with its fine prospect, and to Flat Rock on the opposite side of the valley, he continues:

"But the greatest charm lies at the foot of the Flat Rocks, in a wild wood—a charming little dell which the boys have christened 'Falulah.' Through this runs a forest brook, wide and deep at different places. Here, for years, have the spring torrents been thrown into a wide ampitheatre of granite, and small eddies have worn it full of little basins, as smooth as a pebble. Here the wood sparrow, undisturbed, sings his, the the sweetest of bird songs, and the rabbit beats no hasty retreat.

"On a Saturday morning in the schoolroom, little odd bits of paper were continually passing, bearing upon them the rough sketch of a boy swimming, or the written word 'Falulah,' and the quick answering glance of the eye said 'yes' as sure as an auction room wink. Afternoon, with a basket of green corn, raw potatoes, a little bag of salt, fish-lines and matches, our little caravensery was wont to start, and ere an hour had passed, as free from dress as a penny doll, we were frolicking in stoney baths as happy as ere was a Roman emperor in his marble. Once, Carlo, the hand-organ boy, for a remuneration of nine pennies and one-half of an apple-pie, accompanied us up, and upon mustering the vocal powers of

the company, all could participate in but three tunes, viz.: 'Mary had a little lamb,' 'Multiplication table,' and 'Old Dan. Tucker.' Now Carlo's nearest approach to these was 'Rata plan,' 'Napoleon's march,' and an opera; so we singing our songs, and Carlo, playing 'Linda di Chamouni' offered that afternoon a grand serenade to the Falulian nymphs, but there proved no Orpheus among us, for the old rocks held fast to their places and echo only answered us 'more.'

"Such, we might almost say, were the christening ceremonies of Falulah."

The name has gradually acquired a more extensive application than was at first designed, having been quite generally adopted as a name for the brook itself, as will appear by an examination of many of the printed documents of the town and city. It has also been used in giving names to some local societies or lodges, and at least one large manufacturing establishment of the city has adopted it as a part of its corporate name. In addition to its local application the name has found its way across the Atlantic and appears on one of the streets of London. Some years since, Mr. John F. Haskins, now deceased, on establishing a residence in that city, in accordance with custom there, selected a name for his home, and in doing so chose the name "Falulah," which he caused to be inscribed over his gateway, at the same time taking the precaution to have the word copyrighted under the English law, to prevent its use by other parties. To such of his Fitchburg friends as had opportunity to share his hospitality the familiar name at the entrance of his grounds was a pleasing reminder of scenes at home.

To insure the preservation of the natural attractions of Falulah Mr. Hartwell, on December 8, 1857, purchased the land at that point on both sides of the stream, and the tract, having descended by inheritance from him to his sister, was in December last deeded by her to the city of Fitchburg in memory of her brother, to be held by the city forever as a part of its park system, with the expressed wish that it might retain the name "Falulah" given it by her brother nearly fifty years ago. And so it has come to pass that the beautiful and romantic spot, with name as musical as the ripple of its sparkling waters, becomes a fitting and appropriate memorial to one of Fitchburg's worthy native sons!

Mr. Hartwell died on the 30th day of May, 1858, at the early age of twenty-four years. His death was deeply lamented. He was characterized as one whose companionship and example were a benefit to all with whom he came in contact; one "who, by his warm and kindly affection, Christian life and deportment, had acquired a position and influence rarely attained by one so young." He was a native of Fitchburg, a son of Abijah and Mary D. (Scott) Hartwell.

Having traced the name Falulah to its origin, it may be interesting to know something of the book which is said to have suggested it. The full title of the work (a copy of which I have here) is "Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri: an Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam, publisher, 1849."

William Starbuck Mayo, its author, was an American, a native of Ogdensburgh, New York, born in 1812. After taking his medical degree sometime in the thirties, he traveled extensively in Spain, Africa and other countries, and on his return took up his residence in New York, and then entered on his career as an author. "Kaloolah," his first published work, at once met with an extraordinary sale. Few original works had, previous to that time, been published in this country which had a larger circulation. One of the popular magazines of that day, in reviewing the book says: "It evinces remarkable fertility in invention, is exceedingly interesting, and abounds in clearly defined, spirited, and occasionally well finished portraitures. Kaloolah, the heroine is a fresh and beautiful creation, worthy of any of the masters of fiction." The Journal of Education said: "We never read a work of fiction with more interest, and we may add, profit, combining as it does, with the most exciting and romantic adventures a great deal of information of various kinds." Blackwood also gave it notice, in a lengthy article entitled "Jonathan in Africa."

Dr. Mayo also published "The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas," 1850; "Romance Dust from the Historic Placer," 1851; and a work entitled "Never Again." Of the latter, the London Athenaeum said: "It puts its author into the very first rank of novelists.'

It is not my purpose to give an extended notice of Kaloolah, but I may briefly say that the story, which professes to be an autobiography, relates the experiences of a somewhat wild and reckless young man, Jonathan Romer by name, who finds it convenient and advisable to leave the scenes of his youthful indiscretions, and seek the first opportunity to go to sea. After various adventures and hairbreadth escapes our hero found himself cast away and alone upon a dreary waste of waters in mid-ocean. He is finally rescued by a slave ship on her way to the coast of Africa for its cargo of human freight, and at once pressed into service as the ship's physician. While the vessel is waiting to receive its cargo he meets the heroine of the story, who proves to be an African princess, stolen from her home to be sold into slavery. Her color, or rather want of color, she being practically a white person, causes her to be rejected by the dealer as worthless, and it is needless to say that our adventurous yankee finds means to purchase and rescue her from her impending doom. After numerous further adventures, both by sea and by land, during which our hero is accompanied by his distinguished protege, he succeeds in starting her, under proper escort, on her way rejoicing towards the dominions of her royal father, in the interior of the dark continent. They parted with tears, and the promise of a future meeting. Dame Fortune continued fickle with them both, and after many perilous adventures, and long and weary marches over the sands of the desert, both Jonathan and Kaloolah find themselves prisoners in the hands of a wandering tribe of Arabs. Under such unpropitious circumstances does the promised meeting take place—so different from what was intended! But the pluck and intrepidity of our hero are equal to any and every emergency, and he soon finds a way to accomplish the liberation of both himself and his Kaloolah, and the two, comfortably mounted upon camels, those stately ships of the desert, are on the way to the land of the Framazugs, the home of the rescued princess.

In this, as in all well-constructed works of fiction, there comes a time when "two hearts beat as one," and in due time there was to be a marriage in high life. Jonathan and Kaloolah, having cast their lots together, it is announced that a

sovereign of the great Yankee nation is to espouse a princess of the house of Framazugda.

In connection with the story of the princess Kaloolah we are reminded of a curious and pleasing coincidence in the similarity of the name of this African princess and that of one of the leading characters in the well remembered comic operetta by Thornton M. Ware, entitled "The Monarch of Jamboree," presented some two or three years ago by the Fitchburg Athletic club, the scene of which was also laid in Central Africa, in the part "as yet undiscovered by Stanley." Many of us doubtless readily recall the solo "I'm Faloola, I'm Faloola, of ——— the royal race of Jamboree!"

SOME TRANSPLANTED BUILDINGS IN FITCHBURG.

Read at a meeting of the Society December 21, 1896.

BY CHARLES FOSDICK.

There is a certain interest always attaching to a building which has been long and usefully located, has become, as it were, a part of local history, and which has, by stress of time and circumstance, lost its value in its time-honored position, still retaining enough of dignity and worth to be lifted bodily and taken to a new locality. Such buildings frequently carry more or less of this dignity and worth to enrich their new environment, and it is of some of these transplanted or relocated buildings in our own city that I wish to speak.

Consider what a moving sight it was in times past, before our City Fathers could rightly object to the slow, majestic motion, through our unrailed and unwired streets, to view an entire house on rollers, slowly guided along the winding thoroughfare, drawn on its steady way by the ever-hurried horse traveling around the creaking capstan, the whip his only encouragement as his journey admitted of no visible destination.

What a happiness to the enterprising small boy to climb upon the supporting timbers and thence into the open doorway, to tramp noisily through the empty rooms, to hang out of the open windows, to open all the closet doors, to gaze up through the chimney-hole, now devoid of bricks, and to feel that the whole affair, himself included, was "on the move."

And the interest was not only to the small boy, but also to many of the older generations who, standing at the curb-

stone, exchanged tales about the building in its youth and middle age, about its builder and the men who worked upon it, or about the dwellers in it who made it noted.

Because of all this and perhaps more that I have not mentioned, as I have said, there seems to be an interest to such traveled buildings out of proportion, perhaps, to their intrinsic value.

We have many such in our city, and the first to which I would draw your attention is the brown wooden building at the corner of Main and Circle streets, familiarly known as "Crocker's Hall."

In September, 1786, the town voted to build a new meeting-house to replace the first one the town erected, which was then standing near the corner of Blossom and Crescent streets; and this meeting-house, which caused so much dissension in the town that it took ten years' time and, as Torrey relates, ninety-nine town meetings to determine just where it should stand, is the building we are to consider.

Even the question of how it was to face was a subject of hot discussion, but it was finally built during the summer of 1796 upon the land given by Capt. William Brown "at the crotch of the roads" not far from his house, which stood where Dr. W. K. Jewett now lives, corner of Main and Academy streets. The meeting-house stood just forward of the present First Parish church and was built to face due south at an angle to the roadway, the opposition determining this in town meeting as a parting spite, and it was also gravely voted in town meeting to purchase a "barrel of West India Rum with sufficient quantity of loaf sugar" to regale those assisting at the raising, three deacons and other prominent citizens being chosen to deal out the "grog."

This meeting-house cost not far from $4000 and was dedicated January 19, 1797; the building is, therefore, just one hundred years old. As I said, it stood just south of the present First Parish church, and was used for church purposes for forty years.

In its exterior it was quite nearly square and had at the east and west ends two porches, two stories high, with two doors each. From each porch there was an entrance to the main body of the house and to the galleries. Later, in 1827,

a tower was built on the front directly in the center, to receive the bell which was given by Mr. Jonas Marshall with certain conditions, as by the following copy of the record:

I, the subscriber, in token of the deep interest which I feel in the success and welfare of the society now constituting the First Parish in Fitchburg, give unto said society the use of a Bell weighing 1065 lbs. so long as said society shall hold fellowship with all other religious societies who adopt the Bible as the only rule of their faith—that is—believe what Philip required of the eunuch and in a resurrection from the dead and in a future state of retribution.

But if said society shall ever become so uncharitable as to refuse to hold fellowship as aforesaid, then the use of said Bell shall descend to a society of the above described liberal sentiments if such there be in said town of Fitchburg, but if there be no such society said Bell shall cease to be rung. Making however the following reservations—that the second Parish in said Fitchburg be allowed to use said Bell at those Lectures which are preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper—and the town of said Fitchburg at all funerals and for all town purposes. These reservations are made on condition that the Town, as such, pay the expense of ringing said Bell, and that its ringing does not interfere with any religious meeting of the society constituting said First Parish.

Nov. 8, 1827 JONAS MARSHALL.

It was in its interior of the style of meeting-houses of those days—a high pulpit with sounding-board, a wide gallery on three sides, many square pews, with seats on hinges, which were raised when the worshipers stood and which were lowered with no small degree of noise and clatter, especially by the boys and girls; a small organ in the gallery opposite the pulpit with singers' seats at the sides, one side for men-folk singers, the other for the womenkind. The pulpit was entered by stairs at one side. In front of the pulpit was the communion table and in front of that a long bench for the deacons. When the church was first built there was no opportunity for fire or artificial warmth except by the "foot-stove" filled with live coals brought by such worshipers as felt the need of thus coddling themselves. Later, a cast-iron box stove was placed in the space before the pulpit and deacons' seat, burning sticks two feet long. The smoke went through two pipes over the side aisles to the south end and out through the windows, there being no chimney in the building, which as a whole was little better than some of our barns of to-day.

This was the only meeting-house in the town for many years, it being used at first by the whole town assembling under one preacher, but later by the different sects, as they became organized, under their respective ministers; as in 1801, by the record, the society in the East part of the town had the use of the house twenty-four Sabbaths, the society under Rev. Mr. Worcester seventeen Sabbaths, the society in the West part eight Sabbaths, and the Methodists and Baptists three Sabbaths.

A little later the town was legally freed from its ecclesiastical responsibility, and the meeting-house became the property of the First Parish.

The records show that at a parish meeting in 1838 the committee chosen to build a new meeting-house and to dispose of the old one reported the new one as costing $7024.15 and the old one as sold to the town of Fitchburg for $410.00, just about ten per cent of its cost.

It was thus purchased by the town and moved across to its present location, which the town owned, by Mr. Jabez Lawrence of Ashby, at that time the best-equipped man in the region for moving large buildings, and it was remodeled for use as a town hall by putting in a floor and stairway to make the hall on the second story. This hall had on each side several rows of seats raised slightly one above the other, with a raised platform at the end opposite the door. The porches and the tower were removed and some new windows were put in, several of the original windows with their 7x9 panes being sold and used in a blacksmith shop at Rutland, Mass., where they can be found to-day. The lower story, the original pew floor of the house, was fitted up for the use of the town fire department, with its hand engine and apparatus in one half, and for the armory of the "Fitchburg Fusiliers," the military company of the town then, in the other half. The hall was used as a town hall until our present city hall was built about 1850.

The story runs that when the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad deep cut just above Wachusett station was being made, the sub-contractor failed to pay his men, and a riotous strike occuring in consequence, the Fusiliers were called out with ball cartridges in their guns to quell it. They were not

called into action, however, as the laborers were somehow pacified without resort to firearms, and the Fusiliers returned to their armory, drew their cartridges (supposedly all), and stacked their guns in the racks. On the next town meeting day George P. Hawkes, then a member of the Fusiliers company, now Col. Hawkes of Templeton, a prominent citizen, was handling the guns in the armory, when one was discharged and the ball, carelessly left in, passed up through the floor of the hall above, into the ceiling, cutting through the coatskirts of one citizen, though fortunately injuring no one.

After the present city hall was erected the town, having no use for its old building, sold it to Charles T. Crocker, who opened the basement for use by cutting the doorways and windows through the underpinning, and otherwise altered and improved its looks, both outside and inside, and the hall was later used for many years, even until our new brick armory on Church street was built, as the armory of the Fitchburg Fusiliers, and now it is being remodeled to serve as a theatre.

The cut shown is a plan made from a clear description of the old church by one who was born almost in its shadow and was a worshiper in it as long as it was a church, Thomas C. Caldwell, Esq., now of Dorchester, Mass.

This building certainly has a history, and well deserves to rank first in our notice of transplanted ones. At first the "New England Meeting-House" that was in so great a degree the center from which came the best and strongest in the New England character of those days; next the town hall, in which the vital questions of the hour were debated and settled, and where also were held the lyceum lectures, traveling shows, singing-schools, concerts, and balls, which taught and amused the citizens of those days; then the military drill hall and headquarters, fostering the independent strength of the state that gave us our ready soldiers in 1861; and now, though not for the first time, as many of the members of our society will recollect, the home of the drama, which can be so powerful an educative force. Surely the old building deserves more than a passing thought, and may well receive our respect and gratitude for what its hundred years of service have done for us.

We also have some other transplanted buildings which have served as houses of worship. The house standing now on the corner of Lunenburg street and Highland avenue, then called Pratt street, was moved from West Main street where now stands the house of Gerry B. Bartlett, and was the home of the C. C. church, which held its meetings there until its first wooden meeting-house was built where now the handsome brown stone church is being completed.

This first wooden meeting-house, to make way for the brick building just torn down, was moved to the corner of Main and Laurel streets and was last known as the "Citizens' House," where "spiritual" comfort of the bodily sort took the place of the older "spiritual discourse," and fired the blood even more intensely than the doctrinal lectures delivered in the building in the olden time were wont to.

At the corner of North and Cherry streets stands a small, low building which was moved from the present site of the Swedish church on Rollstone street, and which was for many years the chapel of the C. C. church. This building continued its sacred purpose for a dozen years or more by housing the Second Advent society of the city, and had probably the unique distinction, while under this dispensation, of being a strictly free house of worship, even the contribution box never having been passed in it, I am told, the expenses being largely borne by its owner—to whom we are indirectly largely indebted for this paper—our veteran building mover, Seth Twichell.

Next to the houses of worship naturally comes the list of pastors' houses which have traveled.

Rev. Calvin Lincoln's, which stood where Miss Fay's residence now stands, a plain, white, New England house, for over twenty years the good pastor's house and later the home of one of the village doctors, Dr. Alfred Miller, is now standing, altered past recognition, among many newly-built houses at the corner of Green street and Snow street extension.

The house where the first minister of the town, Parson Payson, lived, then on the site of the Deacon Samuel Burnap house on South street, rests now on Charles street and is still a residence.

Rev. William Bascom, third minister of the First Parish, after living with David Boutelle, where now stands the American House, bought of Capt. William Brown the house at the corner of Main and Academy streets and occupied it. This house, which was afterward known as the "Capt. Zach. Sheldon" house and was finely finished inside, was moved back, (and still stands on Academy street,) to make way for the house on Water street in which the early Catholic fathers of the town resided, which was moved up from Water street and is now occupied by Dr. Walter K. Jewett.

Rev. William P. Tilden, a later pastor of the First Parish, lived in the house on Prospect street lately owned and occupied by George H. Crocker, which was moved higher up on Prospect street to make room for Mr. Crocker's fine new residence, the house, enlarged and made over, being now the home of Charles T. Crocker, Jr.

Now for the houses owned and occupied by the town's physicians.

Dr. Alfred Miller's we have mentioned.

Dr. Jonas Marshall's house, which stood on East Main street where now Charles A. Cross lives, took a few comfortable steps to Cheever place without altering its appearance, while Dr. Marshall's office, which displayed such an array of phials in the window next the street, traveled up Mechanic street nearly to the Rindge road and became a modest dwelling.

Dr. Thomas R. Boutelle's residence, corner of Main and Grove streets, modestly stepped back into the garden to make room for a brick block.

Dr. Levi Pillsbury's house on Main street took Horace Greeley's advice and "went west" from the site of the Episcopal church to the corner of River and Sheldon streets, and a little later the house he purchased on Prichard street, which had an elderly lady as a life-occupant by the terms of the purchase, was swung a quarter round and back, and a substantial front building was erected, the elderly lady living out the terms of the agreement, though retired from the street.

Dr. Wilder's five-pillared residence was rolled down Main and up Blossom to the corner of Green street to make room for the Wallace Library, the ells making a simple, small dwelling on North street near Pearl.

We have also upon our list two which served their generation well in the cause of learning. First, the ell to the present National House, corner of Main and Academy streets, was once the old "Academy," standing where our old high school building now stands, and echoed to the voices of a rising generation, loud in recitation and declamation, and many of our citizens remember well their successes and blunders under its roof. Second, the house with tall pillars, near the easterly end of Kimball street, was once the old Lunenburg academy, which sent out many well-formed and stored minds to help along the world's work, it having been taken down and re-erected there.

There is still a third, now standing a little back from Lunenburg street, near the Fitchburg File Works, which was moved to make place for the Putnam Machine Co.'s brick office on Main street, and which laid claim at one time, before its removal, to being a modest temple of learning, for in it was held the "Classical School" kept by Benaiah Cooke, who came from Keene, N. H., to teach the graduates of our common schools and others.

We have also some brick buildings which, though weighty, could not keep their seats. The brick house at the corner of Grove and Prichard streets was moved down one location on Grove street to make place for the brick residence of the late Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, which itself was once half of the "Invalids' Retreat," near Pearl Hill schoolhouse, the other half still standing as a farmhouse a little off the road. The half moved to the village, however, was taken down, brick by brick, and re-erected.

The building now at the corner of Hartwell and Adams streets, though wood in part, has brick ends and was formerly the residence of Francis Perkins, a former president of the Fitchburg Bank, and it stood where Ex-Mayor Lowe lives, it having been moved when Leander Sprague built the house so greatly altered by Mr. Lowe.

Another brick-ended house was Mr. William O. Brown's, opposite our city hall, and many of us remember how nearly it was refused its traveling passport by our City Fathers, so nearly that our previously mentioned veteran building mover felt called upon to start it on its travels in the night, thereby

bringing out a spicy exchange of personal views between its purchaser and one of the aldermen at a very early hour in the morning; but having started it was allowed to march slowly along, well up North street to its new location.

The weightiest move of all, however, has just been completed in that of the Putnam Machine Co.'s three-story brick office building from Main street to its present location down Putnam street, where it has been called to "go up higher" by one story.

There is a wooden block on the north side of Oliver street, corner of Adams, the greater part of which was once the ell of the old Fitchburg Hotel and contained the dancing hall and at one time the lodge rooms of Aurora Lodge of Masons, which came here from Leominster in earlier days. This ell was carried down Main street and stopped for several years' rest as a three-tenement block on the lot where the soldiers' monument now stands, finally being trundled to its present resting place, a fourth tenement being added by building on the corner on Adams street.

Still another emigrant deserves a passing word and perhaps a tear. The very oldest among us may remember the house as built and first occupied by Capt. Oliver Fox, for whom the two streets of Oliver and Fox were named, as he owned many acres in that locality. He it was who built the "Stone Mill," so called, now the J. Cushing mill, an undertaking of magnitude in those days, the stones for the walls being drawn by oxen up inclined planes built up outside the walls, higher and higher as those walls arose. His wife was one of the "Colonial Dames" of those times and was much disturbed that her husband built so fine a building down on the river bank, and not on the more commanding position, the top of Fox hill, ignoring the fact that the mill was to be run by the water of the river. This mansion of Capt. Fox, afterwards long owned and occupied by the late Chedorlaomer (or shorter, Kidder) Marshall, stood well back with no buildings crowding it, facing the Main street not far from the corner of Prichard street where now the Whitney opera house stands. There was a neat picket fence along the street and well around the corner, trees and shrubs, a garden of tulip beds, and greensward flanking the wide paths from the street, with a pleasant

outlook to the river, as there were no buildings opposite it. It was a house where hospitality and good cheer abounded and whose fate seems undeserved and even sad. Moved to make room for the Opera House block, it now stands with a modern French roof, surrounded by inferior buildings, a stable close against one shoulder, a tall billboard half covering its front, with no outlet to the street and hardly opportunity enough for even a free breath of fresh air. Poor old building! it certainly made a "bad move" and has only its memories left.

"There are others," but bare mention must be made of most of them. The Deacon Isaac Hartwell house, moved from the Monument square, corner of Main and Hartwell streets, to Central street. Mr. Charles J. Billings's old house from East Main street where Mrs. Billings now resides, to Newton place.

The roomy wooden house which stood under the tree where now stands the Fitchburg Savings Bank block, which was the birthplace and boyhood home of the honored president of this society and which now forms the rear of the Stiles block across the street.

The little house of Widow Abigail French on Laurel street, the Vermont & Massachusetts railroad track passing right through its small yard and which was moved to Water street, the widow taking her pay for the lot in stock of the railroad company and seeing it sink to $6 per share before she sold it.

The General Jewett house, moved back down the lane from its large front garden filled with fruit trees, which were cut to make room for L. Patch's brick block next the National House.

The small square office, one story, the roof rising from the four sides to a point in the center, standing also on the site now covered by the Fitchburg Savings Bank, once a millinery store kept by Madame Cowdry, the resort of all fashionable ladies. Later it was the office of Calvin Willard, the noted high sheriff of Worcester county, called the "model old gentleman," who carried no firearms, but never failed to arrest his man. Still later the office of Moses G. Lyon and Hiland C. Hitchcock, "bond, gold, and note brokers," when gold was a commodity, subsequent to the war—moved to a place under the spreading elm in Factory square and degraded to a cobbler's

shop and finally carted on wheels down Main street to its final resting place on Snow street extension and very lately pulled down, its great square hewn timbers of the old time being laid bare.

There is also, just north of the Consolidated road's freight depot, an old brick building, the frame or skeleton of which was once a part of the old tavern which stood where the American House now is, and which was moved to its present site and covered outside with a brick shell.

The General Burbank house, which stood on the north side of Water street on the corner of the old road which came down the river from Laurel street about where Mill street joins it, was moved farther down the river on Water street, and finally torn down. General Burbank's wife considered herself one of the "quality" and wished there might be two cemeteries, one for the rich and one for the poor, that she might rise at the resurrection with her own class. The General is said to have had the wood for his fireplace squared and painted at the ends, that he might outdo a friend who used only square-ended wood,

The house on Crescent street so long the home of Mr. Henry Jackson was lifted there from Laurel street, it having been the house of Nathan T. Ackley, who carried on business at the "Stone Mill."

There was also the little cottage moved from the Merriam estate on Mechanic street to River street, which, probably from its weight of sorrow at having to give up its old associations, broke through the bridge on River street and fell squarely into the bed of the stream taking half of the bridge with it, and which, after many years' quiet, has lately been taken across the street to the bank of its old love, the river.

There are more of lesser note, but this paper must close and as a final remembrance let us take the cottage (resting where now stands our handsome Armory on Church street) loaded on runners and patiently waiting for Nature to coat the streets with snow and "let her slide." Let us remember our Noah Jackson (like Noah of old) steering this cottage (his ark) eastward by the light of the full moon and with his many animals harnessed two by two, merrily coasting along with it to Jacksonville, there to find its Ararat and to serve as a close to this list.

Notice will be taken that very many of these buildings were moved from up-town toward the "Old City," so called, which induced Mr. Abial J. Town to remark sarcastically that he hoped to live to see the "Old City" finished, this being in the bygone days when there appeared to be a breezy rivalry between the sections, as recorded by our poet George E. Towne in his "Centennial Ode:"

> We note the contest long time waged,
> 'Twixt "up-town" and "old city" fierce it raged,
> And bitter was the internecine strife,
> Such as is sometimes seen 'tween man and wife.
> None knew what by "old city" was intended,
> Or where "up-town" began or where it ended;
> The whole within two stones' throw, yet for years
> Full half the town was fairly by the ears.
> The railroad came; the engine whistle blew;
> Its echoes rung the valley through and through.
> "Where shall the depot be? 'twould be a pity,"
> Said "up-town," "were it placed in the old city."
> While from old-cityites the answer fell,
> "The depot might as well be placed in,—well,
> We won't say where, as have it up in town,
> Such a decision never will go down."
> "A hogreeve must be chosen; who shall be
> The man to fill the office? let us see—"
> "Put Smith, the late incumbent, in again."
> "Oh, no! he lives now south of Newton's lane:"
> "Well, if you don't like Smith, take Brown or Keys,
> They're both up-towners," t'other party cries;
> And so we pulled and hauled until at length
> 'Twas found that thus we wasted half our strength,
> And from that moment fainter grew the blows,
> Till the two sections ceased to meet as foes.

I am indebted to many of the older inhabitants for many of the incidents and facts mentioned antedating my own memory of this vicinity and, though I presume much more might be written, I believe what has been noted is substantially correct.

A SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

Read at a meeting of the Society Nov. 20, 1899.

BY JAMES FREEMAN DANA GARFIELD.

At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical society the librarian, Dr. Samuel A. Green, made some remarks relative to the first Boston imprint, meaning by that the first book or pamphlet issued from a Boston press. He stated that John Foster was the pioneer printer of Boston, where he set up a press in the early part of 1675. Only two of his titles dated that year, however, have come down to the present time, and both of these, like most of the publications of that period, were sermons, and were preached by Increase Mather, only a few weeks apart. It has been a matter of some interest to know which of these two was issued first, as it would gratify a curiosity, not altogether idle, to be able to name the first Boston imprint. One of these sermons was entitled "The Wicked Man's Portion; or a Sermon, Preached at the Lecture in Boston, in N. England, the 18th day of the 1 month 1674, wherein is shewed that Excesse in wickedness doth bring untimely Death. By Increase Mather, Teacher of a Church of Christ, Boston. Printed by John Foster, 1675." The occasion of this sermon was the execution of two men for murder.

The other sermon is entitled "The Times of Men are in the hand of God; or a Sermon occasioned by that awful Providence which hapned in Boston in New England the 4th day of the 3d Moneth 1675 (when a part of a Vessel was blown up in the Harbour, and nine men hurt, and three mortally wounded), wherein is shewed how we should sanctifie the dreadfull Name of God under such awful Dispensations. By Increase Mather, Teacher of a Church of Christ, Boston. Printed by John Foster, 1675."

It will be noticed that the date of delivery of one of these sermons is given, while that of the other is not, but it so

happens that a manuscript diary of Mr. Mather for the years 1675 and 76 has been preserved in the library of the Historical society, and by a reference to this diary Dr. Green has been able to determine conclusively that the sermon entitled "The Wicked Man's Portion" was issued prior to the one entitled "The Times of Men are in the Hand of God," thereby establishing the fact that Increase Mather's sermon, "The Wicked Man's Portion," is the first Boston imprint. The discourse was delivered as one of the regular Thursday lectures, a series given by Boston ministers, which began in the early days of the colony, and was kept up weekly for nearly two centuries and a half. The doctor says in conclusion: "It may not be a matter of much moment to the great world of busy men, which of these two pamphlets is the first-born of Foster's press now extant; but the desire to know the bottom facts in regard to priority of publication is as laudable a curiosity as that felt by two continents, a few weeks ago, in the result of the great international yacht race off Sandy Hook."

The thought has occurred to me that if the wise men of the Massachusetts Historical society can afford to sit in council to determine which was the first Boston imprint, why should not we inquire, and settle the question once for all, what was the first Fitchburg imprint? The pioneer printers of Fitchburg were Jonathan E. Whitcomb and John Page, who set up a printing office here in the autumn of 1830, and commenced the publication of the Fitchburg Gazette. Benaiah Cooke had only recently started his school in the new Academy building, and the first pamphlet that has come down to us from a Fitchburg press is a "Catalogue of the members of Fitchburg Classical School, Term commencing August 11, 1830. Fitchburg: J. E. Whitcomb & Co., Printers, 1830."

It is a small pamphlet of 14 pages, and the catalogue consists of the names of 97 students, besides the names of the directors, examining committee and teachers. It is interesting to note here that of the 97 students but ten are now living, viz.: Dorothy Kimball, now Mrs. Bailey, Miss Martha Goodrich, Betsey Merriam, now Mrs. J. M. Harris, Amanda Willis, now Mrs. Brown of Concord, Adaline Willis, now Mrs. Snow, E. Foster Bailey, A. Jackson Dean, Willard E. Stearns, and Charles N. Ordway, now of Tennessee.

The second publication entitled to be called a Fitchburg imprint is the serial entitled "The Album, or a Panacea for Ennui; devoted to the cause of virtue and refinement," the first number of which was issued in March, 1831, by J. E. Whitcomb & Co. The Album continued to be published monthly for ten months, when it died a natural death, and the wonder is that it lived so long, a monthly literary magazine in a small country town of little more than 2000 inhabitants. A bound copy of the Album is fortunately preserved in the public library, and a few scattering numbers besides are known to exist.

The third Fitchburg imprint, so far as known to us, was "an Oration delivered before the citizens of Fitchburg on the 4th of July, 1831, by Oliver Everett," printed at the Gazette office, 1831. Of this, no copy is known to be in existence, though it is to be hoped that one may some time turn up. Isaiah Porter Putnam, an uncle of Alderman J. Edward Putnam of this city, delivered a poem on the same occasion, but whether it was printed with the oration is doubtful. Oliver Everett was then a resident of Fitchburg, and lived on what is now known as the Deacon Samuel Burnap place, on South street. He was a brother of the distinguished orator, Hon. Edward Everett.

Passing from Fitchburg, let us look for a moment at Lunenburg imprints. Fully ten years before Fitchburg boasted a printing office one William Greenough was carrying on a printing and publishing business at Lunenburg. A large quarto edition of the Bible, printed in 1820, has the following lengthy title: "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, together with the Apochrypha, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, wih Crane's Marginal notes and references, to which are added an Index, an Alphabetical Table of all the names in the Old and New Testaments, with their significations, Tables of Scripture Weights, Measures, and Coins. Lunenburg, printed and sold by W. Greenough, 1820." It is a well-printed volume, and on a fair quality of paper for the time, and it would be interesting to know if the paper were manufactured in Fitchburg or Leominster.

William Greenough was succeeded in the printing and publishing business, about 1822, by Col. Edmund Cushing, who issued numerous editions of the Bible, in both quarto and octavo sizes, during the following ten years. Col. Cushing was a prominent man in Lunenburg. That he was a useful citizen is shown by the fact that he held various municipal offices, such as selectman, assessor, town clerk, and treasurer, nearly all the time for forty years. He was representative from Lunenburg in 1804, and for several years afterwards. He was chosen an elector of president and vice-president in 1824, and a state senator in 1825. He was the first postmaster of Lunenburg, and held the office twelve years. He was captain in the militia in 1799, and rose to the position of lieutenant-colonel in 1808. He died March 22, 1851, at the age of 78. Of his children, the eldest son, Luther S., was a judge of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas, and later reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; author of Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Rules for the government of deliberative assemblies, a work of standard authority on that subject. The second son, Edmund L., was a distinguished lawyer of Charlestown, N. H., and in 1874 became chief justice of the superior court of that state.

William, the third son of Col. Edmund Cushing, after graduating at Harvard in 1832, edited for a time a weekly religious paper in Fitchburg called the "Christian Messenger." He taught seven terms in the Fitchburg academy. He studied for the ministry, and was settled in different places. The latter years of his life were devoted to literary work. In 1886-87 he published a work in two volumes entitled "Initials and Pseudonyms, a Dictionary of Literary Disguises," and in 1891 a companion volume entitled "Anonyms, a Dictionary of Revealed Authorship," comprising the titles of some twenty thousand anonymous books and pamphlets, with the names of their authors, followed by brief biographical notices. These volumes are a great convenience to students of English and American literature, and represent a great amount of labor in their preparation.

A daughter, Miss Caroline A. Cushing, the only surviving member of the family, is still residing in Lunenburg.

The Lunenburg bibles were all printed from stereotype plates, which were made by B. & J. Collins of New York. John Page, who was a partner of Whitcomb in printing the Fitchburg Gazette, was a Lunenburg boy, and had learned his trade in the office of Col. Cushing at Lunenburg. For a year or two after the Gazette was started the printing of bibles for Col. Cushing was carried on in a room on the lower floor of the Gazette office building, probably the room now occupied by Harry Aitchison as a harness shop. The building was removed to its present position on Central street, about 1850 or 51, from its original location, about where the present driveway leads to the Fitchburg hotel stables.

The transition from bibles to hymn books is natural and easy. Here is a hymn book bearing upon its fly leaf the autograph of that saintly man, Deacon Isaac Hartwell, long since passed on to his rest and his reward. The book was presented to me by his granddaughter, Miss Alice Reed, and is chiefly interesting as being the compilation of Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D., Fitchburg's second minister, who preached here from September, 1797, to August, 1802, a period of five years; years not altogether characterized as those of peace, harmony, and brotherly love among the members of his flock, as will fully appear by a perusal of the little book entitled "Facts and Documents, or a Summary View of Ecclesiastical Affairs in Fitchburg," published in 1802, the year of his dismissal. Dr. Worcester was a native of Hollis, N. H. After leaving Fitchburg his whole life was passed in Salem, as pastor of the Tabernacle church of that city. His hymn book was first published in 1815, and passed through many editions.

Here is another hymn book, containing the Psalms of David, with hymns and spiritual songs by Isaac Watts, D. D., printed at Sutton, Mass., by Sewall Goodridge, for Caleb Burbank, and sold by him at wholesale and retail, 1808. Apparently it has no particular local interest for us, and yet there are circumstances which lend to it a local flavor. The name of Burbank upon its title page suggests an inquiry. The Burbanks of one hundred years ago, like the Crockers of a later day, were a family of papermakers. Caleb Burbank, whose name appears as publisher, was a papermaker, and the publishing of books for him was merely a side issue.

The first paper mill in Worcester county, and the fourth or fifth in Massachusetts, was established at Sutton, in 1776, by Abijah Burbank, the father of Caleb, and this mill, during the Revolutionary war, was the main dependence for paper of the printing office of Isaiah Thomas in Worcester.

The erection of this mill appears to have been suggested by a resolution passed in a convention of the committees of correspondence and delegates from the several towns of the County of Worcester in May, 1775, when it was "Resolved that the erection of a paper mill in this county would be of great public advantage; and if any person or persons will undertake the erection of such a mill, and the manufacture of paper, that it be recommended to the people of the county to encourage the undertaking by generous contributions and subscriptions."

In May, 1778, Mr. Burbank informs the public that "The Paper Manufactory at Sutton is now carried on to great perfection. The good people of this county are desired to be careful in saving their rags, as by that means the papermakers will be enabled to supply them plentifully with as good paper as can be made in the State." And again in June of the same year, "Abijah Burbank hereby informs the public that he has lately procured a workman who is a complete master of the art of paper making and hopes for the future, provided the good people of this county will be careful to save their rags, to be able to supply them with as good paper as any papermaker in the state, and at least as cheap."

In 1783, the closing year of the war, Abijah Burbank disposed of his interest in the business to his sons, Caleb and Elijah. Caleb Burbank continued the manufacture of paper at Sutton for more than fifty years, adding thereto from time to time the business of book publishing, while Elijah, his brother, was engaged in the same business at Worcester and elsewhere. Gen. Leonard Burbank, who carried on the business of paper making in Fitchburg, was a son of Elijah and a nephew of Gen. Caleb. Gen. Leonard Burbank, as early as 1808, owned and carried on the mill on Water street, in Fitchburg, known for many years afterward as the Burbank paper mill, and which was some time since occupied by the Rollstone Machine Works. Gen. Leonard Burbank may

be termed the pioneer papermaker of Fitchburg. His residence was on Water street nearly opposite the stone freight depot of the Fitchburg railroad. Caleb and Elijah Burbank had a brother Silas, who emigrated to Montpelier, Vt., and he was the father of Gardner S. Burbank, who, in connection with Alvah Crocker, established in 1851 the firm of Crocker, Burbank & Co., of Fitchburg, and who, dying in 1888, left as a lasting monument to his name a munificent fund for the purpose of establishing a hospital in this city for the poor and unfortunate, without regard to race or color. And so it appears that the Sutton imprint leads, after all, to a bit of Fitchburg history.

Some one has said that the three most captivating books in the world, to children, not to speak of grown people, are probably the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," and "Robinson Crusoe." Shut up in jail on long sentence, left to himself with a bottle of ink and a supply of paper, the author of each of these works had the finest opportunity for protracted meditation that could be furnished by any retreat short of the caves of the old hermits. Under such circumstances were produced the most popular works of Bunyan, Cervantes, and Daniel Defoe. I have here a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is not one of the ordinary editions, but is in the Hawaiian language, printed at Honolulu, in 1842. I will not undertake to quote from it, but will pass it along, and if any one finds an interesting passage which he would like to read, I will cheerfully give way for that purpose.

When on the thirtieth of March, 1820, Asa Thurston and his companions first set foot on Hawaiian soil, they found the natives in the lowest depths of heathenism. As they had no written language, the first work of the missionaries was to construct one, that books might be printed and schools established. In doing this they aimed to give to every letter but one sound, and to every sound only one letter, so that every word might be spelled exactly as it was pronounced, by which means the art of reading, spelling, and writing was rendered comparatively easy. And it is worthy of notice that only seven consonants and five vowels, twelve letters in all, were required to represent all the known sounds in the Hawaiian language. A printing press was soon set up, and in

January, 1822, commenced operations by printing a small spelling book in the newly constructed language. This was followed in due course by other school books, and in 1832 the New Testament in the Hawaiian language was issued from the press; in 1839 the whole bible was completed in an edition of ten thousand copies. In the course of time an Hawaiian newspaper was started, and other publications of a periodical nature were issued, having large circulations. Asa Thurston had his full share in the construction of the new language. He learned to speak it fluently. He compiled a dictionary and grammar, and translated a large portion of the Bible into the native tongue. Whether he was the translator of this version of Bunyan's Pilgrim I am unable to say. Harris, in his sketch of Asa Thurston, says that he "was undoubtedly the ablest man Fitchburg ever produced. He had wonderful power, physically, intellectually, and morally; is manifest in that Scripture test which the world acknowledges correct, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' He was most zealous and indefatigable in his labors to improve the condition of the natives. He found them in a state of the most benighted heathenism, and he lived to see many thousands of them raised to a condition of comparative civilization, and to a knowledge of the Christian religion."

The next volume on my shelf of old books is a German-English and English-German dictionary, giving all the words in general use, the principal idiomatic phrases, tables of irregular verbs, and proper names in both languages, by David Fosdick, Jr. The work was first issued in 1840, but this copy is of the sixth edition, published in Boston, 1849. David Fosdick, Jr., the author, was the proud father of two of our most worthy citizens. He was a clergyman by profession, and something of his ability and standing in that direction may be assumed from the fact that he was the successor of the Rev. John Pierpont in the pulpit of the Hollis Street church in Boston. That he was eccentric in many ways has often been said of him, and for aught that I know may be true; but that he was an accomplished scholar there is no room for doubt. The volume under consideration is prized by me as being a presentation copy from a worthy son of the distinguished author. It is printed from fair type on good paper,

and as a German dictionary I can say it answers my purpose equally well as would the latest and most approved work fresh from a German university.

Next comes up a volume bearing a Leominster imprint, and that, too, more than a century old, for be it known Leominster sported a printing press, and had its newspaper, too, when Fitchburg was but an infant with not even a postoffice to add to its importance as a business centre. It is said that an impression once prevailed that Fitchburg never would amount to much, as its situation was so near the flourishing town of Leominster that the latter would sap its vitality. But eventually Fitchburg came to be a strapping youth, and began to put on airs. And it came to pass that a dispute arose between a company of high bucks from Leominster, and certain ambitious youths residing on this side of the Leominster line, as to which townspeople had the larger stock of politeness, Leominster or Fitchburg. The more the question was discussed the wider the breach became, until it was finally agreed on both sides to leave it out to a shrewd old fellow, well known to both parties as a person competent to give an impartial decision. He was accordingly called in, and the case ably argued on either side, after which the referee retired for a brief interval to consider the case and make up his verdict. On his return he gave his decision that the people of Fitchburg had the greater amount of politeness. The decision was a crushing blow to the Leominster fellows, while the Fitchburg bloods were correspondingly elated. At length one of the chop-fallen Leominsterites ventured to ask the referee how he could possibly arrive at such a conclusion. "Well," he replied, "it was just this way: I found that the people of the two towns originally started out with just an equal amount of the commodity, and while Leominster has been using a certain amount of her politeness, Fitchburg has never shown any; consequently must have the larger stock on hand."

This Leominster volume is entitled: "The Ladies' Philosophy of Love; a Poem in Four Cantos, By Charles Stearns, A. B., Pastor of the Church and Preceptor of the Liberal School in Lincoln. Leominster, Mass. Printed by John Prentiss & Co., for the Author, 1797." My copy of this book was

missing from its place on the shelf, and to save time of hunting I have borrowed this copy from the public library. But this particular copy has its history. It formerly belonged to Rev. Asa Packard, the father of Mrs. George Trask, and it has his autograph on the title page. It was given to me by Rev. Mr. Trask, and went from me to the public library, as I had another copy. The author, Rev. Charles Stearns, was pastor of the church in Lincoln for nearly forty-five years, till his death in 1826. He had a family of eleven children, one of whom was Rev. William Lawrence Stearns, who was ordained at Stoughton, and later settled at Rowe, Mass. He was the father of George M. Stearns, late of Chicopee, well remembered as a talented and witty lawyer, and a highly gifted orator, who died some two years ago.

I will not undertake to discuss the merits of the poem enclosed within these covers. It does not presume to rank with Longfellow, Whittier, or even with many of the lesser lights of the literary firmament. But I have no sympathy or patience with the silly lunk-heads, if I may be pardoned the expression, who have pencilled on its fair margins, "This is a dry book," "This book not worth reading," "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" and much other ridiculous nonsense, which I have endeavored to erase. The poem was written when its author was but twenty-two years of age, though it was published when he was forty-five, in the maturity of his manhood, and when he was the reputable minister of a people with whom he lived beloved, honored, and respected for a period of forty-five years, to his death. Any book having a respectable pedigree, and having withstood the vicissitudes of more than a century, is entitled to respect and kind treatment. This book is out of place on the shelves of the public library for circulation, where Tom, Dick, or Harry, by a misinterpretation of its title, are induced to call for it. It should be withdrawn from circulation, and placed in the department for reference and preservation, to find a place beside the Album and Panacea for Ennui.

Next in order comes a "Narrative of the Captivity and Removes of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, who was taken by the Indians at the destruction of Lancaster, 1676. Written by herself. Printed at Lancaster in 1828." Few, if any, Ameri-

can books have won a wider and more lasting popular favor than this simple and pathetic relation of personal adventure. Mrs. Rowlandson's narrative was first printed in London, and at Boston in 1682, and fully twenty-five editions and reprints have been catalogued. The account given in Torrey's History of Fitchburg of Mrs. Rowlandson's journey, of her spending the first nights of her captivity on an island supposed to be in Leominster, the second night on a high hill which he assumes to be Rollstone, and the third night in Narrhagansett, now Westminster, is effectually disposed of by Mr. Henry S. Nourse, the veteran antiquary and historian of Lancaster, who shows conclusively that the route taken by her captors was through Sterling, Princeton, to Rutland; thence westward to the Connecticut river, touching neither Leominster, Fitchburg, nor Westminster; thus spoiling the romance of the night's encampment on Rollstone hill.

And here is one more narrative of Indian captivity. It is "A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson, containing an account of her sufferings during four years with the Indians and French, together with an appendix. Printed at Windsor, Vt., 1814."

In the year 1740 was made the first settlement in the town of Charlestown, N. H., then known by the name of "No. 4," by three families named Farnsworth, who emigrated from Lunenburg. That part of New Hampshire was then a trackless wilderness. In 1742 Moses Willard, also of Lunenburg, with wife and a large family of children removed to that exposed frontier settlement. His children numbered twelve, one of whom, a daughter, Susanna, married Capt. James Johnson, and on the news of peace between France and England in 1749, the Johnsons followed the other members of the Willard family to establish a home in the wilderness. For about five years peace reigned in and about the little settlement, until in 1754, hostilities again broke out, and on the morning of the thirtieth of August, the Johnson home was attacked by Indians, the whole family captured, the house plundered, and the inmates carried away to Canada. This little volume gives an intensely interesting account of their capture, their sufferings, and their final return. The Johnson family at the

time of the capture consisted of Capt. Johnson, his wife and three children, and Mrs. Johnson's sister, Miriam Willard. It is not my purpose to follow the members of the unfortunate family in their captivity, but I wish to say a word concerning one of the children. Capt. Johnson's second daughter, Susanna, then only four years of age, on their arrival at Montreal was purchased of the Indians by three maiden sisters by the name of Jiasson, and here it is interesting to note how much of history often clusters around a single name. The young child Susanna was adopted by the Jiasson sisters and treated with the utmost kindness and affection, while every attention was paid to her education. She remained in Canada six years, when she returned to Charlestown, and in the course of time was married to Capt. Samuel Wetherbee, who also was a native of Lunenburg. Captain and Mrs. Susanna Wetherbee raised a family of fifteen children, their eldest son being named Jiasson, and so recorded in the town records, making it evident that the child was named in honor of the three maiden sisters in Canada who years before had adopted and educated his mother. This son Jiasson grew to manhood, and became a prominent citizen of Charlestown, but the name Jiasson finally degenerated to plain Jason, and Jason Wetherbee became to Charlestown No. 4, what Chedorlaomer Marshall afterwards was to Fitchburg, a man of wealth and enterprise, an owner of turnpikes and stage lines. Jason Wetherbee married and had a family of children. His eldest daughter, Sophia, married Oel Billings of Woodstock, Vt., and they also had a large family of children; one of these, named Charles Jason, for his grandfather Jason Wetherbee, one day in April, 1845, rode down from Woodstock on the stage to Fitchburg, and a few months later accepted a position as office boy or clerk in a prominent institution on Main street. He remained with the same institution, being promoted to high positions of responsibility and trust, through an active, useful, and honorable business career, even to the day of his death. Charles Jason Billings died February 22, 1896, aged 73 years.

Another member of the same family, a daughter, found in Fitchburg her first and second husbands. She too has passed to her reward.

Thus have I endeavored to extract bits of history from a few old and well-worn books. But I have not exhausted the number upon my shelf. There are still others. But I fear I have exhausted your patience. I confess to a weakness for old and homeless books. I never pass a second-hand book stand without a longing glance toward the rows of titles as I hurry past. Some one has compared old books to human beings, worn and faded men and women, hopeless and helpless, with lives extended long past their usefulness, forgotten or ignored by those who were once their friends, and consigned to the almshouse, or the home for the aged and destitute. The old book stall is a waiting place for old and homeless books, waiting for some friend to adopt and again provide them a home. The old books, worn and thumbed, and bearing upon their fly leaves the autographs of former owners, are continued reminders of man's mortality.

THE OLD BOOKS.

They are gray with the gray of ages,
  Borrowed, begged and sold;
Thumb-marked of saints and sages
  In the scholarly days of old!
Rose leaves prest for a lover,
  Rest in their pages dim,
Though silent centuries cover
  All that is left of him.

And I feel in the library's shadows,
  With this ghostly company,
The breath of forgotten meadows,
  And the centuries over me.
And when twilight bells are calling,
  When the day with its strifes is o'er,
There are ghostly footsteps falling
  Faint on the library floor.

Singers and saints and sages—
  To the fame of a name we trust;
But Time will cover our pages,
  As even our tombs, with dust.
For here in the library's shadows,
  Where the famed and fameless be,
I roam in forgotten meadows,
  With the centuries over me!

PEARL HILL POTHOLE.

Read at a meeting of the Society March 19, 1900.

BY PROF. E. ADAMS HARTWELL.

I am at least ten thousand years old. This is admitted by all authorities. More liberal observers, however, declare that my age is one hundred thousand years. My remains are to be seen on one of your fair hills, for I have lost my right side. But still I exist. Do not for a moment think that I have leprosy, and so fail to visit me. In due time I will tell you how I lost my side.

Archeologists differ as to where I was born, but there is no mistake as to where I reside. Some of them say that my native place was far to the north, and that old Tyrant Ice stole me, house and all, and brought me here, when he travelled south, to wrest the earth from King Sol. He almost succeeded in this attempt. At any rate he conquered all the northern portion. But King Sol, returning, cast a spell over him and turned him to water. My home at present is on the east side of Pearl Hill, not far from High Rock. It is not thirty feet from High Rock road, yet few of all the people who travel that road deign even to look at me, although I ever stand in the doorway facing the road.

A short, thick-set, middle-aged man with two tall, slender youths first found me in the early eighties. The former still makes annual visits, and is always accompanied by new faces; he seldom brings the same companions twice.

I will now tell you where my native place is. As you see, my domicile is of stone. All the domiciles like mine on Pearl Hill are of stone. Some are of granite, others of mica schist. Mine is of the last mentioned material. As the hill on which these dwellings are situated is of mica schist, it is evident: first, that the granite residences could not have been built here, but in some other place where there is native granite; second, that my house may be made of the material

of this hill, or of like material which exists farther north, and consequently my house, as well as those of granite, was brought here by Tyrant Ice, as the archeologists say.

To settle this question, take a good look at my abode. About all roof, isn't it? Quite resembles a tent. With this observation in mind pass straight up this cliff and you will find the identical place where my house once stood. How perfectly its base and northern roof fit the base and western slope of the hill, length for length, height for height, and how similar also is the material both of the house and of the ledge.

These two facts settle the locality of my birthplace. It was on the top of Pearl Hill, and my house has slid down some sixty feet or more, and instead of looking north as I did up there, I now face the east.

How did my house get down here? It happened in this way. Between the roof and the ledge was a small crack. It was not wide enough to admit a sheet of paper. But rain found its way into it, and when it froze in winter time, how the roof did creak, and I found my house was being pushed toward the edge of the cliff. I tried every known means to prevent its farther advance, but all my efforts were of no avail. Slowly but surely the expansion of the ice kept my house moving, until it slid to its present location. How fortunate for me that it kept right side up.

But I must now tell you my name. It is A. Hole. Whether the A stands for Abraham, Alexander, or what, it is of no material consequence. I belong to a large family of Holes; some of us are giants, being thirty-three feet tall and six to ten feet through. But I, poor thing, am a dwarf, as you see, only thirty inches high, fifteen inches through the shoulders, and from the hips down shaped like a top. I looked so like a kettle or pot, that my brothers said, "Let's call him Pot Hole;" and the name Pothole has clung not only to me, but to every member of our race.

And I am now obliged to confess that we potholes are not born, but created, and King Sol and Tyrant Ice are responsible for my creation.

If you will go to Falulah brook, where it crosses the granite ledge, you will see some of the younger members of our

family being made. Here the water, flowing down some gentle or steep incline, receives a whirling motion at its base. This motion forces round and round small pebbles, and the friction of these revolving pebbles on the granite wears it away. In this manner we potholes are made. The greater the volume of water, the greater the power of the water; the more abundant the pebbles, the larger the pothole; so you easily see why some of us are giants and why I am so short and topshaped.

But why am I the only pothole residing in mica schist? Why are there not potholes in the mica schist at Scott Falls as well as in the granite just below, where you saw potholes being formed? Well, so friable is the mica schist that the same power of freezing water, which moved my house down the cliff, completely destroys in winter all of a pothole made in summer. Then how do I exist in this mica schist abode? A most fitting inquiry, and the answer made me say a moment ago that King Sol and Tyrant Ice were responsible for it. You see that when Tyrant Ice Sheet held this hill in its firm embrace, the mica schist could not crumble, and when King Sol transformed the Tyrant Ice, the water pouring down some crevasse created me. But as soon as the Tyrant Ice was all changed, and there was no force to hold the mica schist together, the freezing rain burst off my right side. And now you have my history. I hope it will interest more of you to visit me.

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH FITCHBURG.

Read at a meeting of the Society May 20, 1907.

BY J. CALVIN SPAULDING.

My earliest recollections are connected with the farm in South Fitchburg called the Cowdin place, on Wanoosnoc road on the hill just above the city farm buildings. It is now occupied by the family of W. S. Rodimon. My father moved there in 1838 when I was a few months old. The place was formerly owned and occupied by Capt. James Cowdin, who was a son of Capt. Thomas Cowdin, who was quite prominent in the early history of the town, having kept the hotel here. He was the first representative to the general court.

Capt. James Cowdin was living on the place when we went there. His wife was a daughter of Capt. Asa Perry, who, I think, built the house now and for many years used as the almshouse. Mrs. Cowdin had died several years earlier, and their children had grown up and gone away, so that he had sold the farm, retaining a right of maintenance as long as he lived. He was nearly seventy years old when we went there, and very much addicted to the use of liquor, as in those days almost everyone used it more or less. He used to say that "bread was the staff of life, but rum was life itself." He used to be quite a care sometimes, but when he was himself, he was a very agreeable, jolly, old gentleman, and my elder brother and I spent a good many evenings in his room, listening to his stories of the old French and Indian, and Revolutionary wars. He finally reformed, and for several of the last years of his life, lived a strictly temperate and Christian life, joining the Congregational church here, under the pastorate of Rev. E. W. Bullard, in 1844. My father finally bought out his right of maintenance, and he spent the last years of his life in Temple, N. H., with his daughter. The last time I

saw him, he came to Fitchburg and attended church on Sunday, and at noon, took me round into one of the horse sheds behind the church, and taking a large piece of home-made gingerbread from his pocket, invited me to share it with him, which I did with great pleasure.

The farm where we lived was quite a large one, containing about a hundred acres, extending from about where the Goodrich brickyard now is, on that side of the road, nearly to the junction of Wanoosnoc road with South street; also quite a large tract on the opposite side of the road, adjoining the town farm on one side and the farm of Capt. Joshua Goodrich on the other. Our land extended clear up to South street on the back side, near what used to be the Goodhue place.

Our neighbors, as I recollect them, were Capt. Amos Ware, who was manager of the town farm at that time and who had a son a little older than I, named Benjamin Franklin Ware. A year or two after we moved into the neighborhood, Mr. Ware moved to Paxton, Mass., and Frank and I afterwards met at Annapolis, Md., in 1861, he having enlisted in Co. K. and I in Co. F. of the 25th Regiment, and we renewed our old boyhood acquaintance.

After Mr. Ware went away, Jacob Foster Beals was engaged as superintendent of the town farm, and he had one son, Foster, just about my age and we formed a very intimate friendship as boys. He is now Prof. F. E. L. Beals in some institution in Washington, D. C. He lived for several years in Lunenburg, where he still owns a farm.

The nearest neighbor above us was John Start, who lived in a house set into the bank on the southwest corner of Wanoosnoc road and South street. He had three daughters named Mary, Sarah, and Margaret, and I think one of them is still living there in the same house. Soon after we went there, a house was built on the opposite corner of Wanoosnoc road and South street, and occupied by a man named Lee. I remember his coming to our house on one occasion and telling my father that war had been declared with Mexico, and I wondered if the Mexicans would come up and interfere with us. That must have been in 1846, as that was the year that war commenced.

Beyond the Start place on Wanoosnoc road was the Joseph Battles place. Mr. Battles had two sons—Elbridge and Joseph A., who was for several years superintendent of streets of this city. The elder son died in early manhood.

On South street, coming towards the city from Wanoosnoc road, there were no houses until almost to where Coggshall Park now is, where there was a house under the shadow of a large elm tree, which is still green and flourishing, where Thomas Goodhue lived. He had two sons, Joseph and Edward, whom my brother and I used to visit frequently, going across through the lane which led over to our farther field on South street. Mr. Goodhue and his boy used to whittle skewers which they sold to the butchers, and Mrs. Goodhue did a good deal of weaving, mostly listing carpets, and blue and white striped frocking, which was much worn by the farmers in those days.

Just beyond the Goodhues, on the other side of the road, stood an old house occupied by the Storey family. The next house, going towards town, was that of Samuel Ward Harris, who was quite noted as a cattle doctor, as he was called in those days, now would be called a veterinary surgeon I suppose. As I remember, there were no other houses on that road till we reached the Samuel Hale place, where Dr. Chalmers now lives.

Going the other way on South street, beyond Wanoosnoc road, there were no houses until we came to what is now called the Miles place in Leominster, which was then owned by a Capt. Nickerson, who had been a sea captain in his early days.

Coming back down to Water street, below the almshouse, the first house towards Leominster was the one built and occupied by Capt. Joshua Goodrich, whose daughter, Miss Martha Goodrich, was an army nurse during the Civil War, then for several years matron of a hospital in Pittsfield, Mass., and is now living on Academy street in this city. This house stood on the left side of the road just this side of the F. & L. power station, and by a change in the location of the road now stands with the back side to the main highway. Capt. Goodrich died about as long ago as I can remember, and I recollect going to his funeral with my mother. Not long after his death the

place was sold to Norman Stone, who had two sons and three daughters—Charles and Henry, Julia, Carrie, and Lizzie.

A little this side of the Goodrich place Daniel Virgil built a small cottage on the right hand side of the road, a short time before we came away. Just beyond the Goodrich place, on the opposite side of the road, Calvin Battles lived, and a little beyond him, his father, John Battles, occupied a small house with the roof sloping all one way, like a lean-to. As I remember him he had lost one eye and had a stiff knee and used to bottom chairs with twisted sweet flag stalks. I remember going there with my father to get some chairs he had done for us. Afterwards, in my early youth, I seated some of them over myself.

About where the power station now stands was a small white house where Samuel Battles, another son of John, lived. He had a son, Harrison, who went out in the 21st regiment and was killed at the battle of Roanoke Island. He was named after President William Henry Harrison, who was elected in 1840 after a very exciting campaign, over President Van Buren, who was a candidate for reelection.

Just beyond Samuel Battles' place, in the edge of Leominster, lived Israel Burnap, who was a brother of the late Deacon Samuel Burnap, and who had two daughters at that time, Eliza and Mary, who came to the South Fitchburg school. They moved to Ashby about 1850, and Mr. Burnap and Eliza both died there in 1856. Mary went to North Carolina in 1863 as a teacher of the Freedmen, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, where she remained three years. After the war, I persuaded her to enter into a life partnership with me. Mrs. Burnap is still living in this city, bright and cheerful at the age of 92.

A little ways beyond Mr. Burnap's lived a family by the name of Patch, where there were three sons and one daughter, Josiah, Warren, Henry, and Leonora, who also came to the South Fitchburg school. Warren was afterwards killed on the railroad.

Coming from Bemis road towards town, the first building was the little brick school-house where I first went to school. It stood just this side of the South Fitchburg station and is still standing, having been made over into a dwelling-house.

There were no other buildings on the main road until just this side of Duck Mill road, where J. W. Mansur lived. He was a lawyer, and one of the school committee, and was owner or agent of the woolen mill which was sometimes called Mansur's mill. He was afterwards postmaster and state senator. A little this side of his house, on the other side of the road, was the house occupied by Robert Friar, who was also connected with the mill in some capacity. He had three children—Ann Jane, Henry, and Maria. The latter died quite young of dropsy on the brain, and I recollect going to her funeral. Then came the house on the corner of the road leading down to the mill, then occupied by a widow named Chaffin, and about opposite where the soap factory now is, was a little, low, white house where Samuel Evans lived. He had two sons, Joel and Edward, and I think used to be a soap manufacturer. About that time there was a brick house built beyond the soap factory, I think, by John Goodrich.

Then there were no other buildings until we came across the river, where the old paper mill stood, afterwards occupied by the Rollstone Machine Works. Most of the land on both sides of the Main road from the school-house to town was covered with forest trees, and I recollect at one time a party of Indians encamped in the woods about opposite to where St. Bernard's church now stands. My father and I stopped to see them one Sunday morning on our way to church. Soon afterwards, when the Fitchburg railroad was being built, there were several cabins built about where the Catholic church now is, occupied by the Irish laborers who were employed in the construction of the road. These cabins, or shanties as they were called, were made of rough boards, and the sides banked up with earth and sods to keep out the cold.

Coming back to Bemis road, the first house on the right going down from Water street, was the one owned by William Bemis, who had two sons and two daughters—Joseph, Daniel, Mary, and Sarah, of whom only the last-named is now living. I have very pleasant memories of Mr. and Mrs. Bemis, who were Dutch people, I think, and with whom we used to visit back and forth a good deal. Both the sons were in the 53rd regiment during the Civil war, but came home and died at quite an advanced age.

Just beyond Mr. Bemis was a blacksmith shop occupied by a man by the name of Corser, and also by one Farnum, who had a boy named Oscar, who used to attend the school there. There was also at one time, just beyond the blacksmith shop, a small building occupied by Lorenzo Wheeler for repairing the boots and shoes of the neighborhood. He afterwards went to Worcester and was living there a short time ago, over 90 years old. The next family that I remember beyond Mr. Bemis's was a Wright family, consisting of the mother, two sons and two daughters—Rensselaer, Frederick, Josephine, and Randilla. Just beyond Duck Mill road were the foundations of an old mill which had been burned, but a large waterwheel had been saved at the lower end of the building and remained there for quite a long time.

The Duck mill was built shortly afterwards, and we scholars used to run and play in the upper story of the building while they were finishing off the lower stories. Across the bridge over the river, which at that time was a wooden arch bridge uncovered, was a house occupied by a Chapin family. Of these there were four sons and one daughter—Parker, Leander, Frank, Alvin, and Adelia.

On the upper corner of Bemis and Duck Mill roads was a brick building part of the time used as a storehouse, and for a time, I remember, it was run as a country store. Above the store, towards town, were two brick houses—one occupied by John Goodrich, who had quite a large family of boys, of whom I remember Henry, William, John, George, Lincoln, and Ira. George and Ira served in the army during the war, and also a younger brother, who I believe died in Andersonville prison. The other house was occupied by a Mr. Green, a baker by trade, who had three sons, Charles, George and Henry, and two daughters, Abbie and another, whose name I do not now recall. Just above the Duck mill was a long brick block, built I suppose for a boarding house for the mill which was burned, which was occupied by John Sweeney's family, of whom I remember two sons, John and Charles, the latter of whom is now an officer at the state reformatory at Concord Junction. In the other end of the block lived a colored family by the name of Treadwell, who afterwards moved up on Rollstone street. Just above this block Ira

Younglove built a small cottage, his family meanwhile living in a house just above, between the new house and Mr. Mansur's. Of Mr. Younglove's family there were three sons and two daughters—Ira S., Wallace, and John, and Serisa and Florence. Mr. Younglove used to do most of the carpenter work in the village, and at one time he finished off a room in our house. Col. Edwin Upton, who then lived on the Old Turnpike as it was called, and who used to team wood and lumber by our place, built the fireplace and chimney for us, as he was a mason by trade.

Near where the car shops now are, William Baker had a grist and saw mill, where I used to go with my father to get his grain ground and logs sawed.

Where the Falulah paper mill now stands was a scythe factory, run by Alpheus Kimball & Sons. I used to see Porter Kimball, as we called him, quite often. He was a stalwart young man in those days. Over on the Old Turnpike in Leominster was a three-story yellow house, now owned by Sawyer Carter, at that time occupied by Gen. Estabrook. There was a cider mill on the place just across the road from the house, and one fall I went with my father, who took his apples over there to make cider. They were pressing out the juice, and I thought it would be fine to suck some of it through a straw from the spout where it runs into the half-hogshead, and so reached over the tub, but I reached a little too far, lost my balance, and fell into the tub, which was partly full, head first, but I succeeded in scrambling out. My father took me into the house where Mrs. Estabrook pityingly took me and sat me before the big kitchen fireplace to dry, but it was quite a task to comb out my hair, which was stuck together by the cider.

Among the teachers of the school to which I went were Lucretia Proctor, a daughter of Jacob Proctor of Lunenburg, who married a Lawrence, and recently died here at an advanced age. Also a cousin of hers, Mary Proctor, who was very much beloved by the scholars. I recollect we all felt very sorrowful to part with her at the close of the school. One term a man by the name of Curtis, a relative of Col. Upton, taught, and Ephraim Graham of Lunenburg also taught one term while I was there. He was quite noted as a manager of hard schools

in those days, and I afterwards went to him one winter at the School street school in the center. In those days it was thought necessary to do a good deal of thrashing of unruly boys and he was well able to do it. The books we used were the Classical Reader, The Monitorial Reader, and The Popular Lessons for the first, second, and third classes; Adams's, Colburn's, and Emerson's Arithmetics, Peter Parley's Geography, Goodrich's History of the United States, and Webster's spelling book.

We used to have large spelling classes, who stood out in the middle of the room with their toes to a crack in the floor to keep them in line. If a scholar missed a word, the next one below him, who spelled it right, took his place above those who missed, and the one who stood at the head of the class at the close of the exercises one day, took his place at the foot the next day. Often a dime or quarter or half dollar with a hole in it was hung round the neck of the one who remained at the head each day, and he was permitted to wear it home at night, and then at the close of the term the one who had worn it the most was presented with it as a medal of honor. There was often quite a rivalry among the small boys and girls to secure it.

We used to have a spelling school occasionally in the evening, and I remember one evening Alfred Ordway came down to conduct it. The people of the neighborhood also used to have lyceums for debating, and sometimes religious meetings in the school-house, evenings. I used to stop quite often at the almshouse as I was going to or from school, and play with Foster Beals. After the Fitchburg railroad was built, there were three or four old stagecoaches stored in the basement of a barn which stood back on the hill opposite the almshouse, and we used to enjoy playing in them. There was a big rock maple tree which stood in the wall which divided our place from the town farm, and both families used to tap their side of the tree, and carry the sap home to make maple sugar.

We used to make our own soap and candles also, and at first used the big, old-fashioned fireplace with its crane and hooks on which were hung the pots and kettles for boiling, while the baking was done in a tin baker before the fire, but we afterwards had a cook-stove with an elevated oven set

up on two small pieces of pipe above the firebox; but a large part of the baking was done in the brick oven which used to be an indespensable requisite in every house, and was heated by a rousing fire of pitch pine wood usually all the forenoon, and then cleaned and swept, and three or four loaves of brown bread, a large pot of beans, and a milkpan full of Indian pudding were put in and allowed to stand till the next morning, when they were taken out hot and nicely cooked.

My father had a cooper's shop just below the house and used to make barrels and send them to Boston, and also did repairing and hooping of old barrels and tubs for the neighbors. In those days he used to go into the woods and cut his own timber and hoop-poles, and work them up from the rough into staves and heads and hoops all by hand, which was a slow process. Now all these things are done pretty much, by machinery, although a good many hoops are still cut and shaved by hand by the farmers around Townsend in the winter, and sold to the coopers in that town.

Old Dr. Charles Wilder of Leominster used to be the family physician of a good many of the families here, and one of the first things I remember, was sitting in my mother's lap, and the doctor on his knees performing the operation of vaccination on me. He was the father of Dr. Charles W. Wilder, who built the house on the corner of Main street and Newton's lane, which was moved off when the public library was built. Rev. E. W. Bullard was the minister at the C. C. church and Rev. Calvin Lincoln at the Unitarian church, and they used to come down and call on the members of their flocks in the neighborhood. We used to think they were greatly superior to ordinary human beings. When the Fitchburg railroad was built we could see it from our house, where it goes over Bemis and Intervale roads, and it was a great object of interest and wonder to us. At that time Mr. Mansur was the only lawyer I remember as living in that neighborhood, and I recall no cases in which he was employed as counsel by the people there. On the whole, it was a very pleasant, quiet neighborhood, and I enjoyed my early life there very much; but in 1846 my father sold the farm to Lewis Eddy of Auburn, Mass., and we moved back to the old homestead with my grandfather, on Prospect hill, near where Overlook reservoir now stands, and so ended my life at South Fitchburg.

A TOUR IN MAIN STREET.

A paper read at a meeting of the Society, Feb. 21, 1910.

JAMES FREEMAN DANA GARFIELD.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his "Tarry at Home Travels," cosily sat at his library table and led his readers in a personally conducted tour through the New England states. Why may not we, in a less pretentious way, sit in our own quiet circle and take a journey nearer home—personally conducted if you please—just a leisurely stroll through a single street of our city. Not to weary ourselves with too long a walk let us make a tour of Main street, or rather, a part of Main street just as it was when named by the town authorities in 1846, beginning at the First Parish church and ending at the American House square. Many pleasant associations cluster around the old church at the head of the common. Built in 1837, as appears by figures cut in granite over its lofty pillars, it has undergone many changes in its day. Some of us remember when at different times the interior has been remodeled—when the old-fashioned high pulpit was taken away, and the elaborate display of crimson drapery which hung in graceful festoons in its rear were sacrificed; when the tablets on the walls on either side of the pulpit, bearing in gilt letters the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer, so suggestive of the tables of stone handed down to Moses on Mt. Sinai, were obliterated by the hand of the modern artist in fresco; and later, when the two side galleries were removed; when the organ was removed from the front gallery, and a new one assigned a place built especially for the purpose in the rear of the minister's desk; when the uncomfortable straight backed pews were replaced with the more modern luxurious circular ones; and above all, when the plain glass windows were removed and replaced by the beautiful ones of stained glass, some of them being graceful and touching memorials to departed saints and pillars of the church, Lincoln, Torrey, Wood, and others.

We are told that in the early days, before the present church was built, a public watering trough stood near the head of the common, supplied from springs of the neighboring hills, where man or beast might stop to quench his thirst, where birds of the air poised on its edge to drink from its overflowing waters and to lift their tiny heads as if in thanks and adoration to the kind Providence that notices even the sparrow's fall. Here, too, numbers of the finny tribe sported in its pure sparkling waters.

In the march of improvement the old watering trough disappeared, but it has a most worthy successor in the beautiful fountain of granite with bronze figures executed by Herbert Adams, Fitchburg's gifted sculptor, and presented to the city in 1889 by Rodney Wallace, James Phillips, Jr., and Henry A. Willis—one of many good and generous deeds known and unknown to the public, credited by the recording angel to each of these worthy benefactors.

On the corner yonder, where now stands the house of Mrs. Dora Merriam, once stood the old yellow school-house of District No. 1. Upon the corner of this building, in 1827, there appeared a small sign with an index finger pointing northerly and bearing the words Mechanic street. It was the first street in the town to receive a name with a sign to indicate its location. In the school-house, in 1828, presided that knight of the rod and rule, Crosby by name, whose acts of incendiarism brought terror to the hearts of the villagers, and caused them to organize a night patrol to guard their homes from the fiery element. In this school-house Crosby spent his nights as well as his days, and sallied forth in the darkness to commit his diabolical deeds. When the alarm of fire was sounded he would be among the first to arrive upon the scene to engage in fighting the devouring element, or in rescuing inmates of the burning buildings from the dangers of the situation. Time passed, and Crosby also passed on to fresh fields and pastures new, to commit his villainous depredations, and we are told that he brought up at last on the gallows. Emerson tells the story in his "Fireside Legends."

The yellow school-house was built in 1815 and contained two rooms. At last it became overcrowded; it had outlived

its usefulness, and in 1840 a new one of brick was built on School street, which, with various changes and additions, still serves the purpose for which it was built. About the middle of the last century the old house was removed to the rear of the Union Machine shop on Water street, where it forms a part of a shop used for various mechanical purposes.

David H. Merriam, one of a family of seven children, who with their widowed mother came here in 1829 from northern New York, was a pupil at the school-house on the corner, and there received most of his early education. When the corner was abandoned for school purposes the future mayor secured the lot, and there built the residence which he made his home for life.

Next adjoining the school-house lot was the residence of Dr. Jonas A. Marshall. He was a native of the town, born in March, 1800, and was a practising physician here for more than forty years. He was a son of Jonas Marshall, Jr., who in his day was reputed one of the wealthiest men of the town.

Dr. Marshall inherited a portion of his father's wealth, and when considerably advanced in life he built the house afterwards known as the James Phillips, Jr., house. Though comparatively rich in lands and real estate he was poor in ready money, and he felt it a hardship that he was obliged to shut himself and family up in one or two rooms of his new house for want of money to heat and run it in a manner befitting his dignity and social standing in the community. He entered into some litigation with the other heirs to secure what he considered his rights in the matter. The doctor was essentially a gentleman of the old school, positive in disposition, but dignified and gentlemanly in demeanor, and a man of much pride of character. In his prime he had been much engaged in town affairs, for twenty-four successive years town clerk, and he naturally felt that he knew his rights and privileges as a citizen. When the town became a city he had passed considerably beyond the allotted threescore years and ten, and when a newly-fledged city policeman appeared to him and demanded that he clear the snow from his sidewalk, he politely informed him he would clear his walk just—when—he—got—ready and not before. Of course he was summoned into police court, and fined for violating a city ordinance. He

appealed, and proved in a higher court that he *owned* the land on which the sidewalk was built, and that the city was a trespasser thereon.

But the doctor's trials were not yet over. His lands and estate reached all the way from Main to High street, and there, too, was a sidewalk to be cleared of snow extending the full length of his rear line. The doctor was not much accustomed to the use of the shovel himself, and as no member of the shovel brigade appeared to solicit the job, the High street walk remained covered with snow beyond the limited time. Again summoned into court the doctor was fined, and again appealed. Now, in building the street, the town had put in a heavy retaining wall all the way on the doctor's line, the wall being gradually sloped back from the line toward the street so that the top of the wall was from one to two feet away from the line, and by that much the doctor was not an abutter on the street. It was a narrow margin for a verdict, but I believe the doctor again scored a victory over the city. But these annoyances soured the doctor against the city. He sold his property and left the place, never to return as a permanent resident. He died in Charlestown, Mass., in February, 1887, aged a month short of eighty-seven years.

On the next lot below, where is now the residence of Mr. John Shirreffs, once stood the parsonage of the only church in the town, that of Rev. William Eaton, who had been settled over the re-united churches of the First Parish and the C. C. society, after they had agreed to disagree in non-essentials, in an effort to dwell together in unity. Mr. Eaton's pastorate lasted from 1815 to 1823. He was a man of respectable talents, and an earnest and sincere preacher, but he was ill-calculated to hold the discordant elements of his congregation together. He was too pronounced in his Calvinistic utterances to calm the winds of dissension and smooth the turbulent waters of discord that had long agitated the town. Mr. Eaton's pastorate terminated on the eighth of June, 1823. In his farewell discourse he said: "Although the doctrines I have preached here have not been cordially received by all, yet I do rejoice, and I will rejoice that I have preached them, and it is my hope and my prayer to God that I may, while I live, and with my latest breath, bear testimony to these doctrines."

After the departure of Mr. Eaton the jarring elements in the church agreed to again separate. It was the final parting of the way, and each chose for himself the way to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. It was well,

> "For when the road forks ary side,
> And you're in doubt which one it is,
> Stand still, and let your conscience guide.
> Thank God it can't lead much amiss!"

The town again became two parishes, and under the smooth and peace-loving guidance of Putnam and Lincoln, though housed under separate tents, continued to live side by side in comparative peace and harmony, and happily so continue even to the present day.

Mr. E. Foster Bailey, in his pleasant reminiscences of the Second church, tells of spending his first night in Fitchburg under the roof of Mr. Benjamin Snow, which was the former Eaton parsonage, but Mr. Snow did not long reside there, for two years later he had removed farther down the street, as we shall see if we extend our trip so far.

The Eaton parsonage was the home, during the 30's and later, of Abial J. Town. In 1822 he, in company with Samuel Willis, purchased the property of the defunct Fitchburg Cotton Mill company at Factory square, and commenced the manufacture of woolen goods. The firm of Town & Willis was successful, and the goods manufactured acquired a name and a fame which secured for them a ready market, and a large and increasing demand. I remember Mr. Town well as he appeared in his later years. Tall and erect in form, his silvery white locks reaching nearly to his shoulders, he was a noticeable figure on our streets. He seldom accepted public office, but attended strictly to business, and amassed a generous fortune for those days, although he was often heard to say that when he went into business he could carry all his effects on a wheelbarrow. Of his three sons, Abial K. died in New York; William B. commenced a promising business career in Fitchburg as a manufacturer, but died in the prime of life, in August, 1853, greatly lamented; George E. became a partner in the chair business with Walter Heywood, and was a prominent and influential citizen of the town. He died in Boston,

Of the two daughters, Mary married a Kimball and removed to Boston, where she died. Another daughter, Sarah, married Charles J. Billings, who came to Fitchburg in 1845, from Vermont. On the death of Mrs. Abial J. Town, Mr. Billings came into possession of the place, and made it his home for life; the original house, however, was removed some time in the 70's to Newton place, and the present fine residence erected. Mr. Billings had two sons—Frederick, who died in Philadelphia several years ago, and Charles T., who is now pastor of a Unitarian church in Lowell.

A romantic story comes to us through the ancestry of the Billings family. In the summer of 1754 a band of marauding Indians swooped down on the infant settlement of "No. 4" on the Connecticut river, now Charlestown, N. H., and carried away captive the whole family of Captain James Johnson, consisting of six persons besides two hired men. The prisoners were taken to Canada, where Captain Johnson's second daughter, Susanna, was purchased by three maiden sisters named Jiasson, by whom she was adopted, kindly treated, and carefully educated. She remained in Canada six years, when she returned to Charlestown, and after a time was married to Captain Samuel Wetherbee. Both Captain Wetherbee and Captain Johnson were former residents of Lunenburg. Captain Wetherbee had a family of fifteen children, of whom the eldest son was named Jiasson, and so recorded in the town records, making it evident that he was named for the maiden sisters in Canada who befriended and educated the mother. As the son grew to manhood the name Jiasson became reduced to the more easily spelled Jason, and the man Jason Wetherbee became to Charlestown what Chedorlaomer Marshall was to Fitchburg—a man of energy and enterprise, an owner of turnpikes and stage lines.

Jason Wetherbee's eldest daughter, Sophia, married Oel Billings of Woodstock, Vt., and they had a large family of children, one of whom was named Charles Jason, for the grandfather, Jason Wetherbee. This son, Charles Jason Billings, in the month of April, 1845, then a young man, rode down from Vermont on the stage to Fitchburg, and a few months later accepted a position as clerk in the Fitchburg

Bank, in which institution, and the Savings Bank connected, he continued through a long and honorable business career, being promoted to the highest positions of responsibility and trust, cashier and treasurer, respectively, of the two institutions. He died February 22, 1896, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Let us note in passing another member of the Billings family, Frederick Billings, a brother of Charles Jason, a lawyer, banker, railroad man, and public benefactor, who in 1849 crossed the plains to California, established the first law office in San Francisco, was instrumental in 1861-62 in defeating the conspirators in their endeavor to detach California from the Union; and in 1873, after the collapse of the Northern Pacific railroad under Jay Cooke, became its president, interested new capital, restored its credit, and carried through the road to final completion.

Another member of the Billings family, Sophia, found in Fitchburg her first and her second husband, each of whom became a member of Congress—the one a distinguished lawyer, Goldsmith F. Bailey; the other a successful business man, Rodney Wallace, Fitchburg's princely benefactor.

Where now stands the residence of Arthur H. Lowe once stood the home of Francis Perkins, who came to Fitchburg from Lunenburg, a retired merchant, and in 1832 became the president of the newly incorporated Fitchburg Bank, a position which he held for twenty-five years, to his death in 1857. He was a much respected citizen, treasurer of the First Parish for many years, and a representative to the General Court. Mr. Perkins had one child, who died in infancy. After Mrs. Perkins's death the place was purchased by Leander Sprague and his father-in-law Timothy Wilson. The old home was removed to the corner of Hartwell and Adams streets, and the present mansion erected in its place.

Mr. Wilson came to Fitchburg from Lancaster on the first of April, 1828, and established the bakery business at the present location of the Fitchburg Baking company on Circle street, where the same business has been continuously carried on from that time to the present.

When Mr. Wilson came in 1828, there were but three stores in town; one on what was formerly known as West

Main street, kept by Jonathan Haskell; one by Ivers Jewett where the Phœnix now stands; and a third on the present location of Wallace block, which last was kept by Deacon Enoch Caldwell, father of Thomas C. Caldwell, a long time proprietor of the same store.

Mr. Wilson is authority for the statement that on the first of April, 1832, a discussion arose in one of the stores on Main street, in relation to the rapid growth and increasing wealth of the town. It was stated that there were then ten residents who were reputed to be worth at least ten thousand dollars each. These ten individuals were Oliver Fox, merchant, Martin Newton, cotton manufacturer, Benjamin Snow, merchant, Levi Pratt, farmer, lumber and chair manufacturer, Jonas Marshall, farmer, Joseph Richardson, farmer, Francis Perkins, bank president, Samuel Willis, manufacturer, Abial J. Town, manufacturer, and Alvah Crocker, paper manufacturer. Some twenty years later there were more than thirty individuals, omitting firms and non-residents, who were taxed for that amount or more.

Mr. Wilson's daughter Elizabeth, an only child, married Leander Sprague. To them two children were born, a son and a daughter. After the death of Mr. Wilson, July 12, 1891, at the age of eighty-eight, Mr. Sprague sold the place, and removed with his family to Boston, where they now reside.

Captain William Brown, a notable character in his day, built the house at the corner of Main and Academy streets, which was many years since moved back, facing on Academy street, to make room for the house now occupied by Dr. E. P. Miller. It was originally designed, and for some years was open to the public, as a tavern. But Captain Brown had other business; he had a clothier's or cloth dressing mill at the Kimball privilege, now owned by J. Cushing & Company. In 1795, when the long drawnout controversy over the location of the second meeting-house was settled, it was voted to place the meeting-house at the crotch of the road near the house of Captain William Brown. Captain Brown gave the land, and the house was built the following year. Mr. John Putnam, a brother of Deacon Daniel Putnam, was the contractor and builder. Captain Brown's gift of land, which for a century has been an ornament to the town, and in later

years the pride of its citizens, was at that time a mere plot of uncultivated and unsightly waste land. Torrey, in referring to it, says the eyes of the traveler, on reaching the common, would be greeted by small, stunted pine trees and such bushes as grow upon the poorest land. A straggling log fence might serve to diversify the scene.

About the year 1807 Captain Brown left Fitchburg, having sold his residence to Rev. William Bascom, then the minister of the First Parish. The bitter controversy which raged during the first years of the century, and culminated in the dismissal of Rev. Mr. Worcester, resulted in the withdrawal of a large part of the membership of the First church, the organization of a new church, and the establishing of the Second Parish, thereby virtually dissolving the parochial powers of the town, and accomplishing therein the separation of church and state.

The newly-organized C. C. church called to its pastoral care the Rev. Titus F. Barton, in 1804, and the following year Rev. William Bascom was ordained over the First Parish, being the third minister of the church from its organization, in 1768. It was a notable occasion. The ordination sermon was by Rev. Abial Holmes, D. D., of Cambridge, father of the poet philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and grandfather of the present Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States supreme court. The charge was by Rev. Mr. Cushing of Waltham, the Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Dr. Thayer of Lancaster. Mr. Bascom was a graduate of Harvard, class of 1802, and was a brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. Gannett of the Channing church in Boston.

Mr. Bascom's pastoral ministrations met the approval of his people, but at the end of eight years he voluntarily asked a dismission, with the laudable purpose of allowing the two societies to again become one, and with the vain hope that the reunited flock might choose a shepherd who would lead them in green pastures and beside still waters. This was preliminary to the settlement of Rev. Mr. Eaton, before mentioned.

In an old account book which belonged to Mr. Bascom are these entries:

Nov. 20, 1813.—The church connected with the Second Parish in Fitchburg, Dr. To their part of the expense of entertaining the council of Ministers, $15.00.

Nov. 15, 1813.—The First Parish in Fitchburg, Dr. To our half of the expense of entertaining the council of Ministers, $15.00.

Mr. Bascom made the Brown house his home until his removal to Leominster in 1814, where he was installed as minister of the First church in that town, and where he remained about five years. He died Nov. 16, 1845, at the age of sixty-five years.

After Mr. Bascom's departure from town the Brown mansion became the home of Captain Zachariah Sheldon. Captain Sheldon was an energetic, public-spirited citizen, and became a leading business man of the town. He was a contractor and builder of note, and carried on the sash and blind business at the mill on Rollstone street, now of the Priest Lumber company. His mill went up in smoke one dark night in the spring of 1828, from the torch of incendiary Crosby. In 1830, when the association of citizens proposed to build an academy in the town, Captain Sheldon generously gave the land, then a part of his waving rye field, as a site for the building. In 1831 he built the hotel now known as the Park Square hotel, and which was opened the following year by Harvey Alden, as the Nashua River hotel. In 1837 he built the meeting-house at the head of the common, and about the same time erected a factory on the site of the present Blackburn mill, in the management of which he had an interest.

This mill was burnt to the ground in the fall of 1838, involving a heavy loss. By this, and perhaps other misfortunes, Captain Sheldon in his declining years lost his property. But he left his impress upon the town, in a long, active and honorable business career. He died Feb. 6, 1842.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town."

The Sheldon mansion is still standing on Academy street, a fine example of the architecture of a hundred years ago. In its place on the corner, the present residence of Dr. Miller was moved from Water street and became the home of Dr. George Jewett, who was a prominent practicing physician here from 1858 to his death, Dec. 16, 1895.

Lest we weary ourselves by too long a walk, let us here bring our trip to a close. We started out for a trip the length of Main street, whereas we have barely reached the foot of the common. We must have loitered by the way; but has it not been historic ground over which we have passed, and is it not well to pause, here and there, and say to ourselves:

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed.
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been."

FROM HAMLET TO CITY.

Read at a meeting of the Society Feb. 20, 1911.

BY GEORGE A. HITCHCOCK.

An examination of the census returns from 1790 until 1910 published recently in the *Sentinel* reveals the fact that there are decades wherein its growth and character have been influenced by special causes not always noticed yet easily understood.

On the old Crown Point road, and near the older Northfield road built in 1733, there is yet standing a house which was built about the middle of the eighteenth century, long before Fitchburg was born. It has been remodeled into a very attractive home. Those who remember it as it appeared fifty years ago would hardly believe that any stretch of imagination could call it a mansion. Yet in those early days it was so known.

Very likely it may have appeared quite grand in comparison with its cotemporaries in that section. Here lived an official of the town of Lunenburg. When Fitchburg became incorporated, other families occupied it, reared children, moved on, to all of whom it became Home, Sweet Home.

At a later period, when it began to show signs of decay, families of foreign birth found it a place of refuge, until it was rescued by one who had lived in it and found the old place beautified by old associations.

Tradition had also woven its spell about it. Winding around to the north, up past the Gibson garrison, had skulked the savage, giving aid to the French antagonists of the colonies. Directly past the house had marched the minute-men in the Revolution and westward to take part in the campaign around Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Sires and dames, by the flickering candle, had scanned the news which stirred their patriotic fervor, and assumed as their birthright their share in the making of the nation.

Many have passed in and out of its portals and today it stands, a prototype of Fitchburg as hamlet, town, and city.

The first decade after its incorporation in 1764, when Thomas Sparhawk as town clerk of Lunenburg appended his name to the official document, each individual citizen assumed and realized the additional responsibility for its well-being. With this assumption came the spirit of personal ownership which manifested itself at the close of the decade when two companies rallied for defence of the colonies at Bunker Hill and Lexington.

We may be justified in the claim that it was this spirit, fostered in these early years, which has given the city its reputation for a militant chord in its character, manifested through the years down to the present.

We recall the resistance of certain well-known citizens during the outbreak of Shays' Rebellion; how Jonas Marshall prepared his home—yet standing, the summer home of his grand-nephew, Alfred Marshall—for the reception of the soldiers and officers of the law sent to arrest him. Planting stakes with sharpened points turned upward underneath the trap-door, the only entrance, where he proposed to defy capture by concealment therein, but that having been intercepted and followed to Dean Hill, he successfully evaded capture by concealment in a dark closet under the front stairs.

Joshua Pearce also, when arrested by Squire Cowdin for "contumacious conduct," was surrendered by the frightened soldiers, who feared violence from the excited citizens.

And again in the decade from 1786 to 1796, when it took ninety-nine town meetings to settle the location of the meeting-house, yet a more important question was being settled by these heated disputations.

Dean Hill, with its two taverns, store, blacksmith shop, and a practicing physician, on the great thoroughfare, Crown Point road, felt justified in assuming airs. Such a center in the Southland would have been considered a respectable-sized city. Charmingly located, the Dean Hillers may have been justified in their claim of superior advantages.

Peace was finally pledged between the warring factions with the aid of that "barrill of W. I. Rum" at the dedication of the church, and the nineteenth century came in, with the

tide turned toward the valley, and Fitchburg began to outstrip her sister towns in population and industrial pursuits. Forty years glided by, the old generation passed away, and its offspring assumed the responsibilities of citizenship.

Each decade marked its progress with the following figures: 1790, population 1151; 1800, population 1390; 1810, population 1566; 1820, population 1736. Eleven, Thirteen, Fifteen, Seventeen. An annual increase of twenty. Evidently a calm and peacful community without feverish desire for a "publicity committee" to boom the town.

In 1830 the census was 2169 and in 1840 it was 2604. The snowball was growing faster, but it is evident that the native stock found its chief increase in excess of births over deaths. It must be remembered, however, that up to 1840 the western tide of emigration gathered its toll from Fitchburg of its vigorous Yankee stock. This Thomas Sparhawk, whose appended signature assisted at the birth of the town, was a sample of the many which gave to the nation its robust material of intelligent citizenship. He was the product of an ancient family of English clergymen, whose ancestor had sailed to New England with Rev. Thomas Shepard, first pastor of Shepard Memorial Church of Cambridge. He with his cousin Ebenezer had graduated from Harvard college and came to teach in Lunenburg academy. Ebenezer became first pastor of the new town of Templeton, while Thomas, with his friend Col. Benjamin Bellows, moved on to found Walpole, N. H., and Bellows Falls, Vt. Josiah Willard, another leader and pioneer in the settlement of this town, became the founder of Winchester, N. H.

While these examples of changing citizenship represent a loss, we need to remember that equally robust stock was also moving in from the lower towns, preparing Fitchburg for its future destiny.

But now a change is to be noted and we find the census of 1850 marking a new era in the life of Fitchburg, and those who took pride in the quality of the old order were fain to mourn at the inevitable drift. From 2604 in 1840 the figures mounted in 1850 to 5120; an increase of 96 per cent, or nearly double, in ten years, and our attention is at once arrested.

Two causes may be mentioned as chief factors. First, the completion of the railroad from Boston westward, placing the town in direct communication with sources of supply and demand. The infant industries like the Fitchburg Woolen mill, Fitchburg Cotton mill, and the Stone mill, felt the impetus, and the supply of their needs furnishes a second cause. In the earlier years of the century there was no such spirit of caste as at present to keep the mothers and daughters from engaging in profitable employment as "factory hands," and many who in later years became social leaders worked in the mills. Now this condition was to be changed.

The great Irish famine began in 1846 and continued two years. This set in motion forces which have had momentous effect in all the country's history. Along the waterways of New England first, then westward; and we find the despised and turbulent Nashua has become an important factor in Fitchburg's growth. Justin McCarthy, describing this famine, which had so important a bearing on Fitchburg's history, says: "The starving peasants streamed into the nearest considerable towns hoping for relief there, and found too often that there the very sources of charity were dried up. Many, very many thus disappointed merely lay down on the pavement and died there. Along the country roads one met everywhere groups of gaunt, dim-eyed wretches, clad in miserable old sacking and wandering aimlessly with some vague idea of finding food. Many remained in their empty hovels and took death there when he came. In some regions the country seemed unpeopled for miles. A fervid national writer declared that the impression made upon him by the aspect of the country then was that of 'one silent, vast dissolution.' When the famine was over Ireland had lost two millions of her population. A new Ireland had begun to grow up across the Atlantic."

Yet up to 1850 the chief source of increase was still of native stock, while the incoming Irish were the first wave of the mighty flood which has not yet ceased and of which Fitchburg received its share.

From a point just below the Union Station down to the junction of Summer and Lunenburg streets there was a bit of territory which seemed as if it had been transplanted from old

Ireland itself, a realistic view of typical Irish peasant life, unlike anything to be found elsewhere in the town. A collection of huts, hovels, shanties, whichever they might be termed, huddled close together, without regularity or order, no street or alley; only narrow, tortuous paths to furnish access to them. And these were unlike the temporary shack the Italian gangs of to-day throw up. Each hut was turfed on four sides to the roof, four to six feet high, thatched roof, a piece of stove-funnel sticking out of one side, a pane of glass or piece of cotton cloth set deep in the turf sides and the narrow board door opening into the dark one-roomed interior, and we stepped onto a hard, smooth, dirt floor. Yet in spite of the gloom, there was a sense of comfort and cheer in the bright-colored patchwork quilt and the cheery inmates. Here the grandfathers and grandmothers lived whose descendants to-day occupy elegant homes in different part of the city.

In pursuit of my earliest duties as a grocery clerk, previous to the Civil war, I found a most interesting study of this imported peasant life, where I always met with a hearty welcome.

I recall many pleasant interviews with the warm-hearted mothers who have long since taken their last pilgrimage. I listened to the strange jargon of the old Irish dialect and the weird minor cadences born of centuries of hard usage, and, to me, a strange recital of life beyond the seas. One of the last of these cabins remained until Fitchburg became a city, planted on the bleak side of Rollstone hill, close up to the granite quarries, a prototype of the dreary scenes so faithfully depicted in Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" in the Lisconnell country. Yet these very humble homes had an attraction which cannot be found in the most unsatisfactory substitute of to-day; the rookery where the new-comer finds his first home on arrival from a foreign shore.

I have in my possession a diminutive directory of Fitchburg, published in 1850, wherein are the names of 1250 persons, evidently heads of families for the most part. In this list there is no difficulty in making quite an accurate estimate or division of the Yankee and Irish by the nomenclature.

Of these 1115 are Yankee and only 115 Irish. In nearly every case the occupation of the Irish is given as "laborer" and

but very few as "mill-worker," which seems to prove that the new railroad was the source of their occupation. Of the increase of 2516 in 1850 it is safe to assume, therefore, that the larger share was native stock mainly drawn from the surrounding towns, ambitious young men coming in to share in the opportunities presented in such industries as the pioneer iron works of John and Salmon W. Putnam or the scythe shops of West Fitchburg.

In professional life at this period came Dr. Alfred Hitchcock from Ashby, Dr. Alfred Miller from Ashburnham, Amasa Norcross from Rindge, and a little earlier Alvah Crocker from Leominster, a little later Rodney Wallace from Rindge, came in to found the great paper industries. These names show how our neighboring towns were losing something more than mere numbers for our gain. Also that Fitchburg had nothing to fear from the foreign influx as a political or industrial problem, as she has in recent years.

The census of 1860 was 7805, an increase of 2685, or 52 per cent, which indicated conditions similar to the preceding decade. It may be called the golden age of Fitchburg as a town, in which were developing scores of men of highest calibre in industrial and professional ability, whose influence gave permanence to the high standing of the town.

The census of 1870 was 11,260, an increase of 3455. The nation had victoriously ended the war and effectually crushed the great rebellion. Fitchburg's part in the glorious result, both in numbers sent out in her defense—a thousand or more—as well as in her activities at home, placed her in the forefront as a patriotic and militant people, her ancient reputation again vindicated. How strange it would seem to those heroic men and women of fifty years ago if they could learn that in 1911 the doughface Congress had formally decided to blot out the term "War of Rebellion" and the Southron, with the same arrogancy of his fathers, insisting that it was a "fratricidal war."

The years following, until the close of the decade, were marked by the wonderful boom in business, a feverish rise in values, which left its impress upon the town for many years; dwelling-houses going up in all parts of the city and scores of industries established.

With these conditions prevailing, we pause with astonishment to note the census of 1880—12,429. A percentage of increase of only ten per cent! The smallest in the history of the town and city.

In 1873 she became a city and stepped into the list of recognized industrial centers of the state, where her products were in unceasing demand. Yet it was that same year that the nation suffered the severest financial depression for a generation. It was the recession of the wave of inflated conditions, and New England was losing its leadership in the great manufacturing plants. The South was opening up its wealth of minerals so that the machine shops of Fitchburg were handicapped by its distance from the raw material. The same was true of its wooden industries.

In 1876 our population was supposed to be not far from 14,000. I recall the attempt which I made during that year, to impress upon my regimental association at its annual gathering here, the fearful loss of life in Andersonville, somewhat as follows. Out of 40,000 Union prisoners confined there during nine months in 1864, a fair average of deaths ought not to have been over five hundred; while the actual number then lying stacked up there in huge trenches was nearly fourteen thousand. It was as if the entire population of the city of Fitchburg had been swept off the face of the earth by Divine visitation.

Coming down another ten years to 1890 the census was 22,037, as against 12,429 in 1880, a percentage of 77 per cent, the greatest but one in the history of Fitchburg. Nearly 10,000 had swarmed into the hive.

Previous to this time the metal and wood industries had employed chiefly native-born Americans, but now another turning-point had been reached in her history. This has been emphasized in the decades following until now.

The James Phillips mills, the Parkhill gingham mills, and the Orswell mills, as pioneers in the manufacture of cloth, attracted a tide of cheaper-grade labor—English, Scotch, German, Swedish, Norwegian, French Canadian! Then as the demand continued, Armenian, Italian, Greek, Syrian, Finn, and Jew flocked in.

This is only a hint of the sources of the supply which has transformed the purely rural American community into the polyglot city of to-day. Purely American, did I say? Yet only in degree; for not one of all the 37,826, our present population, is that.

Beyond the fact of birth on this side of the Great Sea of Darkness which Columbus conquered in 1492, we are all children of Europe, and it, therefore, behooves us to be modest in our assumption of prior rights.

The Fitchburg directory of the present day laid side by side wih the diminutive one of sixty years ago published by W. J. Merriam of the *Sentinel*, presents remarkable contrasts. The most notable, to me, is the array of names which reveal the nationality of each. Where Smith, Jones, and Brown led in numbers through the earlier years, now Murphy and Sullivan hold a close second.

Nor do we need to look through many pages to send our thought back through ages of conflict as we see the names of our neighbors and townsmen. Tufinkjian recalls a race of men whose home was in the Garden of Eden and who claim an ancestry old as the dawn of the world. Neighbor Doulopoulos reminds us of a Greek culture two thousand years gone. We have an Angelo, and the matchless painter of Italy steps into view. Pepin and Martel, and their ancestors 1200 years ago were the Frankish Kings who successfully stemmed the Saracen tide forcing it back through the passes of the Apennines. We have also a Roderiguez, the name of a Spanish king who ruled when the Visigoth dwelt in that land.

But we say they are not of our blood. And then we take another look along the list. Our tongue falters as we attempt to pronounce Yprja, Micko Tsicko, Talqvist, Pouczyk. I suspect we may find that their ancestors came swarming down from the steppes of Northern Europe to overwhelm and absorb the old Briton, out of whom came the Angles and Saxons, our fathers of a few centuries past, so that our only advantage over these later arrivals was that we escaped the clutches of the barbarian king or czar before they were able to.

The misfortunes and misgovernment which sent all these races among us, sent our fathers here three hundred years earlier. In the task of Americanizing the Irish race in the

North and the African race in the South, the million Jews of New York city already claiming this land to become their Zion, it begins to dawn upon our minds that the study of the census returns a hundred years from now will possibly find the native Yankee as extinct as the Algonquin. But we may be certain that "his works will follow him."

As this is not a sermon I may not "point a moral or adorn a tale." There is a suggestion, however, by this record of the part which is the province of our historical society—to link the past with the present, to prove that the sterling traits of a past generation are in no greater demand than to-day, in which must be solved greater problems than ever before.

If I have enlarged upon that period just preceding the Civil war, it is because I think our leaders of that day exemplify qualities greatly needed to-day. The Gibsons and Capt. Bridges prepared the hamlet in the revolutionary period. The faith of Alvah Crocker, if it did not remove the mountain, was able to pierce it through and open a gateway to the greater West. The patriotism of Dr. Alfred Hitchcock was a guiding power in sending the ship of state over the rocks in the 60's. The carping fault-finder over present conditions will not aid very much in our civic duties.

So let us turn again to our prototype, the house by the side of the Crown Point road, and with this pattern, upon the wholesome past build a more attractive superstructure and beneath the old shade trees which the fathers planted say with Sam Walter Foss:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

CAPT. THOMAS COWDIN IN THE REVOLUTION.

A paper read before the Daughters of the American Revolution at the rooms of the Fitchburg Historical Society April 4, 1914.

BY EZRA S. STEARNS, A. M.

Among the treasures of the Fitchburg Historical society is a dignified and elaborate sketch of Capt. Thomas Cowdin, prepared by Miss Ada Lydia Howard, the first president of Wellesley college. It was read before the society at the February meeting, 1898, and is printed in the third volume of Proceedings of the society, and it lends a charming interest and dignity to that volume.

Ada Lydia Howard was born in Temple, N. H., December 19, 1829. She was a daughter of William Hawkins and Lydia Adaline (Cowdin) Howard, a granddaughter of Capt. James and Lydia (Perry) Cowdin of Fitchburg, and a great-granddaughter of Capt. Thomas and Hannah (Craig) Cowdin. The monograph is a filial tribute of a cultured mind to a worthy ancestor, and is an ornate chapter in the history of Fitchburg.

Capt. Thomas Cowdin removed to Fitchburg in July, 1764, a few months after the incorporation of the town. At once he gained the approval of his townsmen and became a foremost citizen. The town records attest his activity and usefulness, and pleasing pictures of his genial nature and sturdy character adorn our local annals. He was a born leader, but he exercised his control of men with moderation and discretion. At the election in March, 1765, the first annual meeting after his removal to the town, he was chosen one of the selectmen, and was continued in that office until the dawn of the Revolution. From 1767 to 1775 he was also town clerk and town treasurer, and for shorter terms he was elected moderator and constable. At the annual election in March, 1775, Capt. Cowdin was not elected to office and his name

is not found in the record of the meeting. An idol had fallen. Until his popularity was obscured in the tempest of the Revolution, approbation and honor were freely tendered by his townsmen. There was nothing too large or too good for Capt. Cowdin.

Before the clash of arms, there were frequent ebullitions of smoke indicative of flame, but there were no accepted standards of loyalty and patriotism. In 1774, the colonists were obedient, if not willing, subjects of the king. In 1775, they were rebels in arms. The revolt was sudden, and the evidence that the field was ripe and ready for the garner is written in the history of the time. In a sudden transition from loyalty to rebellion the opinions of all men were not moulded alike in time or degree. All did not leap from the cold storage of obedience to the crown to the hotbed of revolution with equal celerity. Early in the struggle the lines between the Whigs and the Tories were closely drawn, and loyalty to the American cause became the standard of weight and measure among men.

Capt. Cowdin was a bold, outspoken man. His attributes were principle and courage. His opinions were not concealed and his attitude in the early days of the Revolution were easily discernible by his townsmen. The thought of his mind was a word on his tongue. If his opinions were firm, he had a reason for them. So far as known, no committee was delegated to question or investigate and no charges were ever preferred at his home. It was a difference of opinion, and not of deeds, that separated him from a majority of his fellowmen. He was not at any time a Tory. He had held commissions under the king and had served with credit in the French and Indian wars. The Revolution was sudden, and it gave Capt. Cowdin but little time to adjust himself to a radical change in sentiment and government. Again, he was not a Tory. He was only a little late in the preliminaries. If from the rigid standpoint of the patriots he was cold and indifferent in the spring of 1775, it is certain that before the summer had ended, he broke the bonds of tardiness, espoused the cause of the Revolution, and proffered his service to his country. Here follows a second offense. The government was a little late in accepting his willing service.

With his townsmen the suspension of their confidence and fellowship was soon amended, and as in earlier years, he was again the town clerk, town treasurer, and selectman, and filling the measure of restored confidence and regard, he was chosen a representative to the first session of the General Court under the state constitution.

While his townsmen were cherishing a restored confidence and again inviting him to the inner circle of their regard, the state joined in an expression of appreciation. He was commissioned a captain, October 26, 1779, and immediately called into active service. His company was joined to the regiment of Col. Samuel Denny and marched to Claverack, New York. In 1780, he was commissioned a captain in the regiment of militia commanded by Col. John Rand of Westminster.

If, during the early months of 1775, Capt. Cowdin was not in full sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of the town and the colony, his earlier and later life presents the full measure of reparation and atonement. His unfailing interest in the welfare of the town and his great work in town building are boldly written in the annals of Fitchburg. To the end of his days he was beloved and respected, and he reciprocated with friendship and good works.

During the formative period between the disruption of the colony and the organization of a state, the government was vested in the Provincial Congress, of which several sessions were convened. It was a temporary government of a community in rebellion, but its recommendations were conservative, and were approved and accepted by the people. The delegate from Fitchburg to two sessions of the congress was Capt. David Goodridge, a former and a later associate in town affairs of Capt. Cowdin; and Joseph Fox, who succeeded Capt. Cowdin as town clerk, was elected to the congress which convened at Watertown, in May, 1775. From 1774 to 1777 inclusive, five selectmen were annually chosen. Phineas Hartwell served five years; Isaac Gibson and Joseph Walker, four years; David Goodridge, three years; Ebenezer Woods, Kendall Boutell, and Elijah Carter, two years; James Poole, Abraham Gibson, and Thomas Hartwell, one year.

Thus far, I have spoken of Capt. Cowdin from the standpoint of our local records, and in this abbreviated review

very little appears that is not familiar to my audience. In these lines of introduction I trust you will find the setting for new evidence and additional record which will be the subject of later paragraphs. With our knowledge of the man at home, meeting censure with patience, and winning forgiveness and reconciliation by good works, we are better prepared to commend his candor and honesty when arraigned before a court superior to public sentiment.

A letter of recent date, written by a descendant of Capt. Cowdin, contains a request for an account of his arrest in the first year of the Revolution. The substance of the letter was a surprise. There is no record in Fitchburg, and so far as I know, there is no tradition here that an arrest was made, or that his attitude had attracted attention outside of Fitchburg.

A search among the records and files of the state archives at Boston was rewarded by the discovery of original documents which are appended, and which constitute the most important feature of this address. Here is added proof that if he was a little late in the tender of service his hesitancy was brief and measured in months. Here also are the specific charges which were preferred against him, and the story of his arrest, trial, and acquittal.

Here is evidence that, in the summer of 1775, he had settled in his mind and in his own way the paramount problem of the hour. From that time Thomas Cowdin was a patriot.

Early in August he journeyed to Cambridge and there conferred with the officers of the American army investing Boston. Crowned with the laurel of long and conspicuous service as an officer in the French and Indian wars, he tendered his service to his country and solicited a commission. The vigilance of some committee of safety had preceded him, and in the camp there were rumors of his former coldness and tardiness in the cause. No sooner had Capt. Cowdin tendered his service than Gen. Greene ordered his arrest and sent him under a guard to the headquarters of the army. In the order it was alleged "He had invariably opposed every measure pursued for the restoration of our violated privileges." This was a season of intense excitement and extremity. The charge, if not overdrawn, was of the past and not of the

present. Gen. Washington, of a milder manner and a calmer temperament, submitted the case, without comment, to the General Court, then in session at Watertown. Immediately succeeding the Provincial Congress, this was the first session of the General Court in the state of Massachusetts. It comprised 206 members elected by the towns. On the roll of membership appears the names of John Hancock, John Adams, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Lincoln, Jabez Fisher, Moses Gill, John Winthrop, and others of equal ardor and patriotism. Fitchburg and a few towns in this vicinity were not represented. Nathan Wood was a member from Westminster.

Capt. Cowdin was arrested by Gen. Greene on the sixth day of August. The following day he is found in custody of the General Court at Watertown. This tribunal committed him to the safe keeping of Capt. Crafts, and three days later, proceeded in a trial. This is a supreme day in the career of Capt. Cowdin. Arraigned as a prisoner, the dignity of the man and the sublimity of his character are unclouded. He stands before his judges, as he is seen in our records, a bold, magnanimous man. With unusual forbearance of temper, he complains not of abuse, and prefers no charges against those who have prejudiced the mind of others against himself. He makes no excuses, and he asks for no witnesses in his behalf. The charges were general; he makes them specific, and calmly confesses wherever he has been in error. He seizes the scales of justice from the hands of his judges and tries himself. His candor attests his truthfulness, and his manliness overcomes suspicion. The arrest was fortunate. It lifted the cloud, the General Court discharged him without censure, and his fellow townsmen welcomed him to a restored confidence.

Copies of the official record are appended.

Camp Prospect hill 6th August 1775

Sir: I send you, under Custody of a Sarjents Guard, Thomas Cowden of Fitchburg, a Town in this Colony. He hath been soliciting a Commission in the Army. Complt. being made to me of his being an Enemy to his Country, tho't proper to Examin him & find he hath invariably opposed every Measure pursued for the Restoration of our violated Previlages: Espicially when the Veins of our heroic Countrymen were inhumanely opened at Lexinton and Concord, he exerted

himself in preventing that Succour & Relief, which Justice immediately called for,— The Witnesses can be sent forward, when your Excellency shall be pleased to examin them—

I am Sir, in Duty & esteem, your Excellency's most obedient Servt.

NATHANAEL GREENE, B. G.

Address as follows:
To His Excellency General Washington,

at Head Quarters,
Cambridge.

Monday Augt: 7th, 1775.

Present in Council

Honbl James Otis Esqr., Honble Benja Chadburn Esqr., Honble Eldad Taylor Esqr., Benja Greenleaf, Joseph Gerrish, Charles Chauncey, Walter Spooner, Enoch Freeman, Mich Farley, Caleb Cushing, Jedeh Foster, Jos: Palmer, John Winthrop, James Prescott, Jno Taylor, Benja White Esqurs.

Ordered that Thomas Cowden, sent as a prisoner to this Council by Order of His Excellency General Washington, as an Enemy to the Liberties of America, be deliverd into the safe keeping of Capt. Crafts till the further Order of this Major part of the council.—

* * * * * * * * * * *

Whereas I Thomas Cowden, of Phitchburg In the County of Worcester; Have been by Many good people of this Province accused of Being Inimical to my Country; for the removal of Which Accusation I do Now Acknowledge That In some things I have Act'd very Imprudently—as

1st By Allowing hands Under me to Work on the Publick fast Recommended by the Association of Boston Ministers

2dly By Speaking Deminitively of the County Congress at Worcester In Which they Recommended to People not to take Hix & Mills Paper—.

3dly By Indeavouring to Hinder two Persons who where at work at a frame for me to go down, when the Publick alarm was at Lexinton.

4ly By not sufficiently incouraging People to sign the Covenant—.

5ly By Being Too Backward In town Affairs with Regard to the Liberties of the Country—.

For all Which, I am truly sorry: Beg the forgiveness of the honourable Board & hous of Representatives & all the good People of this Country who have been Agreiv'd or offen'd theer by—yet in Justice to himself I must say that in these things I err'd; through Judgment not Will—And am Now Ready to Convince the World of this Solemn Declaration not only by Word Interest—but even by exposing my life itself if my Country Calls me there to.—

THOMAS COWDEN.

Watertown Aug. 8, 1775—.

Colony of Massachusetts Bay

Watertown Aug. 10th 1775.

The Committee of both Houses of Assembly, appointed to take into consideration a Letter from his excellency Gen. Washington, with one inclosed from Gen. Green representing that one captain Thomas Cowden of Fitchburg hath been soliciting an office in the Army of the United Colonies raised for the defence of American Liberty and that "he hath invariably opposed every Measure pursued for the Restoration of our violated priviledges, espcly when the veins of our Heroic countrymen were inhumanly opend at Lexington & Concord he exerted himself in preventing that succor & relief which Justice immediately called for.

Having taken sd Letters and the evidences exhibited against him into consideration and given the sd Cowden a fair hearing in defence, do find it clearly proved that he the sd Cowden hath heretofore been a constant opposer of the Publick measures taken for the Security of our violated rights, so far as he conveniently could, whereby he hath forfeited ye affections & confidence of his Town & Countrymen and they have Justly Considered him as inimical to his Country. And notwithstanding he Professes a full conviction of his past errors & misconduct, the most sincere contrition for ye same, a hearty friendship for his Country, willingness to risque Life & fortune in its defence, Humbly imploring forgivness of the General Assembly and his Country: And in the most Solemn manner promises Amendment & reformation the sincerity of which hath of late in some measure been evidenced by an apparent friendly exertion with his Countrymen & a kind entertainment of the soldiery and especially by discovering a great abhorrence of and indignation against that grand deceiver & Betrayer of his Country whose name and Letters are equally execrated by all good men: Yet the absolute necessity of taking the most effetual care that the Army be Supplied with no officer but of known integrity and well approved friendship for the Liberties of this Country, as well as, of martial abilities and good courage induce us to forbear recommending his as a person, at present, fit to be instrusted with a Commission in the Service.

Nevertheless, we humbly apprehend the voluntary confession by himself made, Subscribed & herewith exhibited, his solemn engagement to behave well for the future, and his late kindness to the soldiery, being some evidence of a Reformation render it safe and proper that he should be released from his present Confinement and allowed to return to his family & Estate in peace and that he ought & hereby is recommended to the forgiveness & Protection of his countrymen—and that a Copy of this report be given to sd Cowden for his own security against the further resentment of the Publick for his past offences, and that he have leave to publish the same with his confession if he sees fit. . . . and that a Copy hereof be sent to his Excellency General Washington in answer to his Letter. . . .

Walter Spooner by Order.

August 10th 1775
In Council read & accepted—Sent down for Concurrence
Perez Morton Secry pro temp
In the House of Representatives August 10, 1775
Read & concurred
Jas: Warren Speakr.

The newspaper mentioned by Thomas Cowdin was the Boston *Gazette and Post Boy,* which was earlier published by Green and Russell. It was purchased in 1773 by Nathaniel Mills and John Hicks, and under their management the *Gazette* vigorously opposed the Whigs and defended the Ministry and officers of the Crown. When the British army evacuated Boston the publication was suspended. Mills established a Tory paper in New York and subsequently found a more congenial home in Nova Scotia. John Hicks, the junior partner, was born in Cambridge, October 16, 1750. He fled to Halifax, but subsequently returned to Massachusetts, and died at Newton in 1794. His father, Dr. John Hicks, was a Whig and one of the martyrs to liberty. He was slain by the British soldiers at Cambridge on their retreat from Concord and Lexington on the evening of April 19, 1775.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

Thursday, August 7, 1910, James F. D. Garfield, Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, Ezra S. Stearns, Charles Fosdick, Ebenezer Bailey, and Frederick A. Currier were in conference at the office of Mr. Currier. The meeting was called by Mr. Garfield, and those in attendance were the president, executive committee, librarian, secretary, and treasurer of the Fitchburg Historical Society. At this meeting Mr. Garfield announced his purpose of presenting a lot of land at the corner of Grove and Vine streets on which to erect a building for a permanent home of the society. The generous proposition was accepted, and it was voted to procure plans of the proposed building. The solicitation of funds from members and friends of the society was begun, and before the close of the year over $10,000 had been subscribed.

From August, 1910, to March, 1911, the society was made the happy recipient of substantial donations to the building fund, and frequent meetings of the officers of the society were held. The first plan of a building was soon considered inadequate, and new and enlarged plans were ordered, and H. M. Francis & Sons were engaged as architects.

At a regular meeting of the society, March 20, 1911, the several gentlemen named in a former paragraph were chosen a building committee and authorized to take a deed of the land in the name of the society, and to erect thereon a suitable building.

In April, 1911, new plans were matured and accepted by the building committee. The contract for building was awarded to John D. Littlehale.

August 5, 1911, the corner-stone was laid. The ceremony was well attended. Frederick A. Currier announced the contents of the box deposited in the corner-stone. The trowel, preserved by the society, was in the hand of Mr. Willis. Rev.

Edward B. Saunders officiated as chaplain, and brief speeches were made by Ezra S. Stearns, James F. D. Garfield, Henry A. Willis, Henry A. Goodrich, Dr. Atherton P. Mason, Wilbur F. Whitney, and Prof. Calvin Woodward.

March 26, 1912, the books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and properties of the society were deposited in the new building.

May 20, 1912, the society assembled for the first time in a new and substantial home.

June 4, 1912, the building was formally dedicated. The feature of the exercises was an able and appropriate address by Major Henry S. Burrage, State Historian of Maine.

From the inception to the completion of the building the committee in charge held eighty meetings. From first to last the utmost harmony prevailed and the relations each with the other, and with the architects and contractor, were of generous cooperation. Mr. Wilbur W. Henry, at the beginning, was chosen treasurer of the building committee. He has performed the duty with unwearied courtesy and efficiency. To him the committee and the society are indebted.

The amount received by the building committee from 249 donors is $25,881.67, of which members of the society contributed $18,053, and friends of the society gave $7,828. The initial and principal donation was the lot on Grove street, for which Mr. Garfield paid $6,000. There has been paid for the building $24,034.82, and for furniture $1,644.96.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

In order of date of payment.

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C. W. Bennett
Mrs. Elmira H. Bennett
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Aubrey Z. Goodfellow
Albert B. Haskell
Joseph G. Edgerly
Charles F. Baker
Thornton M. Ware
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Edward S. Crocker
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George N. Proctor
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Eliot L. Caldwell
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Ezra S. Stearns
Martha L. Weyman
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Daughters of the American Revolution
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CORRECTIONS.

Page 12. For Susie S. Blodgitt read Emma S. Blodgett.
16. For Mary Catherine Greene read Mary Caroline Greene.
16. For Alice S. Stebbins read Alice G. Stebbins.
16. For Arthur D. Wellington read Arthur A. Wellington.
124. For S. C. Stevens read E. C. Stevens.
258. For Titus F. Barton read Titus T. Barton.